

T H E
W O R K S
O F
Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

V O L. II.

CONTAINING,

- I. The INCONSTANT: Or,
THE WAY TO WIN HIM.
- II. The TWIN-RIVALS.
- III. The RECRUITING-OFFICER.
- IV. The BEAUX-STRATAGEM.

The TENTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN RIVINGTON, W. JOHNSTON, S. CROW-
DER, G. WOODFALL, T. CASLON, T. LOWNDES,
W. NICOLL, S. PLADON, and R. BALDWIN.

M.D.C.LXXII.

W O R S

Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR

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THE
INCONSTANT:

OR,
THE WAY TO WIN HIM.

A
COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
COVENT GARDEN.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora—————Ovid. Met.

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T O

RICHARD TIGHE, Esq;

S I R,

Dedications are the only Fashions in the World that are more disliked for being universal; and the Reason is, that they very seldom fit the Persons they were made for: But I hope to avoid the common Obloquy in this Address, by laying aside the Poet in every Thing but the Dramatic Decorum of suiting my Character to the Person.

From the Part of Mirabel in this Play, and another Character in one of my former, People are willing to compliment my Performance in drawing a gay, splendid, generous, easy, fine young Gentleman. My Genius, I must confess, has a bent to that kind of Description; and my Veneration for you, Sir, may pass for unquestionable, since in all these happy Accomplishments you come so near to my darling Character, abating his Inconstancy.

What an unspeakable Blessing is Youth and Fortune, when a happy Understanding comes in, to moderate the Desires of the first, and to refine up n the Advantages of the latter; when a Gent'eman is Master of all Pleasures, but a Slave to none; who has travelled, not for the Curiosity of the Sight, but for the Improvement of the Mind's Eye; and who returns full of every Thing but himself?—An Author might say a great deal more, but a Friend, Sir, nay, an Enemy must allow you this.

I shall here, Sir, meet with two Obstacles, your Modesty, and your Sense; the first, as a Censor upon the Subject, the second, as a Critic upon the Stile: But I am obstinate in my Purpose, and will maintain what I say to the last drop of my Pen; which I may the more boldly undertake, having all the World on my Side; nay, I have your very self against you; for by declining to bear your own Merit, your Friends are authorized the more to proclaim it.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Your Generosity and Easiness of Temper is not only obvious in your common Affairs and Conversation, but more plainly evident in your darling Amusement, that Opener and Dilater of the Mind, Music:—From your Affection for this delightful Study, we may deduce the pleasing Harmony that is apparent in all your Actions; and be assured, Sir, that a Person must be possessed of a very divine Soul, who is so much in love with the Entertainment of Angels.

From your Encouragement of Music, if there be any Poetry here, it has a Claim, by the Right of Kindred, to your Favour and Affection. You were pleased to honour the Representation of this Play with your Appearance at several Times, which flattered my Hopes that there might be something in it which your Good-nature might excuse. With the Honour I here intend for myself, I likewise consult the interest of my Nation, by shewing a Person that is so much a Reputation and Credit to my Country. Besides all this, I was willing to make a handsome Compliment to the Place of my Pupilage; by informing the World that so fine a Gentleman had the Seeds of his Education in the same University, and at the same Time with,

S I R,

Your most Faithful, and

Most Humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

P R E.



P R E F A C E.

TO give you the History of this Play, would but cause the Reader and the Writer a Trouble to no Purpose; I shall only say, that I took the Hint from *Fletcher's Wild Goose Chase*; and to those who say that I have spoiled the Original, I wish no other Injury but that they would say it again.

As to the Success of it, I think it is but a Kind of *Cremona* Business, I have neither Lost, nor Won. I pushed fairly, but the *French* were prepossessed, and the Charms of *Gallie Heels* were too hard for an *English Brain*; but I am proud to own, that I have laid my Head at the Ladies Feet. The Favour was unavoidable, for we are a Nation so very fond of improving our Understanding, that the Instruction of a Play does no good, when it comes in Competition with the Moral of a Minuet. *Pliny* tells us in his *Natural History*, of *Elephants* that were taught to dance on the Ropes; if this could be made practicable now, what a Number of *Subscriptions* might be had to bring the Great *Mogul* out of *Fleet-street*, and make him dance between the Acts!

I remember, that about two Years ago, I had a Gentleman from *France* * that brought the Play-house some fifty Audiences in five Months; then why should I be surpris'd to find a *French Lady* do as much? It is the prettiest Way in the World of despising the *French King*, to let him see that we can afford Money to bribe away his Dancers, when he, poor Man, has exhausted all his Stock, in buying some pitiful Towns and Principalities: *Cum multis aliis*. What can be a greater Compliment to our generous Nation, than to have the Lady upon her *Re-tour* to

* *Constant Couple*.

Paris, boast of her splendid Entertainment in *England*, of the Complaisance, Liberty, and Good-nature of a People, that throng'd her House so full, that she had not room to stick a Pin; and left a poor Fellow, that had the Misfortune of being one of themselves, without one Farthing for half a Year's Pains that he had taken for their Entertainment?

There were some Gentlemen in the Pit the first Night, that took the Hint from the Prologue to damn the Play; but they made such a Noise in the Execution, that the People took the Outcry for a Reprieve; so that the darling Mischief was over-laid by their over-fondness of the Changeling: 'Tis somewhat hard, that Gentlemen should debate themselves into a Faction of a Dozen, to stab a single Person, who never had the Resolution to face two Men at a Time; if he has had the Misfortune of any Misunderstanding with a particular Person, he has had a particular Person to answer it: But these Sparks would be remarkable in their Resentment; and if any Body fall under their Displeasure, they scorn to call him to a particular Account, but will very honourably burn his House, or pick his Pocket.

The *New-House* has perfectly made me a Convert by their Civility on my sixth Night: For to be Friends, and revenged at the same Time, I must give them a Play, that is,—when I write another. For Faction runs so high, that I could wish the Senate would suppress the Houses, or put in force the Act against bribing Elections; that House which has the most Favours to bestow, will certainly carry it, 'twight of all poetical Justice that would support t'other.

I have heard some People so extravagantly angry at this Play, that one would think they had no reason to be displeased at all; whilst some (otherwise Men of good Sense) have commended it so much, that I was afraid they ridiculed me; so that between both, I am absolutely at a Loss what to think on't: For tho' the Cause has come on six Days successively, yet the Trial, I fancy, is not determined. When our Devotion to *Lent*, and our *Lady*, is over, the Business will be brought on again, and then we shall have fair Play for our Money.

There

There is a Gentleman of the first Understanding, and a very good Critic, who said of Mr. *Wilks*, that in this Part he out-acted himself, and all Men that he ever saw. I would not rob Mr. *Wilks*, by a worse Expression of mine, of a Compliment that he so much deserves.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that the Turn of Plot in the last Act, is an Adventure of *Chevalier de Chastillon* at *Paris*, and Matter of Fact; but the Thing is so universally known, that I think this Advice might have been spared, as well as all the rest of the Preface, for any good it will do either to me or the Play.



A 5

THE



T H E
P R O L O G U E,

That was spoken the first Night, received such Additions from Mr. —, who spoke it, that they are best if buried and forgot. But the following PROLOGUE is literally the same that was intended for the Play, and written by Mr. Motteux.

*L*IKE hungry Guests, a sitting Audience looks ;
Plays are like Suppers: Poets are the Cooks.
The Founders You: The Table is this Place :
The Carvers we: The Prologue is the Grace.
Each Act, a Course ; each Scene a different Dish:
Tho' we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for Flesh.
Satire's the Sauce, high-season'd, sharp and rough ;
Kind Masks and Beaux, I hope you're Pepper-proof.
Wit is the Wine ; but 'tis so scarce the true,
Poets, like Vintners, balderdash and brew.
Your surly Scenes, where Rant and Bloodshed join,
Are Butcher's Meat, a Battle's a Sirloin :
Your Scenes of Love, so flowing, soft and chaste,
Are Water-gruel, without Salt or Taste.
Bawdy's fat Venison, which tho' stale, can please ;
Your Rakes love Haut-Gouts, like your damn'd French Cheese.
Your Rarity for the fair Guest to gape on,
Is your nice Squeaker, or Italian Capon ;
Or your French Virgin-Pullet, garnish'd round,
And dress'd with Sauce of some—Four hundred Pound.
An Opera, like an Oglio, nicks the Age ;
Farce is the Hasty Pudding of the Stage.

For

PROLOGUE.

11

*For when you're treated with indifferent Cheer,
You can dispense with slender Stage-coach Fare.
A Pastoral's whipt Cream ; Stage-whims, mere Trash ;
And Tragi-comedy, half Fish and Flesh.
But Comedy, That, that's the darling Cheer ;
This Night we hope you'll an Inconstant bear :
Wild Fowl is lik'd in Play-house all the Year.*

*Yet since each Mind betrays a diff'rent Taste,
And every Dish scarce pleases ev'ry Guest,
If aught you relish, do not damn the rest.
This Favour crav'd, up let the Music strike :
You're welcome all—Now fall to, where you like.*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1772.

M E N.

Old *Mirabel*, an aged Gent. of an odd Compound, between the Peevishness incident to his Years, and his Fatherly Fondness towards his Son. } Mr. *Shuter*.

Young *Mirabel*, his Son. Mr. *Smith*.

Captain *Duretete*, an honest good-natured Fellow, that thinks himself a greater Fool than he is. } Mr. *Woodward*.

Dugard, Brother to *Oriana*. Mr. *Gardner*.

Petit, Servant to *Dugard*, afterwards to his Sister. } Mr. *Cushing*.

W O M E N.

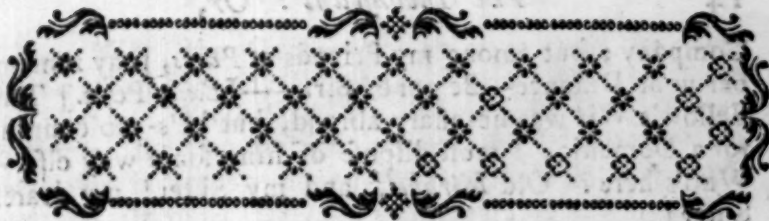
Oriana, a Lady contracted to *Mirabel*, who would bring him to Reason. } Mrs. *Lessingham*.

Bisfarre, a whimsical Lady, Friend to *Oriana*, admired by *Dur*. } Miss *Macklin*.

Lamorce, a Woman of Contrivance. Mrs. *Dyer*.

Four Bravoes, two Gentlemen, and two Ladies.

Soldiers, Servants, and Attendants.



THE
INCONSTANT:

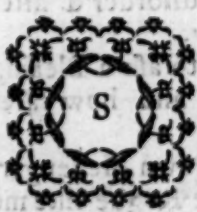
OR,
THE WAY TO WIN HIM.



ACT I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Dugard, and his Man Petit in Riding Habits.



IRRAH, What's a Clock?

Pet. Turn'd of Eleven, Sir.

Dug. No more! We have rid a swinging Pace from *Nemours* since two this Morning! *Petit*, run to *Rouffseau's* and bespeak a Dinner at a *Lewis d'Or* a Head, to be ready by One.

Pet. How many will there be of you, Sir?

Dug. Let me see *Mirable* one, *Duretete* two, myself three—

Pet. And I four.

Dug. How now, Sir, at your old travelling Familiarity! When abroad, you had some Freedom for want of better Company;

Company ; but among my Friends at *Paris*, pray remember your Distance—Be gone, Sir.—[*Exit. Petit.*] This Fellow's Wit was necessary abroad, but he's too cunning for a Domestic; I must dispose of him some way else.—Who's here? Old *Mirabel*, and my Sister! my dearest Sister!

Enter Old Mirabel and Oriana.

Ori. My Brother! Welcome.

Dug. Monsieur *Mirabel*! I'm heartily glad to see you.

Old. Mir. Honest Mr. *Dugard*, by the Blood of the *Mirabels*, I'm your most humble Servant.

Dug. Why, Sir, you've cast your Skin sure, you're brisk and gay, lusty Health about you, no sign of Age but your silver Hairs.

Old. Mir. Silver Hairs! Then they are Quick-silver Hairs, Sir. Whilst I have golden Pockets, let my Hairs be Silver as they will. Adieu, Sir, I can dance, and sing, and drink, and—no, I can't wench. But Mr. *Dugard*, no News of my Son *Bob* in all your Travels?

Dug. Your Son's come home, Sir.

Old. Mir. Come home! *Bob* come home! By the Blood of the *Mirabels*, Mr. *Dugard*, what say ye?

Ori. Mr. *Mirabel* return'd, Sir.

Dug. He's certainly come, and you may see him within this Hour or two.

Old. Mir. Swear it, Mr. *Dugard*, presently swear it.

Dug. Sir, he came to Town with me this Morning, I left him at the *Bagnicurs*, being a little disorder'd after riding, and I shall see him again presently.

Old. Mir. What! And he was assur'd to ask a Blessing with his Boots on. A nice Dog! Well, and how fares the young Rogue, ha?

Dug. A fine Gentleman, Sir. He'll be his own Messenger.

Old. Mir. A fine Gentleman! But is the Rogue like me still?

Dug. Why, yes, Sir; he's very like his Mother, and as like you as most modern Sons are to their Fathers.

Old. Mir. Why, Sir, don't you think that I begat him?

Dug. Why yes, Sir; you married his Mother, and he inherits your Estate. He's very like you, upon my Word.

Ori. And pray, Brother, what's become of his honest Companion, *Duretete*?

Dug.

Dug. Who, the Captain? The very same, he went abroad; he's the only *Frenchman* I ever knew that could not change. Your Son, Mr. *Mirabel*, is more obliged to Nature for that Fellow's Composition, than for his own: for he's more happy in *Duretete's* Folly than his own Wit. In short, they are as inseparable as Finger and Thumb; but the first Instance in the World, I believe, of Opposition in Friendship.

Old Mir. Very well; will he be home to Dinner, think ye?

Dug. Sir, he has order'd me to bespeak a Dinner for us at *Roussseau's*, at a Lewis d'Or a Head.

Old Mir. A Lewis d'Or a Head! Well said, *Bob*; by the Blood of the *Mirabels*, *Bob's* improv'd. But Mr. *Dugard*, was it so civil of *Bob* to visit Monsieur *Roussseau* before his own natural Father? Eh! Heark'e *Oriana*, what think you, now, of a Fellow that can eat and drink ye a whole Lewis d'Or at a Sitting? He must be as strong as *Hercules*, Life and Spirit in abundance. Before Gad I don't wonder at these Men of Quality, that their own Wives can't serve'em. A Lewis d'Or a Head! 'tis enough to stock the whole Nation with Bastards, 'tis Faith. Mr. *Dugard*, I leave you with your Sister. [Exit.]

Dug. Well, Sister, I need not ask you how you do, your Looks resolve me; fair, tall, well-shap'd; you're almost grown out of my Remembrance.

Ori. Why, truly Brother, I look pretty well, thank Nature and my Toilet; I have 'scap'd the Jaundice, Green-sickness, and the Small-pox; I eat three Meals a Day, am very merry when up, and sleep soundly when I'm down.

Dug. But, Sister, you remember that upon my going abroad you would chuse this old Gentleman for your Guardian; he's no more related to our Family, than *Prefster John*, and I have no reason to think you mistrusted my Management of your Fortune: Therefore pray be so kind as to tell me, without Reservation, the true Cause of making such a Choice.

Ori. Look'e Brother, you were going a Rambling, and 'twas proper, lest I should go a Rambling too, that somebody should take care of me. Old Monsieur *Mirabel* is an honest Gentleman, was our Father's Friend, and

has

has a young Lady in his House, whose Company I like, and who has chosen him for her Guardian as well as I.

Dug. Who Mademoiselle Bifarre?

Ori. The same; we live merrily together, without Scandal or Reproach; we make much of the old Gentleman between us, and he takes care of us; we eat what we like, go to Bed when we please, rise when we will, all the Week we dance and sing, and upon *Sundays* go first to Church, and then to the Play.—Now, Brother, besides these Motives for chusing this Gentleman for my Guardian, perhaps I had some private Reasons.

Dug. Not so private as you imagine, Sister; your Love to young *Mirabel's* no Secret, I can assure you, but so public that all your Friends are asham'd on't.

Ori. O' my Word then, my Friends are very bashful; tho' I'm afraid, Sir, that those People are not asham'd enough at their own Crimes, who have so many Blushes to spare for the Faults of their Neighbours.

Dug. Ay, but Sister, the People say——

Ori. Pshaw, hang the People, they'll talk Treason, and profane their Maker; must we therefore infer, that our King is a Tyrant, and Religion a Cheat? Look'e, Brother, their Court of Enquiry is a Tavern, and their Informer, Claret: They think as they drink, and swallow Reputations like Loches; a Lady's Health goes briskly round with the Glas, but her Honour is lost in the Toast.

Dug. Ay, but Sister, there is still something—

Ori. If there be something, Brother, 'tis none of the People's something; Marriage is my Thing, and I'll stick to't.

Dug. Marriage! Young *Mirabel* marry! He'll build Churches sooner. Take heed, Sister, tho' your Honour stood proof to his home-bred Assaults; you must keep a stricter Guard for the future: He has now got the foreign Air, and the *Italian* Softness; his Wit's improved by Converse, his Behaviour finished by Observation, and his Assurances confirmed by *Success*. Sister, I can assure you he has made his Conquests; and 'tis a Plague upon your Sex, to be the soonest deceiv'd by those very Men that you know have been false to others.

Ori. Then why will you te'l me of his Conquests? for

I must confess there is no Title to a Woman's Favour so engaging as the Repute of a handsome Dissimulation; there is something of a Pride to see a Fellow lie at our Feet, that has triumph'd over so many; and then, I don't know, we fancy he must have something extraordinary about him to please us, and that we have something engaging about us to secure him; so we can't be quiet till we put ourselves upon the lay of being both disappointed.

Dug. But then, Sister, he's as fickle—

Ori. For God's Sake, Brother, tell me no more of his Faults; for if you do, I shall run mad for him: Say no more, Sir, let me but get him into the Bands of Matrimony, I'll spoil his wand'ring, I warrant him, I'll do his Business that way, never fear.

Dug. Well, Sister, I won't pretend to understand the Engagements between you and your Lover; I expect, when you have need of my Counsel or Assistance, you will let me know more of your Affairs. *Mirabel* is a Gentleman, and as far as my Honour and Interest can reach, you may command me to the Furtherance of your Happiness: In the mean Time, Sister, I have a great mind to make you a Present of another humble Servant; a Fellow that I took up at *Lyons*, who has serv'd me honestly ever since.

Ori. Then why will you part with him?

Dug. He has gain'd so insufferably on my good Humour, that he's grown too familiar; but the Fellow's cunning, and may be serviceable to you in your Affair with *Mirabel*. Here he comes.

Enter Petit.

Well, Sir, have you been at *Roussau's*?

Pet. Yes, Sir, and who should I find there but Mr. *Mirabel* and the Captain, ha'ing as warmly over a Tub of Ice, as two Hen Pheasants over a Brood—They would not let me bespeak any thing, for they had dined before I came.

Dug. Come, Sir, you shall serve my Sister, I shall still continue kind to you; and if your Lady recommends your Diligence upon Trial, I'll use my Interest to advance you; you have Sense enough to expect Preferment. — Here, Sirrah, here's ten Guineas for thee, get thyself a
Drugget

Drugget Suit and a Puff-Wig, and so—I dub thee Gentleman Usher.—Sister, I must put myself in repair, you may expect me in the Evening—Wait on your Lady home, *Petit*. [Exit. Dug.]

Pet. A Chair, a Chair, a Chair!

Ori. No, no, I'll walk home, 'tis but next Door. [Exit.]

SCENE *a Tavern, discovering young Mirabel and Duretete rising from Table.*

Mir. Welcome to *Paris* once more, my dear Captain, we have eat heartily, drank roundly, paid plentifully, and let it go for once. I lik'd every Thing but our Women, they look'd so lean and tawdry, poor Creatures! 'Tis a sure sign the Army is not paid.—Give me the plump *Venetian*, brisk and sanguine, that smiles upon me like the glowing Sun, and meets my Lips like sparkling Wine, her Person shining as the Glass, and Spirit like the foaming Liquor.

Dur. Ah, *Mirabel*, *Italy* I grant you; but for our Women here in *France*, they are such thin Brawn fall'n Jades, a Man may as well make a Bed-fellow of a Cane Chair.

Mir. *France*! A light unseason'd Country, nothing but Feathers, Foppery, and Fashions; we're fine indeed, so are our Coach-Horses; Men say we're Courtiers, Men abuse us; that we are wise and politic, *non credo Seigneur*: That our Women have Wit; Parrots, mere Parrots, Assurance and a good Memory, sets them up:—There's nothing on this side the *Alps* worth my humble Service t'ye—Ha *Roma la Santa*! *Italy* for my Money; their Customs, Gardens, Buildings, Paintings, Music, Policies, Wine and Women! the Paradise of the World;—not pester'd with a parcel of precise old gouty Fellows, that would debar their Children every Pleasure that they themselves are past the Sense of: commend me to the *Italian* Familiarity: Here, Son, there's fifty Crowns, go pay your Whore her Week's Allowance.

Dur. Ay, these are your Fathers for you, that understand the Necessities of young Men; not like our musty Dads, who because they cannot fish themselves, would muddy the Water, and spoil the Sport of them that can.

But

But now you talk of the Plump, what d'ye think of a Dutch Woman?

Mir. A Dutch Woman's too compact; nay, every Thing among 'em is so; a Dutch Man is thick, a Dutch Woman is squab, a Dutch Horse is round, a Dutch Dog is short, a Dutch Ship is broad-bottom'd; and, in short, one wou'd swear the whole Product of the Country were cast in the same Mould with their Cheeses.

Dur. Ay, but *Mirabel*, you have forgot the English Ladies.

Mir. The Women of England were excellent, did they not take such unsufferable Pains to ruin what Nature has made so incomparably well; they would be delicate Creatures indeed, cou'd they but thoroughly arrive at the French Mien, or entirely let it alone; for they only spoil a very good Air of their own, by an awkward Imitation of ours; their Parliaments and our Taylors give Laws to their three Kingdoms. But come, *Duretete*, let us mind the Business in hand; Mistresses we must have, and must take up with the Manufacture of the Place, and upon a competent Diligence we shall find those in Paris shall match the *Italians* from Top to Toe.

Dur. Ay, *Mirabel*, you will do well enough, but what will become of your Friend; you know I am so plaguy bashful, so naturally an Ass upon these Occasions, that—

Mir. Pshaw, you must be bolder, Man: Travel three Years, and bring home such a Baby as Bashfulness! A great lusty Fellow! and a Soldier! fye upon it.

Dur. Look'e, Sir, I can visit, and I can ogle a little, —as thus, or thus now. Then I can kiss abundantly, and make a shift to—but if they chance to give me a forbidding Look, as some Women, you know, have a devilish Cast with their Eyes—or if they cry—what d'ye mean; what d'ye take me for? Fye, Sir, remember who I am, Sir—A Person of Quality to be us'd at this Rate! I-gad I'm struck as flat as a Frying-pan.

Mir. Words o'course! never mind 'em: Turn you about upon your Heel with a jantée Air; hum out the End of an old Song; cut a cross Caper, and at her again.

Dur. [*imitates him.*] No hang it, 'twill never do.—Oons, what did my Father mean by sticking me up in an University, or to think that I shou'd gain any thing by my

my Head, in a Nation whose Genius lies all in their Heels!—Well, if ever I come to have Children of my own, they shall have the Education of the Country, they shall learn to dance before they can walk, and be taught to sing before they can speak.

Mir. Come, come, throw off that childish Humour, put on Assurance, there's no avoiding it; stand all Hazards, thou'rt a stout lusty Fellow, and hast a good Estate, look bluff, hector, you have a good Side-box Face, a pretty impudent Face; so that's pretty well.—This Fellow went abroad like an Ox, and is return'd like an Ass.

[*Aside.*

Dur. Let me see now, how I look. [*Pulls out a Pocket-Glass, and looks on't*] A Side-box Face, say you!—'Egad I don't like it, *Mirabel*.—Fye, Sir, don't abuse your Friends, I cou'd not wear such a Face for the best Countess in Christendom.

Mir. Why can't you, Blockhead, as well as I?

Dur. Why, thou hast Impudence to set a good Face upon any thing, I wou'd change half my Gold for half thy Brags, with all my Heart. Who comes here? Odsso, *Mirabel*, your Father!

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old Mir. Where's *Bob*? dear *Bob*?

Mir. Your Blessing, Sir.

Old Mir. My Blessing! Damn ye, ye young Rogue; why did not you come to see your Father first, Sirrah? My dear Boy, I am heartily glad to see thee, my dear Child, faith—Capt. *Duretete*, by the Blood of the *Mirabels*, I'm your's Well, my Lads, ye look bravely faith.—*Bob*, hast got any Money left?

Mir. Not a Farthing, Sir.

Old Mir. Why, then I won't gi' thee a Souse.

Mir. I did but jest, here's ten Pistoles.

Old Mir. Why, then here's ten more; I love to be charitable to those that don't want it:—Well, and how d'ye like *Italy*, my Boys?

Mir. O the Garden of the World, Sir; *Rome*, *Naples*, *Venice*, *Milan*, and a thousand others—all fine.

Old Mir. Ay, say you so! And they say, that *Chiari* is very fine too.

Dur. Indifferent, Sir, very indifferent; a very scurvy
Air,

Air, the most unwholesome to a *French* Constitution in the World.

Mir. Pshaw, nothing on't; these rascally *Gazetteers* have misinform'd you.

Old Mir. Misinform'd me! Oons, Sir, were not we beaten there?

Mir. Beaten, Sir! the *French* beaten!

Old Mir. Why, how was it, pray sweet Sir?

Mir. Sir, the Captain will tell you.

Dur. No, Sir, your Son will tell you.

Mir. The Captain was in the Action, Sir.

Dur. Your Son saw more than I, Sir, for he was a Looker on.

Old Mir. Confound you both for a brace of Cowards: here are no *Germans* to over-hear you; why don't ye tell me how it was?

Mir. Why, then you must know, that we march'd up a Body of the finest, bravest, well-dress'd Fellows in the Universe; our Commanders at the Head of us, all Lace and Feather, like so many *Beaux* at a Ball—I don't believe there was a Man of 'em but cou'd dance a *Charmer*, *Morbleau*.

Old Mir. Dance! very well, pretty Fellows, faith!

Mir. We caper'd up to their very Trenches, and there saw peeping over a parcel of Scare-crow, Olive-colour'd Gunpowder Fellows, as ugly as the Devil.

Dur. I-gad, I shall never forget the Looks of 'em, while I have Breath to fetch.

Mir. They were so civil, indeed, as to welcome us with their Cannon; but for the rest, we found 'em such unmannerly, rude, unsociable Dogs, that we grew tir'd of their Company, and so we e'en danc'd back again.

Old Mir. And did ye all come back?

Mir. No, two or three thousand of us stay'd behind.

Old Mir. Why, *Bob*, why?

Mir. Pshaw—because they cou'd not come that Night.—But come, Sir, we were talking of something else; pray how does your lovely Charge, the fair *Oriana*?

Old Mir. Ripe, Sir, just ripe; you'll find it better engaging with her than with the *Germans*, let me tell you. And what wou'd you say, my young *Mars*, if I had a *Venus* for thee too? Come, *Bob*, your Apartment is ready, and

and pray let your Friend be my Guest too, you shall command the House between ye, and I'll be as merry as the best of you.

Mir. Bravely said, Father.

Let Misers bend their Age with niggard Cares,
And starve themselves to pamper hungry Heirs;
Who, living, stint their Sons what Youth may crave,
And make 'em revel o'er a Father's Grave,
The Stock on which I grew does still dispense
Its Genial Sap into the blooming Branch;
The Fruit, he knows, from his own Root is grown,
And therefore sooths those Passions once his own.

The End of the First ACT.



ACT II.

SCENE, *Old Mirabel's House.*

Oriana and Bifarre.

Bis. **A**ND you love this young Rake, d'ye?

Ori. Yes.

Bis. In spite of all his ill Usage.

Ori. I can't help it.

Bis. What's the Matter wi'ye?

Ori. Pshaw!

Bis. Um!—before that any young, lying, swearing, flattering, rakehelly Fellow should play such Tricks with me, I wou'd wear my Teeth to the Stumps with Lime and Chalk.—O, the Devil take all your *Cassandras* and *Cleopatras* for me.—Prithee mind your Airs, Modes, and Fashions; your Stays, Gowns and Furbelows. Hark'e, my Dear, have you got home your furbelow'd Smocks yet?

Ori. Prithee be quiet, *Bifarre*; you know I can be as mad as you when this *Mirabel* is out of my Head.

Bis. Pshaw! wou'd he were out, or in, or some way to make you easy.—I warrant now, you'll play the Fool when he comes, and say you love him; eh!

Ori.

Ori. Most certainly ;—I can't dissemble, *Bisarre* :—besides, 'tis past that, we're contracted.

Bis. Contracted ! alack-a-day, poor Thing. What you have chang'd Rings, or broken an old *Broad-piece* between you ! Hearn'e, Child, han't you broke something else between ye ?

Ori. No, no, I can assure you.

Bis. Then, what d'ye whine for ? Whilst I kept that in my Power, I wou'd make a Fool of any Fellow in *France*. Well, I must confess, I do love a little coquetting with all my Heart ! my Business should be to break Gold with my Lover one Hour, and crack my Promise the next ; he shou'd find me one Day with a Prayer-book in my Hand, and with a Play-book another. He shou'd have my Consent to buy the Wedding-ring, and the next Moment wou'd I laugh in his Face.

Ori. O my Dear, were there no greater Tye upon my Heart, than there is upon my Conscience, I wou'd soon throw the Contract out o' Doors ; but the Mischief on't is, I am so fond of being ty'd that I'm forc'd to be just, and the Strength of my Passion keeps down the Inclination of my Sex. But here's the old Gentleman.

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old Mir. Where's my Wenches ! where's my two little Girls : Eh ! Have a care, look to yourselves, faith, they're a coming, the Travellers are a coming. Well ! which of you two will be my Daughter-in-Law now ? *Bisarre*, *Bisarre*, what say you, Mad-cap ? *Mirabel* is a pure wild Fellow.

Bis. I like him the worse.

Old Mir. You lie, Hussy, you like him the better, indeed you do : What say you, my t'other little Filbert ? he !

Ori. I suppose the Gentleman will chuse for himself, Sir.

Old Mir. Why, that's discreetly said ; and so he shall.

Enter Mirabel and Duretete, they salute the Ladies.

Bob. Hearn'e, you shall marry one of these Girls, Sirrah.

Mir. Sir, I'll marry 'em both, if you please.

Bis. [*Aside*] He'll find that one may serve his turn.

Old Mir. Both ! Why, you young Dog, d'ye banter me ?—Come, Sir, take your Choice.—*Duretete*, you shall have your Choice too ; but *Robin* shall chuse first. Come, Sir, begin.

Mir.

Ori.

Mir. Well, I an't the first Son that has made his Father's Dwelling a Bawdy-house—let me see.

Old Mir. Well! which d'ye like?

Mir. Both.

Old Mir. But which will you marry?

Mir. Neither.

Old Mir. Neither—Don't make me angry now, *Bob*; pray don't make me angry.—Look'e, Sirrah, if I don't dance at your Wedding to-morrow, I shall be very glad to cry at your Grave.

Mir. That's a Bull, Father.

Old Mir. A Bull! Why, how now, ungrateful Sir, did I make thee a Man, that thou shouldst make me a Beast?

Mir. Your Pardon, Sir. I only meant your Expression.

Old Mir. Heark'e, *Bob*, learn better Manners to your Father before Strangers: I won't be angry this Time.—But Oons, if ever you do't again, you Rascal, remember what I say.

Mir. Pshaw, what does the old Fellow mean by mewing me up here with a Couple of green Girls? Come, *Duretete*, will you go?

Ori. I hope, Mr. *Mirabel*, you han't forgot.—

Mir. No, no, Madam, I han't forgot, I have brought you a thousand little *Italian* Curiosities; I'll assure you, Madam, as far as a hundred Pistoles would reach, I han't forgot the least Circumstance.

Ori. Sir, you m'understand me.

Mir. Odso, the Relics, Madam, from *Rome*. I do remember now you made a Vow of Chastity before my Departure; a Vow of Chastity, or something like it; was it not, Madam?

Ori. O Sir, I'm answer'd at present. [Exit.]

Mir. She was coming full Mouth upon me with her Contract—Would I might dispatch t'other.

Dur. Mirabel—that Lady there, observe her, she's wond'rous pretty faith, and seems to have but few Words: I like her mainly; speak to her, Man, prithee speak to her.

Mir. Madam, here's a Gentleman, who declares—

Dur. Madam, don't believe him, I declare nothing—What the Devil do you mean, Man?

Mir.

Mir. He says, Madam, that you are as beautiful as an Angel.

Dur. He tells a damn'd Lye, Madam ; I say no such Thing : Are you mad, *Mirabel* ? Why, I shall drop down with Shame.

Mir. And so, Madam, not doubting but your Ladyship may like him as well as he does you, I think it proper to leave you together. — [*Going, Duretete holds him.*]

Dur. Hold, hold——Why *Mirabel*, Friend, sure you won't be so barbarous as to leave me alone. Prithce speak to her for yourself, as it were. Lord, Lord, that a *Frenchman* should want Impudence !

Mir. You look mighty demure, Madam—She's deaf, Captain.

Dur. I had much rather have her dumb.

Mir. The Gravity of your Air, Madam, promises some extraordinary Fruits from your Study, which moves us with Curiosity to enquire the Subject of your Ladyship's Contemplation. Not a Word !

Dur. I hope in the Lord she's speechless ; if she be, she's mine this Moment.—*Mirabel*, d'ye think a Woman's Silence can be natural ?——

Bis. But the Forms that Logicians introduce, and which proceed from simple Enumeration, are dubitable, and proceed only upon Admittance—

Mir. Hoyty toyty ! what a Plague have we here ? *Plato* in Petticoats.

Dur. Ay, ay, let her go on, Man ; she talks in my own Mother-tongue.

Bis. 'Tis expoed to Invalidity from a contradictory Instance, looks only upon common Operations, and is infinite in its Termination.

Mir. Rare Pedantry.

Dur. Axioms ! Axioms ! Self-evident Principles.

Bis. Then the Ideas wherewith the Mind is pre-occupied.—O Gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon my Cogitation ; I was involv'd in a profound Point of Philosophy ; but I shall discuss it somewhere else, being satisfy'd that the Subject is not agreeable to your Sparks, that profess the Vanity of the Times. [*Exit.*]

Mir. Go thy way, good Wife *Bias* : Do you hear, *Duretete* ? Do'st hear this starch'd piece of Austerity ?

Dur. She's mine, Man ; she's mine : My own Talent to a T. I'll match her in Dialectics, faith. I was seven Years at the University, Man, nurs'd up with *Barbara, Celarunt, Darii, Ferio, Baralipson*. Did you never know, Man, that 'twas Metaphysics made me an Ass ? It was, faith. Had she talk'd a Word of Singing, Dancing, Plays, Fashions, or the like, I had founderd at the first Step ; but as she is—*Mirabel*, with me Joy.

Mir. You don't mean Marriage, I hope.

Dur. No, no, I am a Man of more Honour.

Mir. Bravely resolv'd, Captain, now for thy Credit, warm me this frozen Snow-ball, 'twill be a Conquest above the *Alps*.

Dur. But will you promise to be always near me ?

Mir. Upon all Occasions, never fear.

Dur. Why then, you shall see me in two Moments make an Induction from my Love to her Hand, from her Hand to her Mouth, from her Mouth to her Heart, and so conclude in her Bed, *Categorematicæ*.

Mir. Now the Game begins, and my Fool is enter'd. —But here comes one to spoil my Sport ; now shall I be teiz'd to death with this old fashion'd Contract. I shou'd love her too, if I might do it my own way, but she'll do nothing without Witnesses forsooth. I wonder Women can be so immodest.

Enter Oriana.

Well, Madam, why d'ye follow me ?

Ori. Well, Sir, why do you shun me ?

Mir. 'Tis my Humour, Madam, and I'm naturally sway'd by Inclination.

Ori. Have you forgot our Contract, Sir ?

Mir. All I remember of that Contract is, that it was made some three Years ago, and that's enough in Conscience to forget the rest on't.

Ori. 'Tis sufficient, Sir, to recollect the passing of it ; for in that Circumstance, I presume, lies the Force of the Obligation.

Mir. Obligations, Madam, that are forc'd upon the Will, are no tye upon the Conscience ; I was a Slave to my Passion when I pass'd the Instrument ; but the Recovery of my Freedom makes the Contract void.

Ori. Sir, you can't make that a Compulsion which

was

was your own Choice ; besides, Sir, a Subjection to your own Desires has not the Virtue of a forcible Constraint : And you will find, Sir, that to plead your Passion for the killing of a Man, will hardly exempt you from the Justice of the Punishment.

Mir. And so, Madam, you make the Sin of Murder and the Crime of a Contract the very same, because that Hanging and Matrimony are so much alike.

Ori. Come, Mr. *Mirabel*, these Expressions I expected from the Raillery of your Humour, but I hope for very different Sentiments from your Honour and Generosity.

Mir. Look'e, Madam, as for my Generosity, 'tis at your Service, with all my Heart : I'll keep you a Coach and six Horses, if you please, only permit me to keep my Honour to myself ; for I can assure you, Madam, that the Thing called Honour is a Circumstance absolutely unnecessary in a natural Correspondence between Male and Female, and he's a Mad-man that lays it out, considering its Scarcity, upon any such trivial Occasions. There's Honour requir'd of us by our Friends, and Honour due to our Enemies, and they return it to us again ; but I never heard of a Man that left but an Inch of his Honour in a Woman's keeping, that could ever get the least Account on't.—Consider, Madam, you have no such Thing among ye, and 'tis a main Point of Policy to keep no Faith with Reprobates—thou art a pretty little Reprobate, and so get thee about thy Business.

Ori. Well, Sir, even all this I will allow to the Gaiety of your Temper ; your Travels have improv'd your Talent of Talking, but they are not of Force, I hope, to impair your Morals.

Mir. Morals ! Why there 'tis again now—I tell thee, Child, there is not the least Occasion for Morals in any Business between you and I—Don't you know, that of all Commerce in the World there is no such Cozenage and Deceit as in the Traffic between Man and Woman ; we study all our Lives long how to put Tricks upon one another—What is your Business now from the Time you throw away your artificial Babies, but how to get natural ones with the most Advantage !—No Fowler lays abroad more Nets for his Game, nor a Hunter for his Prey, than you do to catch poor innocent Men—Why do

fit three or four Hours at your Toilet in a Morning ? only with a villainous Design to make some poor Fellow a Fool before Night. What are your languishing Looks, your studied Air and Affectations, but so many Baits and Devices to delude Men out of their dear Liberty and Freedom ?—What d'ye sigh for ? What d'ye weep for ? What d'ye pray for ? Why, for a Husband : That is, you implore Providence to assist you in the just and pious Design of making the wisest of his Creatures a Fool, and the Head of the Creation a Slave.

Ori. Sir, I am proud of my Power, and am resolv'd to use it.

Mir. Hold, hold, Madam, not so fast—As you have Variety of Vanities to make Coxcombs of us ; so we have Vows, Oaths, and Protestations of all Sorts and Sizes to make Fools of you. As you are very strange and whimsical Creatures, so we are allow'd as unaccountable Ways of managing you. And this, in short, my dear Creature, is our present Condition. I have sworn and ly'd briskly to gain my Ends of you ; your Ladyship has patch'd and painted violently, to gain your Ends of me.—But, since we are both disappointed, let us make a drawn Battle, and part clear on both Sides.

Ori. With all my Heart, Sir ; give me up my Contract, and I'll never see your Face again.

Mir. Indeed I won't, Child.

Ori. What, Sir, neither do one nor t'other ?

Mir. No, you shall die a Maid, unless you please to be otherwise upon my Terms.

Ori. What do you intend by this, Sir ?

Mir. Why, to starve you into Compliance ; look'e, you shall never marry any Man ; and you had as good let me do you a Kindness as a Stranger.

Ori. Sir, you're a——

Mir. What am I, Mistress ?

Ori. A Villain, Sir ?

Mir. I'm glad on't—I never knew an honest Fellow in my Life, but was a Villain upon these Occasions.——Ha'n't you drawn yourself now into a very pretty Dilemma ? Ha, ha, ha ; the poor Lady has made a Vow of Virginity, when she thought of making a Vow for the contrary. Was ever poor Woman so cheated into Chastity ?

Ori.

Ori. Sir, my Fortune is equal to yours, my Friends as powerful, and both shall be put to the Test, to do me Justice.

Mir. What! you'll force me to marry you, will ye?

Ori. Sir, the Law shall.

Mir. But the Law can't force me to do any Thing else, can it?

Ori. Pshaw, I despise thee—Monster.

Mir. Kifs and be Friends then—Don't cry, Child, and you shall have your Sugar-plumb—Come, Madam, d'ye think I could be so unreasonable as to make you fast all your Life long? No, I did but jest, you shall have your Liberty; here, take your Contract, and give me mine.

Ori. No, I won't.

Mir. Eh! What is the Girl a Fool?

Ori. No, Sir, you shall find me cunning enough to do myself Justice; and since I must not depend upon your Love, I'll be reveng'd, and force you to marry me out of spight.

Mir. Then I'll beat thee out of spight; and make a most confounded Husband.

Ori. O Sir, I shall match ye: A good Husband makes a good Wife at any Time.

Mir. I'll rattle down your China about your Ears.

Ori. And I'll rattle about the City to run you in Debt for more.

Mir. Your Face-mending Toilet shall fly out of the Window.

Ori. And your Face-mending Periwig shall fly after it.

Mir. I'll tear the Furbelow off your Clothes, and when you swoon for Vexation, you sha'n't have a Penny to buy a Bottle of Harts-horn.

Ori. And you, Sir, shall have Harts-horn in abundance.

Mir. I'll keep as many Mistresses as I have Coach-Horses.

Ori. And I'll keep as many Gallants as you have Grooms.

Mir. I'll lie with your Woman before your Face.

Ori. Have a care of your Valet behind your Back.

Mir. But, sweet Madam, there is such a Thing as a Divorce.

Ori. But, sweet Sir, there is such a Thing as Alimony, so divorce on, and spare not. [Exit.

Mir. Ay, that separate Maintenance is the Devil—

there's their Refuge—o' my Conscience, one wou'd take Cuckoldom for a meritorious Action, because the Women are so handsomely rewarded for't. [Exit.]

SCENE *changes to a large Parlour in the same House.*

Enter Duretete and Petit.

Dur. And she's mighty peevish, you say?

Pet. O Sir, she has a Tongue as long as my Leg, and talks so crabbedly, you wou'd think she always spoke *We sh.*

Dur. That's an odd Language, methinks, for her Philosophy.

Pet. But sometimes she will sit you half a Day without speaking a Word, and talk Oracles all the while by the Wrinkles of her Forehead, and the Motions of her Eyebrows.

Dur. Nay, I shall match her in philosophical Ogles, faith; that's my Talent: I can talk best, you must know, when I say nothing.

Pet. But d'ye ever laugh, Sir?

Dur. Laugh? Won't she endure laughing?

Pet. Why she's a Critic, Sir, she hates a jest, for fear it should please her; and nothing keeps her in Humour but what gives her the Spleen. And then for Logic, and all that, you know——

Dur. Ay, ay, I'm prepar'd, I have been practising hard Words, and no Sense, this Hour to entertain her.

Pet. Then place yourself behind this Screen, that you may have a View of her Behaviour before you begin.

Dur. I long to engage her, lest I shou'd forget my Lesson.

Pet. Here she comes, Sir, I must fly.

[Exit Pet. and Dur. stands peeping behind the Curtain.]

Enter Bisarre and Maid.

Bis. [With a Book] Pshaw, hang Books, they sour our Temper, spoil our Eyes, and ruin our Complexions.

[Throws away the Book.]

Dur. Eh! The Devil such a Word there is in all *Aristotle.*

Bis. Come, Wench, let's be free, call in the Fiddle, there's no body near us.

Enter Fid'er.

Dur. Wou'd to the Lord there was not.

Bis. Here, Friend, a Minuet!—quicker Time; ha—wou'd we had a Man or two.

Dur.

Dur. [*Stealing away.*] You shall have the Devil sooner, my dear dancing Philosopher.

Bis. Uds my Life!—Here's one.

[*Runs to Dur. and bales him back.*]

Dur. Is all my learn'd Preparation come to this?

Bis. Come, Sir, don't be a sham'd, that's my good Boy—you're very welcome, we wanted such a one—Come, strike up—I know you dance well, Sir, you're finely shap'd for't—Come, come, Sir; quick, quick, you miss the Time else.

Dur. But, Madam, I come to talk with you.

Bis. Ay, ay, talk as you dance, talk as you dance, come.

Dur. But we were talking of Dialectics.

Bis. Hang Dialectics—Mind the Time—quicker, Sirrah, [*To the Fidler*] Come—and how d'ye find yourself now, Sir?

Dur. In a fine breathing Sweat, Doctor.

Bis. All the better, Patient, all the better;—Come, Sir, sing now, sing, I know you sing well; I see you have a singing Face; a heavy dull Sonato Face.

Dur. Who, I sing?

Bis. O you're modest, Sir—but come, sit down, closer, closer. Here, a Bottle of Wine—Come, Sir, fa, la, lay; sing, Sir.

Dur. But, Madam, I came to talk with you.

Bis. O Sir, you shall drink first. Come, fill me a Bumper—here, Sir, bless the King.

Dur. Would I were out of his Dominions.—By this Light, she'll make me drunk too.

Bis. O pardon me, Sir, you shall do me right, fill it higher—Now, Sir, can you drink a Health under your Leg?

Dur. Rare Philosophy that, Faith.

Bis. Come, off with it to the Bottom.—Now, how d'ye like me, Sir?

Dur. O, mighty well, Madam.

Bis. You see how a Woman's Fancy varies, sometimes splenetic and heavy, then gay and frolicsome.—And how d'ye like the Humour?

Dur. Good Madam, let me sit down to answer you, for I am heartily tir'd.

Bis. Fye upon't; a young Man, and tir'd! up for shame,

shame, and walk about, Action becomes us—a little faster, Sir—What d'ye think now of my Lady *La Pale*, and Lady *Coquet*, the Duke's fair Daughter? Ha! Are they not brisk Lasses? Then there is black *Mrs. Bellair*, and brown *Mrs. Bellface*.

Dur. They are all Strangers to me, Madam.

Bis. But let me tell you, Sir, that brown is not always despicable—O Lard, Sir, if young *Mrs. Bagatell* had kept herself single 'till this Time o' Day, what a Beauty there had been! And then, you know, the charming *Mrs. Monkeylove*, the fair Gem of *St. Germain's*.

Dur. Upon my Soul, I don't.

Bis. And then you must have heard of the *English* Beau, *Spleenamore*, how unlike a Gentleman—

Dur. Hey—not a Syllable on't, as I hope to be saved, Madam.

Bis. No! Why then play me a Jig. Come, Sir.

Dur. By this Light I cannot; faith, Madam, I have sprain'd my Leg.

Bis. Then sit you down, Sir; and now tell me what's your Business with me? What's your Errand? Quick, quick, dispatch—Odso, may be you are some Gentleman's Servant, that has brought me a Letter, or a Haunch of Venison.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Madam, do I look like a Carrier?

Bis. O; cry you Mercy, I saw you just now, I mistook you, upon my Word: you are one of the travelling Gentlemen—and pray, Sir, how do all our impudent Friends in *Italy*?

Dur. Madam, I came to wait on you with a more serious Intention than your Entertainment has answered.

Bis. Sir, your Intention of waiting on me was the greatest Affront imaginable, howe'er your Expressions may turn it to a Compliment: Your Visit, Sir, was intended as a Prologue to a very scurvy Play, of which Mr. *Mirabel* and you so handsomely laid the Plot.—*Marry! No, no, I'm a Man of more Honour.* Where's your Honour? Where's your Courage now? Ads my Life, Sir, I have a great Mind to kick you.—Go, go to your Fellow-Rake now, rail at my Sex and get drunk for Vexation, and write a Lampoon—But I must have you to know, Sir, that my Reputation is above the Scandal of

of a Libel, my Virtue is sufficiently approv'd to those whose Opinion is my Interest: And for the rest, let them talk what they will; for when I please I'll be what I please, in spite of you and all Mankind; and so my dear *Man of Honour*, if you be tir'd, con over this Lesson, and sit there till I come to you. *[Runs off.]*

Dar. Tum ti dum. *[Sings]* Ha, ha, ha, *Ads my Life: I have a great Mind to kick you!*—Oons and Confusion! *[Starts up]* Was ever Man so abus'd?—Ay, *Mirabel* set me on.

Enter Petit.

Pet. Well, Sir, how d'ye find yourself?

Dur. You Son of a nine-ey'd Whore, d'ye come to abuse me? I'll kick you with a Vengeance, you Dog.

[Petit runs off, and Dur. after him.]

A C T III.

SCENE continues.

Old Mirabel and the Young.

Old Mir. **B**OB, come hither, *Bob*.

Mir. Your Pleasure, Sir?

Old Mir. Are not you a great Rogue, Sirrah?

Mir. That's a little out of my Comprehension, Sir, for I've heard say, that I resemble my Father.

Old Mir. Your Father is your very humble Slave—I tell thee what, Child, thou art a very pretty Fellow, and I love thee heartily; and a very great Villain, and I hate thee mortally.

Mir. Villain, Sir! Then I must be a very impudent one, for I can't recollect any Passage of my Life that I'm ashamed of.

Old Mir. Come hither, my dear Friend; do'st see this Picture? *[Shows him a little Picture.]*

Mir. *Oriana's*? Pshaw!

Old Mir. What, Sir, won't you look upon't?—*Bob*, dear *Bob*, prithee come hither now—Do'st want any Money, Child?

B 5

Mir.

Mir. No, Sir.

Old Mir. Why then here's some for thee; come here now——How can't thou be so hard-hearted, an unnatural, unmannerly Rascal (don't mistake me, Child, I a'n't angry) as to abuse this tender, lovely, good-natur'd dear Rogue?——Why, she sighs for thee, and cries for thee, pouts for thee, and snubs for thee, the poor little Heart of it is like to burst——Come, my dear Boy, be good-natur'd like your own Father, be now——and then see here, read this——the Effigies of the lovely *Oriana*, with ten thousand Pound to her Portion——ten thousand Pound you Dog; ten thousand Pound you Rogue; how dare you refuse a Lady with ten thousand Pound, you impudent Rascal?

Mir. Will you hear me speak, Sir?

Old Mir. Hear you speak, Sir! If you had ten thousand Tongues, you cou'd not out-talk ten thousand Pound, Sir.

Mir. Nay, Sir, if you won't hear me I'll be gone, Sir! I'll take Post for *Italy* this Moment.

Old Mir. Ah! the Fellow knows I won't part with him. Well, Sir, what have you to say?

Mir. The universal Reception, Sir, that Marriage has had in the World, is enough to fix it for a public Good, and to draw every body into the common Cause; but there are some Constitutions like some Instruments, so peculiarly singular, that they make tolerable Music by themselves, but never do well in a Consort.

Old Mir. Why this is Reason, I must confess, but yet it is Nonsense too; for tho' you shou'd reason like an Angel, if you argue yourself out of a good Estate, you talk like a Fool.

Mir. But, Sir, if you bribe me into Bondage with the Riches of *Cræsus*, you leave me but a Beggar for want of my Liberty.

Old Mir. Was ever such a perverse Fool heard? 'Sdeath, Sir, why did I give you Education? was it to dispute me out of my Senses? Of what Colour now is the Head of this Cane? You'll say 'tis white, and ten to one make me believe it too——I thought that young Fellows studied to get Money.

Mir.

Mir. No, Sir, I have study'd to despise it; my Reading was not to make me rich, but happy, Sir.

Old Mir. There he has me again now. But, Sir, did not I marry to oblige you?

Mir. To oblige me, Sir, in what respect pray?

Old Mir. Why, to bring you into the World, Sir; wa'n't that an Obligation?

Mir. And because I wou'd have it still an Obligation, I avoid Marriage.

Old Mir. How is that, Sir?

Mir. Because I wou'd not curse the Hour I was born.

Old Mir. Look'e, Friend, you may persuade me out of my Designs, but I'll command you out of yours; and tho' you may convince my Reason that you are in the right, yet there is an old Attendant of Sixty-three, call'd Positiveness, which you nor all the Wits in *Italy* shall ever be able to shake: so, Sir, you're a Wit, and I'm a Father; you may talk, but I'll be obey'd.

Mir. This it is to have the Son a finer Gentleman than the Father; they first give us Breeding that they don't understand, then they turn us out of Doors 'cause we are wiser than themselves. But I'm a little aforehand with the old Gentleman. [*Aside.*] Sir, you have been pleas'd to settle a thousand Pound Sterling a Year upon me; in return of which, I have a very great Honour for you and your Family, and shall take care that your only and beloved Son shall do nothing to make him hate his Father, or to hang himself. So, dear Sir, I'm your very humble Servant

[*Runs off.*]

Old Mir. Here, Sirrah, Rogue, *Rob*, Villain!

Enter Dugard.

Dug. Ah, Sir, 'tis but what he deserves.

Old Mir. 'Tis false, Sir, he don't deserve it: what have you to say against my Boy, Sir?

Dug. I shall only repeat your own Words.

Old Mir. What have you to do with my Words? I have swallow'd my Words already, I have eaten them up, and how can you come at 'em, Sir?

Dug. Very easily, Sir: 'Tis but mentioning your injur'd Ward, and you will throw them up again immediately.

Old Mir. Sir, your Sister was a foolish young Flirt to trust

trust any such young, deceitful, rake-helly Rogue, like him.

Dug. Cry you Mercy, old Gentleman, I thought we shou'd have the Words again.

Old Mir. And what then? 'Tis the way with young Fellows to slight old Gentleman's Words, you never mind 'em when you ought.—I say, that *Bob's* an honest Fellow, and who dares deny it?

Enter Bifarre.

Bis. That dare I, Sir:—I say, that your Son is a wild, foppish, whimsical, impertinent Coxcomb; and were I abus'd as this Gentleman's Sister is, I wou'd make it an *Italian* Quarrel, and poison the whole Family.

Dug. Come, Sir, 'tis no Time for trifling, my Sister is abus'd; you are made sensible of the Affront, and your Honour is concern'd to see her redress'd.

Old Mir. Look'e, Mr. *Dugard*, good Words go farthest. I will do your Sister Justice, but it must be after my own rate, no body must abuse my Son but myself. For altho' *Robin* be a sad Dog, yet he's no body's Puppy but my own.

Bis. Ay, that's my sweet-natur'd, kind old Gentleman—[*Wheedling him.*] We will be good then, if you'll join with us in the Plot.

Old Mir. Ah, you coaxing young Baggage, what Plot can you have to wheedle a Fellow of Sixty-three?

Bis. A Plot that Sixty-three is only good for, to bring other People together, Sir; a *Spanish* Plot less dangerous than that of Eighty-eight, and you must act the *Spaniard* 'cause your Son will least suspect you; and if he shou'd, your Authority protects you from a Quarrel, to which *Oriana* is unwilling to expose her Brother.

Old Mir. And what Part will you act in the Business, Madam?

Bis. Myself, Sir; my Friend is grown a perfect Changeling: these foolish Hearts of ours spoil our Heads presently; the Fellows no sooner turn Knaves, but we turn Fools: But I am still myself, and he may expect the most severe Usage from me, 'cause I neither love him, nor hate him. [Exit.]

Old Mir. Well said, Mrs. Paradox; but, Sir, who must open the Matter to him?

Dug.

Dug. Petit, Sir, who is our Engineer-General. And here he comes.

Enter Petit.

Pet. O Sir, more Discoveries; are all Friends about us?

Dug. Ay, ay, speak freely.

Pet. You must know, Sir,—od's my Life, I'm out of Breath; you must know, Sir,—you must know—

Old Mir. What the Devil must we know, Sir?

Pet. That I have [*Pants and blows*] brib'd, Sir, brib'd—your Son's Secretary of State.

Old Mir. Secretary of State!—who's that for Heav'n's sake?

Pet. His Valet-de-Chambre, Sir? You must know, Sir, that the Intrigue lay folded up with his Master's Clothes, and when he went to dust the embroider'd Suit, the Secret flew out of the right Pocket of his Coat, in a whole swarm of your Crambo Songs, short-footed Odes, and long-legg'd Pindarics.

Old Mir. Impossible!

Pet. Ah, Sir, he has lov'd her all along; there was *Oriana* in every Line, but he hates Marriage. Now, Sir, this Plot will stir up his Jealousy, and we shall know by the Strength of that how to proceed farther.

Come, Sir, lets about it with speed,

'Tis Expedition gives our King the Sway;

For Expedition to the *French* give way;

Swift to attack, or swift—to run away. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mirabel and Bifarre, passing carelessly by one another.

Bis. [*Aside.*] I wonder what she can see in this Fellow to like him?

Mir. [*Aside.*] I wonder what my Friend can see in this Girl to admire her?

Bis. [*Aside.*] A wild, foppish, extravagant Rake-hell.

Mir. [*Aside.*] A light, whimsical, impertinent Mad-Cap.

Bis. Whom do you mean, Sir?

Mir. Whom do you mean, Madam?

Bis. A Fellow that has nothing left to re-establish him for a human Creature, but a prudent Resolution to hang himself.

Mir.

Mir. There is a Way, Madam, to force me to that Resolution.

Bis. I'll do't with all my Heart.

Mir. Then you must marry me.

Bis. Look'e, Sir, don't think your ill Manners to me shall excuse your ill Usage of my Friend; nor by fixing a Quarrel here, to divert my Zeal for the absent; for I'm resolv'd, nay, I come prepar'd to make you a Panegyric, that shall mortify your Pride like any modern Dedication.

Mir. And I, Madam, like a true modern Patron, shall hardly give you thanks for your Trouble.

Bis. Come, Sir, to let you see what little Foundation you have for your dear Sufficiency, I'll take you to pieces.

Mir. And what Piece will you chuse?

Bis. Your Heart, to be sure; 'cause I shou'd get presently rid on't; your Courage I wou'd give to a Hector, your Wit to a lewd Play-maker, your Honour to an Attorney, your Body to the Physicians, and your Soul to its Master.

Mir. I had the oddest Dream last Night of the Dutcheß of Burgundy; meihought the Furbelows of her Gown were pinn'd up so high behind, that I cou'd not see her Head for her Tail.

Bis. The Creature don't mind me! do you think, Sir, that your humourous Impertinence can divert me? No, Sir, I'm above any Pleasure that you can give, but that of seeing you miserable. And mark me, Sir, my Friend, my injur'd Friend shall yet be doubly happy, and you shall be a Husband as much as the Rites of Marriage, and the Breach of 'em can make you.

[Here Mirabel pulls out a Virgil, and reads to himself while she speaks.]

Mir. [Reading.] *At Regina do os, (quis fallere possit amantem?)*

Diffimulare etiam sperá.si, perfide tantum [Very true.]
Posse nefas.

By your Favour, Friend *Virgil*, 'twas but a rascally Trick of your Hero to forsake poor Pug so inhumanly.

Bis. I don't know what to say to him. The Devil—
what's *Virgil* to us, Sir?

Mir.

Mir. Very much, Madam, the most *appropos* in the World—for, what shou'd I chop upon, but the very Place where the perjurd Rogue of a Lover and the forsaking Lady are battling it Tooth and Nail. Come, Madam, spend your Spirits no longer, we'll take an easier Method: I'll be *Aeneas* now, and you shall be *Dido*, and we'll rail by Book. Now for you, Madam *Dido*.

*Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec Moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido—*

Ah, poor *Dido*!

[Looking at her.]

Bis. Rudeness, Affronts, Impatience! I cou'd almost start out even to Manhood, and want but a Weapon as long as his to fight him upon the Spot. What shall I say?

Mir. Now she rants.

Quæ quibus anteferam? jam jam nee Maxima Juno.

Bis. A Man! No, the Woman's Birth was spirited away.

Mir. Right, right, Madam, the very Words.

Bis. And some pernicious Elf left in the Cradle with human Shape to palliate growing Mischief.

[Both speak together, and raise their Voices by Degrees.]

Mir. *Perfide, sed duris genuit te Cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt Ubra Tigres.*

Bis. Go, Sir, fly to your Midnight Revels.—

Mir. [Excellent] *I sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna
per undas,*

Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia Numina possunt.

[Together again.]

Bis. converse with Imps of Darkness of your Make, your Nature starts at Justice, and shivers at the Touch of Virtue. Now the Devil take his Impudence, he vexes me so, I don't know whether to cry or laugh at him.

Mir. Bravely perform'd, my dear *Libyan*; I'll write the Tragedy of *Dido*, and you shall act the Part: But you do nothing at all, unless you fret yourself into a Fit; for here the poor Lady is stifled with Vapours, drops into the Arms of her Maids; and the cruel, barbarous, deceitful

ceitful Wanderer, is in the very next Line call'd *Pious Æneas*.—There's Authority for ye.

Sorry indeed *Æneas* stood

To see her in a Pout;

But *Jove* himself, who ne'er thought good

To stay a second Bout,

Commands him off with all his Crew,

And leaves poor *Dy*, as I leave you. [*Runs off.*]

Bis. Go thy ways, for a dear, mad, deceitful, agreeable Fellow. O' my Conscience I must excuse *Oriana*.

That Lover soon his angry Fair disarms,

Whose Slighting pleases, and whose Faults are Charms.

Enter Petit, runs about to every Door, and knocks.

Pet. Mr. *Mirabel*! Sir, where are you? no where to be found?

Enter Mirabel.

Mir. What's the Matter, *Petit*?

Pet. Most critically met—Ah, Sir, that one who has follow'd the Game so long, and brought the poor Hare just under his Paws, should let a Mungrel Cur chop in, and run away with the Puss.

Mir. If your Worship can get out of your Allegories, be pleas'd to tell me in three Words what you mean.

Pet. Plain, plain, Sir. Your Mistress and mine is going to be marry'd.

Mir. I believe you lye, Sir.

Pet. Your humble Servant, Sir.

[*Going.*]

Mir. Come hither, *Petit*. Marry'd, say you?

Pet. No, Sir, 'tis no Matter; I only thought to do you a Service, but I shall take Care how I confer my Favours for the future.

Mir. Sir, I beg ten thousand Pardons. [*Bowing low.*]

Pet. 'Tis enough, Sir,—I come to tell you, Sir, that *Oriana* is this Moment to be sacrificed; marry'd past Redemption.

Mir. I understand her, she'll take a Husband out of Spight to me, and then out of Love to me she will make him a Cuckold; 'tis ordinary with Women to marry one Person for the Sake of another, and to throw themselves into the Arms of one they hate, to secure their Pleasure with the Man they love. But who is the happy Man?

Pet.

Pet. A Lord, Sir.

Mir. I'm her Ladyship's most humble Servant; a Train and a Title, hey! Room for my Lady's Coach, a Front-row in the Box for her Ladyship; Lights, Lights for her Honour.—Now must I be a constant Attender at my Lord's Levee, to work my Way to my Lady's Couchee—a Countess; I presume, Sir.—

Pet. A Spanish Count, Sir, that Mr. Dugard knew abroad, is come to Paris, saw your Mistress Yesterday, marries her To-day, and whips her into Spain To-morrow.

Mir. Ay, is it so? and must I follow my Cuckold over the Pyrenees? Had she marry'd within the Precincts of a Billet-doux, I would be the Man to lead her to Church; but as it happens, I'll forbid the Banns. Where is this mighty Don?

Pet. Have a Care, Sir, he's a rough cross-grained Piece, and there's no tampering with him; wou'd you apply to Mr. Dugard, or the Lady herself, something might be done, for it is in Despight to you, that the Business it carry'd so hastily. Odsso, Sir, here he comes. I must be gone. [Exit.

Enter Old Mir. dressed in a Spanish Habit, leading Oriana.

Ori. Good my Lord, a nobler Choice had better suited your Lordship's Merit. My Person, Rank, and Circumstance, expose me as the public Theme of Raillery, and subject me so to injurious Usage, my Lord, that I can lay no Claim to any Part of your Regard, except your Pity.

Old Mir. Breathes he vital Air, that dares presume With rude Behaviour to profane such Excellence?

Shew me the Man——

And you shall see how my sudden Revenge

Shall fall upon the Head of such Presumption.

Is this Thing one?

[Strutting up to Mirabel.]

Mir. Sir!

Ori. Good my Lord.

Old Mir. If he, or any he!

Ori. Pray, my Lord, the Gentleman's a Stranger.

Old Mir. O your Pardon, Sir,—but if you had—remember, Sir,—the Lady now is mine, her Injuries are mine; therefore, Sir, you understand me——Come, Madam.

[Leads Oriana to the Door, she goes off, Mir. runs to his Father, and pulls him by the sleeve. Mir.

Mir. Ecoute, Monsieur Le Count.

Old Mir. Your Business, Sir?

Mir. Boh!

Old Mir. Boh! What Language is that, Sir?

Mir. *Spanish*, my Lord.

Old Mir. What d'ye mean?

Mir. This, Sir.

[*Trips up his Heels.*]

Old Mir. A very concise Quarrel, truly—I'll bully him.—*Trinidad* *Seigneur*, give me fair Play.

[*Offering to rise.*]

Mir. By all Means, Sir. [*Takes away his sword*] Now *Seigneur*, where's that bombast Look, and fustian Face your Countship wore just now?

[*Strikes him.*]

Old Mir. The Rogue quarrels well, very well, my own Son right!—But hold, Sirrah, no more jesting; I'm your Father, Sir, your Father!

Mir. My Father! Then by this Light I could find in my Heart to pay thee. [*Aside.*] Is the Fellow mad? Why sure, Sir, I ha'n't frighted you out of your Senses?

Old Mir. But you have, Sir.

Mir. Then I'll beat them into you again.

[*Offers to strike him.*]

Old Mir. Why, Rogue—*Bob*, dear *Bob*, don't you know me, Child?

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, the Fellow's downright distracted: Thou Miracle of Impudence! wou'dst thou make me believe that such a grave Gentleman as my Father wou'd go a Masquerading thus? That a Person of Threescore and Three would run about in a Fool's Coat to disgrace himself and Family? Why, you impudent Villain, do you think I will suffer such an Affront to pass upon my honour'd Father, my worthy Father, my dear Father? 'Sdeath, Sir, mention my Father but once again, and I'll send your Soul to thy Grandfather this Minute!

[*Offering to stab him.*]

Old Mir. Well, well, I am not your Father.

Mir. Why then, Sir, you are the saucy, hectoring *Spaniard*, and I'll use you accordingly.

Old Mir. The Devil take the *Spaniards*, Sir, we have all got nothing but Blows since we began to take their Part.

Enter

Enter Dugard, Oriana, Maid, Petit. Dugard runs to Mirabel, the rest to the Old Gentleman.

Dug. Fye, fye, *Mirabel*, murder your Father!

Mir. My Father! What is the whole Family mad? Give me Way, Sir, I won't be held.

Old Mir. No? nor I neither; let me be gone, pray.

[Offering to go.]

Mir. My Father!

Old Mir. Ay, you Dog's Face! I am your Father, for I have bore as much for thee, as your Mother ever did.

Mir. O ho! then this was a Trick, it seems a Design, a Contrivance, a Stratagem—Oh! how my Bones ach!

Old Mir. Your Bones, Sirrah, why yours?

Mir. Why, Sir, han't I been beating my own Flesh and Blood all this while? O, Madam, *[To Oriana.]* I wish your Ladyship Joy of your new Dignity. Here was a Contrivance indeed.

Pet. The Contrivance was well enough, Sir, for they impos'd upon us all.

Mir. Well, my dear *Dulcinea*, did your *Don Quixote* battle for you bravely? My Father will answer for the Force of my Love.

Ori. Pray, Sir, don't insult the Misfortunes of your own creating.

Dug. My Prudence will be counted Cowardice, if I stand tamely now.—*[Comes up between Mirabel and his Sister]* Well, Sir!

Mir. Well, Sir! Do you take me for one of your Tenants, Sir, that you put on your Landlord face at me?

Dug. On what Presumption, Sir, dare you assume thus?

[Draws.]

Old Mir. What's that to you, Sir.

[Draws.]

Pet. Help! help! the Lady faints.

[Oriana falls into her Maid's Arms.]

Mir. Vapours! Vapours! she'll come to herself: If it be an angry Fit, a Dram of *Assa Fœtida*—If Jealousy, Harts-horn in Water—If the Mother, burnt Feathers—If Grief, *Ratifa*—If it be strait Stays, or Corns, there's nothing like a Dram of plain Brandy.

Ori. Hold off, give me Air—O my Brother, would you preserve my Life, endanger not your own; would you

you defend my Reputation, leave it to itself; 'tis a dear Vindication that's purchas'd by the Sword; for tho' our Champion proves victorious, yet our Honour is wounded.

Old Mir. Ay, and your Lover may be wounded, that's another Thing. But I think you are pretty brisk again, my Child.

Ori. Ay, S'r, my Indisposition was only a Pretence to divert the Quarrel; the capricious Taste of your Sex, excuses this Artifice in ours.

*For often, when our chief Perfections fail,
Our chief Defects with foolish Men prevail.* [Exit.

Pet. Come, Mr. Dugard, take Courage, there is a way still left to fetch him again.

Old Mir. Sir, I'll have no Plot that has any Relation to Spain.

Dug. I scorn all Artifice whatsoever; my Sword shall do her Justice.

Pet. Pretty Justice, truly! Suppose you run him thro' the Body; you run her thro' the Heart at the same Time.

Old Mir. And me thro' the Head—rot your Sword, Sir, we'll have Plots; come, *Petit*, let's hear.

Pet. What if she pretended to go into a Nunnery, and so bring him about to declare himself?

Dug. That I must confess has a Face.

Old Mir. A Face! A Face like an Angel, Sir. Ad's my Life, Sir, 'tis the most beautiful Plot in *Christendom*. We'll about it immediately. [Exeunt.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Duretete and Mirabel.

Dur. [In a Passion.] And tho' I can't dance, nor sing, nor talk like you, yet I can fight, you know I can, Sir.

Mir. I know thou can'st, Man.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Sir, and I will: Let me see the proudest Man alive make a Jest of me?

Mir. But I'll engage to make you amends.

Dur. Danc'd to Death! Baited like a Bear! Ridicul'd! threaten'd to be kick'd! Confusion! Sir, you set me on, and I will have Satisfaction; all Mankind will point at me.

Mir. [Aside.] I must give this Thunderbolt some Passage,
fage,

sage, or 'twill break upon my own Head—Look'e, *Dure-*
tete, what do these Gentlemen laugh at?

Enter two Gentlemen.

Dur. At me, to be sure—Sir, what made you laugh at me?

1 Gen. You're mistaken, Sir, if we were merry, we had
a private Reason.

2 Gen. Sir, we don't know you.

Dur. Sir, I'll make you know me; mark and observe me,
I won't be nam'd; it shan't be mention'd, not even whif-
per'd in your Prayers at Church. 'Sdeath, Sir, d'ye smile?

1 Gen. Not I, upon my Word.

Dur. Why then, look grave as an Owl in a Barn, or
a Friar with his Crown a shaving.

Mir. [*Aside to the Gent.*] Don't be bully'd out of your
Humour, Gentlemen; the Fellow's mad, laugh at him,
and I'll stand by you.

1 Gen. I gad and so we will.

Both. Ha, ha, ha.

Dur. Very pretty. [*Draws.*] She threaten'd to kick
me. Ay, then, you Dogs, I'll murder ye. [*Fights, and*
beats them off, Mir. runs over to his Side.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, bravely done, *Duretetete*, there you had
him, noble Captain; hey, they run, they run, *Victoria*,
Victoria—Ha, ha, ha—how happy am I in an excellent
Friend! Tell me of your Virtuoso's and Men of Sense, a
parcel of sour-fac'd splenetic Rogues—a Man of my thin
Constitution should never want a Fool in his Company:
I don't affect your fine Things that improve the Under-
standing, but hearty laughing to fatten my Carcase: And
in my Conscience, a Man of Sense is as melancholy with-
out a Coxcomb, as a Lion without a Jackal; he hunts
for our Diversion, starts Game for our Spleen, and per-
fectly feeds us with Pleasure.

I hate the Man who makes Acquaintance nice,
And still discreetly plagues me with Advice;
Who moves by Caution, and mature Delays,
And must give Reasons for whate'er he says.
The Man, indeed, whose Converse is so full,
Makes me attentive, but it makes me dull:
Give me the careless Rogue, who never thinks,
That plays the Fool as freely as he drinks.

Not

Not a Buffoon, who is Buffoon by Trade,
 But one that Nature, not his Wants have made.
 Who still is merry, but does ne'er design it;
 And still is ridicul'd, but ne'er can find it.
 Who when he's most in earnest, is the best;
 And his most grave Expression is a Jest. [Exit,

The End of the Third ACT.



A C T IV.

SCENE, *Old Mirabel's House.*

Enter Old Mirabel and Dugard.

Dug. **T**HE Lady Abbess is my Relation, and privy to the Plot: Your Son has been there, but had no Admittance beyond the Privilege of the Grate, and there my Sister refus'd to see him. He went off more nettled at his Repulse, than I thought his Gaiety could admit.

Old Mir. Ay, ay, this Nunnery will bring him about, I warrant ye.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Here, where are ye all?—O! Mr. *Mirabel*, you have done fine Things for your Posterity—And you, Mr. *Dugard*, may come to answer this—I come to demand my Friend at your Hands; restore him, Sir, or—[*To Old Mir.*

Old Mir. Restore him! What d'ye think I have got him in my Trunk, or my Pocket!

Dur. Sir, he's mad, and you're the Cause on't.

Old Mir. That may be; for I was as mad as he when I begot him.

Dug. Mad, Sir! What d'ye mean?

Dur. What do you mean, Sir, by shutting up your Sister yonder to talk like a Parrot thro' a Cage? Or a Decoy-duck, to draw others into the Snare? Your Son, Sir, because she has deserted him, he has forsaken the World? and in three Words, has——

Old

Old. Mir. Hang'd himself!

Dur. The very same, turn'd Friar.

Old Mir. You lye, Sir, 'tis ten times worse. *Bob* turn'd Friar!—Why should the Fellow shave his foolish Crown when the same Razor may cut his Throat?

Exit,

Dur. If you have any Command, or you any Interest over him, lose not a Minute: He has thrown himself into the next Monastery, and has order'd me to pay off his Servants, and discharge his Equipage.

Old Mir. Let me alone to ferret him out; I'll sacrifice the Abbot, if he receives him; I'll try whether the Spiritual or the Natural Father has the most Right to the Child.—But, dear Captain, what has he done with his Estate?

Dur. Settled it upon the Church, Sir.

privy
but
Grate,
t off
aiety

Old Mir. The Church! Nay, then the Devil won't get him out of their Clutches—Ten thousand Livres a Year upon the Church! 'Tis downright Sacrilege—Come, Gentlemen all Hands to work; for half that Sum, one of these Monasteries shall protect you a Traytor from the Law, a Rebellious Wife from her Husband, and a Disobedient Son from his own Father. *[Exit.]*

out,

Dug. But will ye persuade me that he's gone to a Monastery?

Dur. Is your Sister gone to the *Filles Repenties*? I tell you, Sir, she's not fit for the Society of repenting Maids.

Dug. Why so, Sir?

you
Mr.
d my
Mir.
e got

Dur. Because she's neither one nor t'other; she's too old to be a Maid, and too young to repent.

[Exit; Dug. after him.]

SCENE, *the Inside of a Monastery; Oriana in a Nun's Habit; Bisarre.*

when

Ori. I hope, *Bisarre*, there is no harm in jesting with this Religious Habit.

your
De-
Sir,
orld?

Bis. To me, the greatest Jest in the Habit, is taking it in earnest: I don't understand this imprisoning People with the Keys of *Paradise*, nor the Merit of that Virtue which comes by Constraint.—Besides, we may own to one another, that we are in the worst Company when among ourselves; for our private Thoughts run us into those Desires, which our Pride resists from the Attack of the World;

Old

World; and, you may remember, the first Woman met the Devil when she retir'd from her Man.

Ori. But I'm reconcil'd, methinks, to the Mortification of a Nunnery; because I fancy the Habit becomes me.

Bis. A well-contriv'd Mortification, truly, that makes a Woman look ten times handsomer than she did before! —Ay, my Dear, were there any Religion in becoming Drefs, our Sex's Devotion were rightly plac'd; for our Toilets would do the Work of the Altar; we shou'd all be canoniz'd.

Ori. But don't you think there is a great deal of Merit in dedicating a beautiful Face and Person to the Service of Religion?

Bis. Not half so much as devoting 'em to a pretty Fellow: If our Feminality had no Business in this World, why was it sent hither? Let us dedicate our beautiful Minds to the Service of Heaven. And for our handsome Persons; they become a Box at the Play, as well as a Pew in the Church.

Ori. But the Vicissitude of Fortune, the Inconstancy of Man, with other Disappointments of Life, require some Place of Religion, for a Refuge from their Persecution.

Bis. Ha, ha, ha, and do you think there is any Devotion in a Fellow's going to Church, when he takes it only for a Sanctuary? Don't you know that Religion consists in Charity with all Mankind; and that you should never think of being Friends with Heaven, till you have quarrelled with all the World. Come, come, mind your Business, *Mirabel* loves you, 'tis now plain, and hold him to't; give fresh Orders that he shan't see you: We get more by hiding our Faces sometimes, than by exposing them; a very Mask, you see, whets Desire; but a Pair of keen Eyes thro' an Iron Grate fire double upon 'em, with View and Disguise. But I must be gone upon my Affairs, I have brought my Captain about again.

Ori. But why will you trouble yourself with that Coxcomb?

Bis. Because he is a Coxcomb; had I not better have a Lover like him, that I can make an Ass of, than a Lover like yours, to make a Fool of me. [*Knocking below.*] A Message from *Mirabel*. I'll lay my Life. [*She runs to the Door.*] Come hither, run, thou charming Nun come hither.

Ori. What's the News?

[*Runs to her.*

Bis. Don't you see who's below?

Ori. I see no body but a Friar.

Bis. Ah! Thou poor blind *Cupid*! O' my Conscience, these Hearts of ours spoil our Heads instantly! the fellows no sooner turn Knaves, than we turn Fools. A Friar! Don't you see a villainous genteel Mien under that Cloak of Hypocrisy, the loose careless Air of a tall Rake-helly Fellow?

Ori. As I live, *Mirabel* turn'd Friar! I hope, in Heaven, he's not in earnest.

Bis. In earnest: Ha, ha, ha, are you in earnest? Now's your time; this Disguise has he certainly taken for a Passport, to get in and try your Resolutions; stick to your Habit, to be sure; treat him with Disdain, rather than Anger; for Pride becomes us more than Passion: Remember what I say, if you wou'd yield to advantage, and hold out the Attack; to draw him on, keep him off to be sure.

The cunning Gamesters never gain too fast,

But lose at first, to win the more at last.

[*Exit.*

Ori. His coming puts me into some Ambiguity. I don't know how; I don't fear him, but I mistrust myself; wou'd he were not come, yet I wou'd not have him gone neither; I'm afraid to talk with him, but I love to see him tho'.

What a strange Power has this fantastic Fire,

That makes us dread even what we most desire!

Enter Mirabel in a Friar's Habit.

Mir. Save you, Sister—Your Brother, young Lady, having a regard for your Soul's Health, has sent me to prepare you for the sacred Habit by Confession.

Ori. That's false, the cloven Foot already. [*Aside.*] My Brother's Care I own; and to you, sacred Sir, I confess, that the great crying Sin which I have long indulg'd, and now prepare to expiate, was Love. My Morning Thoughts, my Evening Prayers, my Daily Musings, Nightly Cares, was Love! My present Peace, my future Bliss, the Joy of Earth, and Hopes of Heaven! I all condemn'd for Love!

Mir. She's downright stark mad in earnest; Death and Confusion, I have lost her! [*Aside.*] You confess your

Fault, Madam, in such moving Terms, that I could almost be in love with the Sin.

Ori. Take care, Sir; Crimes, like Virtues, are their own Rewards; my chief Delight became my only Grief; he in whose Breast I thought my Heart secure, turn'd Robber, and despoil'd the Treasure that he kept.

Mir. Perhaps that Treasure he esteems so much, that like the Miser, tho' afraid to use it, he reserves it safe.

Ori. No, holy Father: who can be a Miser in another's Wealth, that's prodigal of his own? His Heart was open, shar'd to all he knew, and what, alas! must then become of mine! But the same eyes that drew this Passion in, shall send it out in Tears, to which now hear my Vow.—

Mir. [*Discovering himself.*] No, my fair Angel, but let me repent; here on my Knees behold the Criminal, that vows Repentance his. Ha! No Concern upon her!

Ori. This Turn is odd, and the Time has been, that such a sudden Change wou'd have surpris'd me into some Confusion.

Mir. Restore that happy Time, for I am now return'd to myself, for I want but Pardon to deserve your Favour, and here I'll fix till you relent and give it.

Ori. Groveling, sordid Man; why would you act a Thing to make you kneel, Monarch in your Pleasures to be Slave to your Faults? Are all the Conquests of your wand'ring Sway, your Wit, your Humour, Fortune, all reduc'd to the base cringing of a bended Knee? Servile and Poor!—Pray Heav'n this Change be real. [*Aside.*]

Mir. I come not here to justify my Fault but my Submission, for tho' there be a Meanness in this humble Posture, 'tis nobler still to bend when Justice calls, than to resist Conviction.

Ori. No more—thy oft repeated violated Words reproach my weak Belief, 'tis the severest Calumny to hear thee speak; that humble Posture which once cou'd raise, now mortifies my Pride; how can'st thou hope for Pardon from one that you affront by asking it?

Mir. [*Rises.*] In my own Cause I'll plead no more, but give me leave to intercede for you against the hard Injunctions of that Habit, which for my Fault you wear.

Ori. Surprising Insolence! My greatest Foe pretends to give me Counsel; but I am too warm upon so cool a

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Subject. My Resolutions, Sir, are fix'd! but as our Hearts were united with the Ceremony of our Eyes, so I shall spare some Tears to the Separation. [*Weeps.*] That's all; farewell.

Mir. And must I lose her? No. [*Runs and catches her.*] Since all my Prayers are vain, I'll use the nobler Argument of Man, and force you to the Justice you refuse; you're mine by Pre-contract: And where's the Vow so sacred to disannul another? I'll urge my Love, your Oath, and plead my Cause 'gainst all Monastic Shifts upon the Earth.

Ori. Unhand me, Ravisher! Wou'd you prophane these holy Walls with Violence? Revenge for all my past Disgrace now offers, thy Life shou'd answer this, wou'd I provoke the Law: Urge me no farther, but be gone.

Mir. Inexorable Woman, let me kneel again. [*Kneels.*]

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old Mir. Where, where's this counterfeit Nun?

Ori. Madness! Confusion! I'm ruin'd!

Mir. What do I hear? [*Puts on his Hood*] What did you say, Sir!

Old Mir. I say she's a Counterfeit, and you may be another for ought I know, Sir; I have lost my Child by these Tricks, Sir.

Mir. What Tricks, Sir?

Old Mir. By a pretended Trick, Sir. A Contrivance to bring my Son to Reason, and it has made him stark mad; I have lost him and a thousand Pound a Year.

Mir. [*Discovering himself.*] My dear Father, I'm your most humble Servant.

Old Mir. My dear Boy, [*Runs and kisses him.*] Welcome *ex Inferis*, my dear Boy, 'tis all a Trick, she's no more a Nun that I am.

Mir. No!

Old Mir. The Devil a bit.

Mir. Then kiss me again, my dear Dad, for the most happy News—And now most venerable holy sister. [*Kneels.*]

Your Mercy and your Pardon I implore,

For the Offence of asking it before.

Look'e, my dear counterfeiting Nun, take my Advice, be a Nun in good earnest; Women make the best Nuns always when they can't do otherwise. Ah my dear Father,

there is a Merit in your Son's Behaviour that you little think ; the free Deportment of such Fellows as I, makes more Ladies Religious, than all the Pulpits in *France*.

Ori. O! Sir, how unhappily have you destroy'd what was so near Perfection! He is the Counterfeit that has deceiv'd you.

Old Mir. Ha! Look'e, Sir. I recant, she is a Nun.

Mir. Sir, your humble Servant, then I'm a Friar this Moment.

Old Mir. Was ever an old Fool so banter'd by a Brace o' young ones ; hang you both, you're both Counterfeits, and my Plot's spoil'd, that's all.

Ori. Shame and Confusion, Love, Anger, and Disappointment, will work my Brain to Madness.

[*Takes off her Habit.* Exit.

Mir. Ay, ay, throw by the Rags, they have serv'd a turn for us both, and they shall e'en go off together.

[*Takes off his Habit.*

Thus the sick Wretch, when tortur'd by his Pain,

And finding all Essays for life are vain ;

When the Physician can no more design,

Then call the other Doctor, the Divine.

What Vows to Heaven, wou'd Heaven restore his Health!

Vows all to Heaven, his Thoughts, his Actions, Wealth :

But if restor'd to Vigour as before,

His Health refuses what his Sickness swore.

The Body is no sooner Rais'd and Well,

But the weak Soul relapses into Ill ;

To all its former Swing of Life is led,

And leaves its Vows and Promises in Bed.

[Exit, throwing away the Habit.

SCENE changes to Old Mirabel's House : Duretete with a Letter.

Dur. [*Reads*]

*M*Y Rudeness was only a Proof of your Humour, which I have found so agreeable, that I own myself penitent, and willing to make any Reparation upon your first Appearance to

B I S A R R E.

Mirabel swears she loves me, and this confirms it ; then farewell Gallantry, and welcome Revenge ; 'tis my turn now to be upon the Sublime, I'll take her off, I warrant her.

Enter

Enter Bifarre.

Well, Mistress, do you love me?

Bis. I hope, Sir, you will pardon the Modesty of—

Dur. Of what? of a dancing Devil!—Do you love me, I say?

Bis. Perhaps I—

Dur. What?

Bis. Perhaps I do not.

Dur. Ha! abus'd again! Death, Woman, I'll——

Bis. Hold, hold, Sir, I do, I do!

Dur. Confirm it then by your Obedience, stand there; and ogle me now, as if your Heart, Blood and Soul were like to fly out at your Eyes——First, the direct Surprise (*She looks full upon him*) Right; next the *Deux yeux par oblique*. (*She gives him the side Glance.*) Right; now depart, and languish. (*She turns from him and looks over her Shoulder.*) Very well; now sigh. (*She sighs.*) Now drop your Fan on purpose. (*She drops her Fan.*) Now take it up again: Come now, confess your Faults; are not you a proud—say after me.

Bis. Proud.

Dur. Impertinent.

Bis. Impertinent.

Dur. Ridiculous.

Bis. Ridiculous.

Dur. Flirt.

Bis. Puppy.

Dur. Zoons! Woman, don't provoke me, we are alone, and you don't know but the Devil may tempt me to do you a Mischief; ask my Pardon immediately.

Bis. I do, Sir, I only mistook the Word.

Dur. Cry then, have you got e'er a Handkerchief?

Bis. Yes, Sir.

Dur. Cry then, handsomely; cry like a Queen in a Tragedy. [*She pretending to cry, bursts out a laughing, and enter two Ladies laughing.*]

Bis. Ha, ha, ha.

Ladies both. Ha, ha, ha.

Dur. Hell broke loose upon me, and all the Furies flutter'd about my Ears! Betray'd again?

Bis. That you are upon my Word, my dear Captain; ha, ha, ha.

Dur. The Lord deliver me.

1 *Lady.* What! Is this the mighty Man with the Bull-face that comes to frighten Ladies? I long to see him angry; come begin.

Dur. Ah, Madam, I'm the best natur'd Fellow in the World.

2 *Lady.* A Man! We're mistaken, a Man has Manners; the awkward Creature is some Tinker's Trull in a Periwig.

Bis. Come, Ladies, let's examine him.

[They lay ho'd on him.]

Dur. Examine! the Devil you will!

Bis. I'll lay my Life, some great Dairy maid in Man's Clothes.

Dur. They will do't;—look'e, dear Christian Women, pray hear me.

Bis. Will you ever attempt a Lady's Honour again?

Dur. If you please to let me get away with my Honour, I'll do any thing in the World.

Bis. Will you persuade your Friend to marry mine?

Dur. O yes, to be sure.

Bis. And will you do the same by me?

Dur. Eurn me if I do, if the Coast be clear. *[Runs out.]*

Bis. Ha, ha, ha, the Visit, Ladies, was critical for our Diversions, we'll go make an end of our Tea. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Mirabel and Old Mirabel.

Mir. Your Patience, Sir. I tell you I won't marry; and tho' you send all the Bishops in *France* to persuade me, I shall never believe their Doctrine against their Practice.

Old Mir. But will you disobey your Father, Sir?

Mir. Wou'd my Father have his youthful Son lie laz-ing here, bound to a Wife, chain'd like a Monkey to make sport to a Woman, subject to her Whims, Humours, Longings, Vapours, and Caprices, to have her one day pleas'd, to-morrow peevish, the next day mad, the fourth rebellious; and nothing but this Succession of Impertinence for Ages together. Be merciful, Sir, to your own Flesh and Blood.

Old Mir. But, Sir, did not I bear all this, why should not you?

Mir. Then you think that Marriage, like Treason, should attaint the whole Body; pray consider, Sir, is it reasonable because you throw yourself down from one
Story,

Story, that I must cast myself headlong from the Garret Window? You wou'd compel me to that State, which I have heard you curse yourself, when my Mother and you have battle'd it for a whole Week together.

Old Mir. Never but once, you Rogue, and that was when she long'd for six *Flanders* Mares: Ay, Sir, then she was breeding of you, which shew'd what an expensive Dog I should have of you.

Enter Pétit.

Well, *Petit*, how does she now?

Pet. Mad, Sir, *con Pompos*—Ay, Mr. *Mirabel*, you'll believe that I speak truth, now when I confess that I have told you hitherto nothing but Lies; our Jelling is come to a sad Earnest, she's downright distracted.

Enter Bisarre.

Bis. Where is this mighty Victor!—The great Exploit is done; go triumph in the Glory of your Conquest, inhuman, barbarous Man! O Sir, (*To the old Gentleman*) your wretched Ward has found a tender Guardian of you, where her young Innocence expected Protection, here has she found her Ruin.

Old Mir. Ay the Fault is mine, for I believe that Rogue won't marry, for fear of begetting such another disobedient Son as his Father did. I have done all I can, Madam, and now can do no more than run mad for Company. [*Cries.*]

Enter Dugard with his Sword drawn.

Dug. Away! Revenge, Revenge

Old Mir. Patience, Patience, Sir. [*Old Mir. holds him. Bob, draw.*]

Dug. Patience! The Coward's Virtue, and the brave Man's Failing, when thus provok'd—Villain!

Mir. Your Sister's Frenzy shall excuse your Madness; and to shew my Concern for what she suffers, I'll bear the Villain from her Brother—Put up your Anger with your Sword; I have a Heart like your's, that swells at an Affront receiv'd, but melts at an Injury given; and if the lovely *Oriana's* Grief be such a moving Scene, 'twill find a Part within this Breast, perhaps as tender as a Brother's.

Dug. To prove that soft Compassion for her Grief, endeavour to remove it.—There, there, behold an Object that's infective; I cannot view her, but I am as mad as

she: [*Enter Oriana, held by two Maids who put her in a Chair.*] A Sister that my dying Parents left, with their last Words and Blessing to my Care. Sister, dearest Sister.

[*Goes to her.*]

Old Mir. Ay, poor Child, poor Child, d'ye know me?

Ori. You! you are *Amadis de Gaul*, Sir;—Oh! oh my Heart! Were you never in Love, fair Lady? And do you never dream of Flowers and Gardens?—I dream of walking Fires, and tall Gigantic Sights. Take heed, it comes now—What's that? Pray stand away: I have seen that Face sure.—How light my Head is!

Mir. What piercing Charms has Beauty, ev'n in Madness! these sudden Starts of undigested Words shoot thro' my Soul, with more persuasive Force than all the studied Art of labour'd Eloquence.—Come, Madam, try to repose a little.

Ori. I cannot; for I must be up to go to Church, and I must dress me, put on my new Gown, and be so fine, to meet my Love. Hey ho!—Will not you tell me where my Heart lies buried?

Mir. My very Soul is touch'd—Your Hand, my Fair.

Ori. How soft and gentle you feel? I'll tell you your Fortune, Friend.

Mir. How she stares upon me!

Ori. You have a flattering Face; but 'tis a fine one—I warrant you have five hundred Mistresses—Ay, to be sure, a Mistress for every Guinea in his Pocket—Will you pray for me? I shall die to-morrow—And will you ring my Passing-bell?

Mir. O Woman, Woman, of Artifice created! whose Nature, even distracted, has a Cunning: In vain let Man his Sense, his Learning boast, when Woman's Madness over-rules his Reason. Do you know me injur'd Creature?

Ori. No,—but you shall be my intimate Acquaintance—in the Grave.

[*Weeps.*]

Mir. Oh Tears, I must believe you; sure there's a kind of Sympathy in Madness; for even I, obdurate as I am, do feel my Soul so toss'd with Storms of Passion, that I could cry for help as well as she,—

[*Wipes his Eyes.*]

Ori. What have you lost your Lover? No, you mock me; I'll go home and pray.

Mir. Stay, my fair Innocence, and hear me own my Love

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Love so loud, that I may call your Senses to their Place, restore 'em to their charming happy Functions, and re-instate myself into your Favour.

Bis. Let her alone, Sir, 'tis all too late; she trembles, hold her, her Fits grow stronger by her talking; don't trouble her, she don't know you, Sir.

Old. Mir. Not know him! what then? she loves to see him for all that.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Where are you all? What the Devil! melancholy, and I here! Are ye sad, and such a ridiculous Subject, such a very good Jest among you as I am?

Mir. Away with this Impertinence; this is no Place for Bagatel: I have murder'd my Honour, destroy'd a Lady, and my Desire of Reparation is come at length too late: See there.

Dur. What ails her?

Mir. Alas! she's mad.

Dur. Mad! do'st wonder at that? By this Light, they're all so; they're cozening mad; they're brawling mad; they're proud mad; I just now came from a whole World of mad Women, that had almost—What, is she dead?

Mir. Dead! Heav'ns forbid.

Dur. Heav'ns further it; for 'till they be as cold as a Key, there's no trusting them; you're never sure that a Woman's in earnest, 'till she is nail'd in her Coffin. Shall I talk to her? Are you mad, Mistrefs?

Bis. What's that to you, Sir?

Dur. Oons, Madam, are you there? [Runs off.]

Mir. Away, thou wild Buffoon; how poor and mean this Humour now appears? His Follies and my own I here disclaim; this Lady's Frenzy has restor'd my Senses, and was she perfect now, as once she was (before you all I speak it) she should be mine; and as she is, my Tears and Prayers shall wed her.

Dug. How happy had this Declaration been some Hours ago.

Bis. Sir, she beckons to you, and waves us to go off; come, come let's leave 'em. [Ex. omnes, but Mir. and Ori.]

Ori. Oh, Sir.

Mir. Speak my charming Angel, if your dear Senses have regain'd their Order; speak, Fair, and bless me with the News.

Ori. First, let me bless the Cunning of my Sex, that happy counterfeited Frenzy that has restor'd to my poor labouring Breast the dearest, best lov'd of Men.

Mir. Tune all ye Spheres, your Instruments of Joy, and carry round your spacious Orbs, the happy Sound of *Oriana's* Health; her Soul, whose Harmony was next to yours, is now in Tune again; the counterfeiting Fair has play'd the Fool.

She was so mad to counterfeit for me;

I was so mad to pawn my Liberty:

But now we both are well, and both are free.

Ori. How, Sir, Free!

Mir. As Air, my dear Bedlamite; what, marry a Lannatic! Look ye, my Dear, you have counterfeited Madness so very well this bout, that you'll be apt to play the Fool all your Life long—Here, Gentlemen.

Ori. Monster! you won't disgrace me.

Mir. O' my Faith, but I will; here, come in Gentlemen.—A Miracle! a Miracle! the Woman's dispossessed, the Devil's vanish'd.

Enter Old Mirabel and Dugard.

Old Mir. Bless us, was she possess'd?

Mir. With the worst of Dæmons, Sir, a Marriage-devil, a horrid Devil. Mr. *Dugard*, don't be surpriz'd, I promis'd my Endeavours to cure your Sister; no mad Doctor in Christendom could have done it more effectually. Take her into your Charge; and have a care she don't relapse; if she should, employ me not again, for I am no more infallible than others of the Faculty; I do cure sometimes.

Ori. Your Remedy, most barbarous Man, will prove the greatest Poison to my Health; for tho' my former Phrenzy was but counterfeit, I now shall run into a real Madness.

[*Exit; Old Mir. after.*]

Dug. This was a turn beyond my Knowledge; I'm so confus'd, I know not how to resent it.

[*Exit.*]

Mir. What a dangerous Precipice have I 'scap'd? Was not I just now upon the Brink of Destruction?

Enter Duretete.

Oh, my Friend, let me run into thy Bosom; no Lark, escap'd

escap'd from the devouring Pounces of a Hawk, quakes with more dismal Apprehension.

Dur. The matter, Man!

Dur. Marriage, Hanging; I was just at the Gallows-foot, the running Noose about my Neck, and the Cart wheeling from me.—Oh—I shan't be myself this Month again.

Dur. Did not I tell you so? They are all alike, Saints or Devils: their counterfeiting can't be reputed a Deceit for 'tis the Nature of the Sex, not their Contrivance.

Mir. Ay, ay: There's no living here with Security; this House is so full of Stratagem and Design, that I must abroad again.

Dur. With all my Heart, I'll bear thee Company, my Lad; I'll meet you at the Play; and we'll set out for *Italy* to-morrow Morning.

Mir. A Match; I'll go pay my Compliment of leave to my Father presently.

Dur. I'm afraid he'll stop you.

Mir. What pretend a Command over me after his Settlement of a thousand Pound a Year upon me! No, no, he has pass'd away his Authority with the Conveyance; the Will of a living Father is chiefly obeyed for the Sake of the dying one.

What makes the World attend and croud the Great?
Hopes, Interest, and Dependence, make their State:
Behold the Anti-chamber fill'd with Beaux,
A Horse's Levee throng'd with Courtly Crows.
Tho' grumbling Subjects make the Crown their Sport,
Hopes of a Place will bring the Sparks to Court.
Dependence, ev'n a Father's Sway secures,
For tho' the Son rebels, the Heir is yours.

The End of the fourth ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE, *the Street before the Play-house ;*
Mirabel and Duretete as coming from the Play.

Dur. **H**OW d'ye like this Play?

Mir. I lik'd the Company; the Lady, the rich Beauty in the Front-box had my Attention: These impudent Poets bring the Ladies together to support them, and to kill every Body else.

*For Deaths upon the Stage the Ladies cry,
 But ne'er mind us that in the Audience die:
 The Poet's Hero should not move their Pain,
 But they shou'd weep for those their Eyes have slain.*

Dur. Hoyty, toyty; did *Phyllis* inspire you with all this?

Mir. Ten times more; the Play-house is the Element of Poetry, because the Region of Beauty; the Ladies, methinks, have a more inspiring triumphant Air in the Boxes than any where else, they sit commanding on their Thrones with all their Subject slaves about them: Their best Clothes, best Looks, shining Jewels, sparkling Eyes, the Treasure of the World in a Ring. Then there's such a hurry of Pleasure to transport us; the Bustle, Noise, Gallantry, Equipage, Garters, Feathers, Wigs, Bows, Smiles, Ogles, Love, Music, and Applause: I could wish that my whole Life long were the first Night of a new Play.

Dug. The Fellow has quite forgot this Journey; have you bespoke Post horses?

Mir. Grant me but three Days, dear Captain, one to discover the Lady, one to unfold myself, and one to make me happy; and then I'm your's to the World's end.

Dur. Hast thou the Impudence to promise thyself a Lady of her Figure and Quality in so short a time?

Mir. Yes, Sir—I have a confident Address, no disagreeable Person, and five hundred *Lewis d'Ors* in my Pocket.

Dur. Five hundred *Lewis d'Ors*! You a'n't mad?

Mir. I tell you, she's worth five thousand; one of her black Brilliant Eyes is worth a Diamond as big as her Head.

Head. I compar'd her Necklace with her Looks, and the living Jewels out-sparkled the dead ones by a Million.

Dur. But you have own'd to me, that abating *Oriana's* Pretensions to Marriage, you lov'd her passionately; then how can you wander at this rate?

Mir. I long'd for a Partridge t'other Day off the King's Plate, but d'ye think, because I could not have it, I must eat nothing.

Dur. Prithce, *Mirabel*, be quiet; you may remember what narrow 'scapes you have had abroad by following Strangers; you forget your Leap out of the *Courtesan's* Window at *Bologna*, to save your fine Ring there.

Mir. My Ring's a Trifle, there's nothing we possess comparable to what we desire——be shy of a Lady bare-fac'd in the Front-box with a thousand Pounds in Jewels about her Neck! For shame, no more.

Enter Oriana in Boy's Clothes with a Letter.

Ori. Is your Name, *Mirabel*, Sir?

Mir. Yes, Sir.

Ori. A Letter from your Uncle in *Picardy*.

[*Gives the Letter.*]

Mir. [*Reads.*]

THE Bearer is the Son of a Protestant Gentleman, who flying for his Religion, left me the Charge of this Youth, [a pretty Boy.] He's fond of some handsome Service that may afford him Opportunity of Improvement; your Care of him will oblige
Your's.

Has't a mind to travel, Child?

Ori. 'Tis my Desire, Sir; I should be pleas'd to serve a Traveller in any Capacity.

Mir. A hopeful Inclination; you shall along with me into *Italy*, as my Page.

Dur. I don't think it safe; the Rogue's [*Noise without*] too handsome——The Play's done, and some of the Ladies come this way.

Enter Lamorce, with her Train born up by a Page.

Mir. *Duretete*, the very dear, identical She.

Dur. And what then?

Mir. Why 'tis She.

Dur. And what then, Sir?

Mir. Then! Why——Look'e, Sirrah, the first Piece
of

of Service I put upon you, is to follow that Lady's Coach, and bring me word where she lives. *[To Oriana.]*

Ori. I don't know the Town, Sir, and am afraid of losing myself.

Mir. Phaw.

Lam. Page, what's become of all my People?

Page. I can't tell, Madam, I can see no sign of your Ladyship's Coach.

Lam. That Fellow is got into his old Pranks, and fall'n drunk somewhere; none of the Footmen there?

Page. Not one, Madam.

Lam. These Servants are the Plague of our Lives, what shall I do?

Mir. By all my Hopes, Fortune pimps for me; now *Duretete* for a piece of Gallantry.

Dur. Why you won't sure?

Mir. Won't, Brute! Let not your Servants Neglect, Madam, put your Ladyship to any Inconvenience, for you can't be disappointed of an Equipage whilst mine waits below; and wou'd you honour the Master so far, he would be proud to pay his Attendance.

Dur. Ay, to be sure.

[Aside.]

Lam. Sir, I won't presume to be troublesome, for my Habitation is a great Way off.

Dur. Very true, Madam, and he's a little engag'd, besides, Madam, a Hackney-coach will do as well, Madam.

Mir. Rude Peast, be quiet! *[To Duretete.]* The farther from home, Madam, the more Occasion you have for a Guard—pray, Madam—

Lam. Lord, Sir.—*[He seems to press, she to decline it in dumb show.]*

Dur. Ah! The Devil's in his Impudence; now he wheedles, she smiles; he flatters, she simpers; he swears, she believes; he's a Rogue, and she's a W—in a Moment.

Mir. Without there! my Coach; *Duretete*, wish me Joy. *[Hands the Lady out.]*

Dur. Wish you a Surgeon! Here you little *Picard*, go follow your Master, and he'll lead you—

Ori. Whither, Sir?

Dur. To the Academy, Child: 'tis the Fashion; with Men of Quality to teach their Pages their Exercises—go.

Ori.

Ori. Won't you go with him too, Sir; that Woman may do him some harm, I don't like her.

Dur. Why, how now Mr. Page, do you start up to give Laws of a sudden; do you pretend to rise at Court, and disapprove the Pleasure of your Betters: Look'e, Sirrah, if ever you wou'd rise by a great Man, be sure to be with him in his little Actions, and, as a Step to your Advancement, follow your Master immediately, and make it your Hope that he goes to a Bawdy-house.

Ori. Heav'ns forbid.

Exit.

Dug. Now wou'd I sooner take a Cart in Company of the Hangman, than a Coach with that Woman: What a strange Antipathy have I taken against these Creatures; a Woman to me is Aversion upon Aversion, a Cheese, a Cat, a Breast of Mutton, the squalling of Children, the grinding of Knives, and the Snuff of a Candle.

SCENE, a handsome Apartment.

Enter Mirabel and Lamorce.

Lam. To convince me, Sir, that your Service was something more than good Breeding, please to lay out an Hour of your Company upon my Desire, as you have already upon my Necessity.

Mir. Your Desire, Madam, has only prevented my Request: my Hours! Make 'em yours, Madam, Eleven, Twelve, One, Two, Three and all that belong to those happy Minutes.

Lam. But I must trouble you, Sir, to dismiss your Retinue, because an Equipage at my Door, at this time of Night, will not be consistent with my Reputation.

Mir. By all means, Madam, all but one little Boy—Here, Page, order my Coach and Servants home, and do you stay; 'tis a foolish Country Boy, that knows nothing but Innocence.

Lam. Innocence, Sir? I should be sorry if you made any sinister Constructions of my Freedom.

Mir. O Madam, I must not pretend to remark upon any body's Freedom, having so entirely forfeited my own.

Lam. Well, Sir, 'twere convenient towards our easy Correspondence, that we enter'd into a free Confidence of each other, by a mutual Declaration of what we are, and what we think of one another.—Now, Sir, what are you?

Mir. In three Words, Madam,—I am a Gentleman, I have five hundred Pounds in my Pocket, and a clean Shirt on.

Lam. And your Name is——

Mir. Mustapha.—Now, Madam, the Inventory of your Fortunes.

Lam. My Name is *Lamorce*; my Birth noble; I was married young, to a proud, rude, sullen, impetuous Fellow; the Husband spoiled the Gentleman; Crying ruin'd my Face, 'till at last I took Heart, leap'd out of a Window, got away to my Friends, su'd my Tyrant, and recovered my Fortune—I liv'd from fifteen to twenty to please a Husband; from twenty to forty I'm resolv'd to please myself, and from thence upwards I'll humour the World.

Mir. The charming wild Notes of a Bird broke out of its Cage.

Lam. I mark'd you at the Play, and something I saw of a well-furnish'd, careless, agreeable Tour about you. Methought your Eyes made their mannerly Demands with such an arch Modesty, that I don't know how—but I'm elop'd. Ha, ha, ha, I'm elop'd.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, I rejoice in your good Fortune with all my Heart.

Lam. O, now I think on't, Mr. *Mustapha*, you have got the finest Ring there, I cou'd scarcely believe it right; pray let me see it.

Mir. Hum! Yes, Madam, 'tis, 'tis right—but, but, but, but, but, it was given me by my Mother, an old Family Ring, Madam, an old-fashion'd Family-ring.

Lam. Ay, Sir—If you can entertain yourself with a Song for a Moment, I'll wait on you immediately; come in there.

Enter Singers.

Call what you please, Sir.

Mir. The new Song—*Prithee*, *Phillis*,

S O N G.

Certainly the Stars have been in a strange intriguing Humour when I was born—Ay, this Night shou'd I have had a Bride in my Arms, and that I should like well enough: But what shou'd I have to-morrow Night? The
same.

same. And what next Night? The same. And what next Night? The very same: Soup for Breakfast, Soup for Dinner, Soup for Supper, and Soup for Breakfast again—But here's Variety.

*I love the Fair who freely gives her Heart,
That's mine by Ties of Nature, not of Art;
Who boldly owns what'er her Thoughts indite,
And is too modest for a Hypocrite.*

[Lamorce appears at the Door, as he runs towards her, four Bravoes step in before her. He starts back.

She comes, she comes—Hum, hum—Bitch—Murder'd, murder'd to be sure? The cursed Strumpet! To make me send away my Servants—Nobody near me! These Cut-throats always make sure Work. What shall I do? I have but one way. Are these Gentlemen your Relations, Madam?

Lam. Yes, Sir.

Mir. Gentlemen your most humble Servant; Sir, your most faithful, yours, Sir, with all my Heart; your most obedient—come, Gentlemen, [*Salutes all round*] please to sit—no Ceremony, next the Lady, pray Sir.

Lam. Well, Sir, and how d'ye like my Friends?

[*They all sit.*

Mir. O, Madam, the most finish'd Gentlemen! I was never more happy in good Company in my Life; I suppose, Sir, you have travell'd?

1 Bra. Yes, Sir.

Mir. Which way, may I presume?

1 Bra. In a Western Barge, Sir.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, very pretty; facetious pretty Gentleman!

Lam. Ha, ha, ha; Sir, you have got the prettiest Ring upon your Finger there——

Mir. Ah! Madam, 'tis at your Service with all my Heart.

[*Offering the Ring.*

Lam. By no Means, Sir, a Family-ring! [*Takes it.*

Mir. No Matter, Madam. Seven hundred Pound, by this Light.

[*Aside.*

2 Bra. Pray, Sir, what's o'Clock?

Mir. Hum! Sir, I have left my Watch at home.

2 Brav. I thought I saw the String of it just now——

Mir.

Mir. Ods my Life, Sir, I beg your Pardon, here it is—but it don't go. [*Putting it up.*]

Lam. O dear Sir, an *English* Watch! *Tompion's* I presume.

Mir. D'ye like it, Madam—no Ceremony——'tis at your Service with all my Heart and Soul——*Tompion's!* Hang ye. [*Aside.*]

1 Bra. But, Sir, above all Things, I admire the Fashion and Make of your Sword-hilt.

Mir. I'm mighty glad you like it, Sir.

1 Bra. Will you part with it, Sir?

Mir. Sir, I won't sell it.

1 Bra. Not sell it, Sir!

Mir. No, Gentlemen,—— but I'll bestow it with all my Heart. [*Offering it.*]

1 Bra. O, Sir, we shall rob you.

Mir. That you do I'll be sworn. [*Aside*] I have another at home, pray, Sir,—Gentlemen you're too modest, have I any thing else than you fancy?—Sir, will you do me a Favour? [*To the 1st Bravo*] I am extremely in love with that Wig which you wear, will you do me the Favour to change with me?

1 Bra. Look'e, Sir, this is a Family Wig, and I wou'd not part with it, but if you like it——

Mir. Sir your most humble Servant. [*They change Wigs.*]

1 Bra. Madam, your most humble Slave.

[*Goes up foppishly to the Lady, salutes her.*]

2 Bra. The Fellow's very liberal; shall we murder him?

1 Bra. What! Let him 'scape to hang us all! And I to lose my Wig; no, no! I want but a handsome Pre-
tence to quarrel with him, for you know we must act like Gentlemen. Here, some Wine—[*Wine here.*] Sir, your good Health. [*Pulls Mirabel by the Nose.*]

Mir. Oh! Sir, your most humble Servant; a pleasant Frolic enough, to drink a Man's Health, and pull him by the Nose: ha, ha, ha, the pleasantest pretty-humour'd Gentleman.

Lam. Help the Gentleman to a Glass. [*Mir. drinks.*]

1 Bra. How d'ye like the Wine, Sir?

Mir. Very good o' the kind, Sir: But I tell ye what; I find we're all inclin'd to be frolicsome, and I'gad, for my own part, I was never more disposed to be merry;
let's

let's make a Night on't, ha!—This Wine is pretty, but I have such *Burgundy* at home.—Look'e, Gentlemen, let me send for half a dozen Flasks of my *Burgundy*, I defy *France* to match it;—"I will make us all Life, all Air, pray, Gentlemen.

2 *Bra.* Eh! Shall us have his *Burgundy*!

1 *Bra.* Yes, faith, we'll have all we can; here call up the Gentleman's Servant—What think you, *Lamorce*?

Lam. Yes, yes,—your Servant is a foolish Country Boy, Sir, he understands nothing but Innocence.

Mir. Ay, ay, Madam.—Here, Page, [*Enter Oriana.*] take this Key, and go to my Butler, order him to send half a dozen Flasks of the red *Burgundy*, mark'd a thousand; and be sure you make haste, I long to entertain my Friends here, my very good Friends.

Omnes. Ah, dear, Sir!

1 *Bra.* Here, Child, take a Glass of Wine—Your Master and I have chang'd Wigs, Honey, in a Frolic. Where had you this pretty Boy, honest *Mustapha*?

Ori. *Mustapha*!

Mir. Out of *Picardy*—this is the first Errand he has made for me, and if he does it right, I'll encourage him.

Ori. The red *Burgundy*, Sir.

Mir. The red, mark'd a thousand, and be sure you make haste.

Ori. I shall, Sir.

[*Exit.*

1 *Bra.* Sir, you were pleas'd to like my Wig, have you any Fancy for my Coat?—Look'e, Sir, it has serv'd a great many honest Gentlemen very faithfully.

Mir. Not so faithfully, for I'm afraid it has got a scurvy Trick of leaving all its Masters in Necessity.—The Insolence of these Dogs is beyond their Cruelty. [*Aside.*

Lam. You're melancholy, Sir.

Mir. Only concern'd, Madam, that I shou'd have no Servant here but this little Boy—he'll make some confounded Blunder, I'll lay my Life on't, I wou'd not be disappointed of my Wine for the Universe.

Lam. He'll do well enough, Sir; but Supper's ready, will you please to eat a Bit, Sir?

Mir. O, Madam, I never had a better Stomach in my Life.

Lam. Come then,—we have nothing but a Plate of Soup.

Mir.

Mir. Ah! The Marriage-soup I cou'd dispense with now. [*Afide.*] [*Exit. handing the Lady.*]

2 Bra. That Wig won't fall to your Share.

1 Bra. No, no, we'll settle that after Supper, in the mean time the Gentleman shall wear it.

2 Bra. Shall we dispatch him?

3 Bra. To be sure. I think he knows me.

1 Bra. Ay, ay, dead Men tell no Tales; I wonder at the Impudence of the *English* Rogues, that will hazard the Meeting a Man at the Bar whom they have encounter'd upon the Road! I ha'n't the Confidence to look a Man in the Face after I have done him an Injury, therefore we'll murder him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Old Mirabel's House.*

Enter Duretete

Dur. My Friend has forsaken me, I have abandon'd my Mistress, my Time lies heavy upon my Hands, and my Money burns in my Pocket—But now I think on't, my Myrmidons are upon Duty to-night; I'll fairly strolé down to the Guard, and nod away the Night with my honest Lieutenant over a Flask of Wine, a Rake-helly Story, and a Pipe of Tobacco [*Going off, Bis. meets him.*]

Bis. Who comes there? stand!

Dur. Hey day, now she's turn'd Dragoon.

Bis. Look'e, Sir, I'm told you intend to travel again. —I design to wait on you as far as *Italy*.

Dur. Then I'll travel into *Wales*.

Bis. *Wales*! What Country's that?

Dur. The Land of Mountains, Child, where you're never out of the way, 'cause there's no such thing as a High-road.

Bis. Rather always in a High-road, 'cause you travel all upon Hills;—but be't as it will, I'll jog along wit' you.

Dur. But we intend to sail to the *East-Indies*.

Bis. *East* or *West*, 'tis all one to me; I'm tight and light, and the fitter for sailing.

Dur. But suppose we take thro' *Germany*, and drink hard.

Bis. Suppose I take thro' *Germany*, and drink harder than you.

Dur. Suppose I go to a Bawdy-house.

Bis. Suppose I shew you the Way.

Dur.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Woman, will you go to the Guard with me, and smook a Pipe?

Bis. *Allons donc!*

Dur. The Devil's in the Woman;—suppose I hang myself.

Bis. There I'll leave you.

Dur. And a happy riddance, the Gallows is welcome.

Bis. Hold, hold, Sir [*Catches him by the Arm going*] one word before we part.

Dur. Let me go, Madam,——or I shall think that you're a Man, and perhaps may examine you.

Bis. Stir if you dare; I have still Spirits to attend me; and can raise such a muster of Fairies as shall punish you to death—Come, Sir, stand there now and ogle me: [*He frowns upon her.*] Now a languishing Sigh! [*He groans.*] Now run and take my Fan,——faster. [*He runs and takes it up.*] Now play with it handsomely.

Dur. Ay, ay.

[*He tears it all in pieces.*]

Bis. Hold, hold, dear humourous Coxcomb; Captain, spare my Fan, and I'll—Why, you rude, inhuman Monster, don't you expect to pay for this?

Dur. Yes, Madam, there's Twelve Pence; for that is the Price on't.

Bis. Sir, it cost a Guinea.

Dur. Well, Madam, you shall have the Sticks again.

[*Throws them to her, and Exit.*]

Bis. Ha, ha, ha, ridiculous below my Concern. I must follow him however, to know if he can give me any News of Oriana. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to Lamorce's Lodgings.

Enter Mirabel Solus.

Mir. Bloody Hell-hounds, I over-heard you:—Was not I two Hours ago the happy, gay, rejoicing *Mirabel*? How did I plume my Hopes in a fair coming Prospect of a long Scene of Years? Life courted me with all the Charms of Vigour, Youth, and Fortune; and to be torn away from all my promised Joys is more than Death; the Manner too, by Villains.—O my *Oriana*, this very Moment might have bless'd me in thy Arms, and my poor Boy! the innocent Boy!—Confusion!—But hush, they come: I must dissemble still—No News of my Wine, Gentlemen?

Enter

Enter the four Bravoes.

1 *Bra.* No, Sir, I believe your Country-booby has lost himself, and we can wait no longer for't:—True, Sir, you're a pleasant Gentleman, but I suppose you understand our Business.

Mir. Sir, I may go near to guess at your Employments; you, Sir, are a Lawyer, I presume, you a Physician, you a Scrivener, and you a Stock-jobber.—All Cut throats, I-gad. [*Aside.*]

4 *Bra.* Sir, I am a broken Officer; I was cashier'd at the Head of the Army for a Coward: So I took up the Trade of Murder to retrieve the Reputation of my Courage.

3 *Bra.* I am a Soldier too, and wou'd serve my King, but I don't like the Quarrel, and I have more Honour than to fight in a bad Cause.

2 *Bra.* I was bred a Gentleman, and have no Estate, but I must have my Whore and my Bottle, thro' the Prejudice of Education.

1 *Bra.* I am a Russian too, by the Prejudice of Education, I was bred a Butcher. In short, Sir, if your Wine had come, we might have trifled a little longer.—Come, Sir, which Sword will you fall by? mine, Sir?

2 *Bra.* Or mine? [*draws.*]

3 *Bra.* Or mine? [*draws.*]

4 *Bra.* Or mine? [*draws.*]

Mir. I scorn to beg my Life; but to be butcher'd thus! O there's the Wine:—this Moment for (*knocking*) my Life or Death.

Enter Oriana.

Lost, for ever lost!—Where's the Wine, Child? [*faintly.*]

Ori. Coming up, Sir. [*Stamps.*]

Enter Duretete with his Sword drawn, and six of the grand Musqueteers with their Pieces presented, the Russians drop their Swords. [*Oriana goes off.*]

Mir. The Wine, the Wine, the Wine. Youth, Pleasure, Fortune, Days and Years, are now my own again.—Ah, my dear Friends did not I tell you this Wine wou'd make me merry?—Dear Captain, these Gentlemen are the best-natur'd, facetious, witty Creatures, that ever you knew.

Enter Lamorce.

Lam. Is the Wine come, Sir?

Mir. O yes, Madam; the Wine is come——see here?

[*Pointing*]

[*Pointing to the Soldiers*] Your Ladyship has got a very fine Ring upon your Finger.

Lam. Sir, 'tis at your Service.

Mir. O ho! is it so? Thou dear Seven hundred Pound, thou'rt welcome home again, with all my Heart—Ad's my Life, Madam, you have got the finest built Watch there! *Tompion's*, I presume.

Lam. Sir, you may wear it.

Mir. O, Madam, by no means, 'tis too much—Rob you of a'l!—[*Taking it from her*] Good dear Time, thou'rt a precious thing, I'm glad I have retriev'd thee: [*Putting it up*] What, my Friends neglected all this while! Gentlemen, you'll pardon my Complaisance to the Lady.—How now—is it civil to be so out of Humour at my Entertainment, and I so pleas'd with yours? Captain, you're surpriz'd at all this! but we're in our Frolics, you must know.——Some Wine here.

Enter Servant with Wine.

Come, Captain, this worthy Gentleman's Health.

[*Tweaks the first Bravo by the Nose; he roars.*]

But now, where——where's my dear Deliverer, my Boy, my charming Boy!

Bra. I hope some of our Crew below-stairs have dispatch'd him.

Mir. Villain, what say'st thou? Dispatch'd! I'll have ye all tortured, rack'd, torn to Pieces alive, if you have touch'd my Boy.—Here, Page! Page! Page! [*Runs out.*]

Dur. Here, Gentlemen, be sure you secure those Fellows.

Bra. Yes, Sir, we know you and your Guard will be very civil to us.

Dur. Now for you, Madam;——He, he, he.—I'm so pleas'd to think that I shall be reveng'd of one Woman before I die—Well, Mistress *Snap-Dragon*, which of these honourable Gentlemen is so happy to call you Wife?

Bra. Sir, she should have been mine to-night, 'cause *Sampre* here had her last Night. Sir, she's very true to us all four.

Dug. Take 'em to Justice. [*The Guard carry off the Bravoes.*]

Enter Old Mirabel, Dugard, Bisarre.

Old Mir. Robin, Robin, where's *Bob*? where's my Boy?—What, is this the Lady? a pretty Whore, faith?—Heark'e, Child,

Child, because my Son was so civil as to oblige you with a Coach, I'll treat you with a Cart, indeed I will.

Dug. Ay, Madam,—and you shall have a swinging Equipage, three or four thousand Footmen at your Heels at least.

Dur. No less becomes her Quality.

Bis. Faugh! the Monster!

Dur. Monster! ay, you're all a little monstrous, let me tell you.

Enter Mirabel.

Old Mir. Ah, my dear *Bob*, art thou safe, Man?

Mir. No, no, Sir, I'm ruin'd, the Saver of my Life is lost.

Old Mir. No, he came and brought us the News.

Mir. But where is he?—[*Enter Oriana,*] Ha! [*Runs and embraces her.*] My dear Preserver, what shall I do to recompence your Trust?—Father, Friends, Gentlemen, behold the Youth that has reliev'd me from the most ignominious Death, from the scandalous Poniards of these bloody *Ruffians*, where to have fall'n would have defam'd my Memory with vile Reproach.—My Life, Estate, my All, is due to such a Favour—Command me, Child, before you all, before my late, so kind indulgent Stars, I swear to grant whate'er you ask.

Ori. To the same Stars indulgent now to me, I will appeal as to the Justice of my Claim; I shall demand but what was mine before—the just Performance of your Contract to *Oriana*. [*Discovering herself.*

Om. *Oriana!*

Ori. In this Disguise I resolv'd to follow you abroad, counterfeited that Letter that got me into your Service; and so, by this strange Turn of Fate, I became the Instrument of your Preservation; few common Servants would have had such Cunning; my Love inspir'd me with the meaning of your Message, 'cause my Concern for your Safety made me suspect your Company.

Dur. *Mir.* you're caught.

Mir. Caught! I scorn the thought of Imposition, the Tricks and artful Cunning of the Sex I have despis'd, and broke thro' all Contrivance. Caught! No, 'tis my voluntary Act; this was no human Stratagem, but by my providential Stars, design'd to shew the Dangers wand'ring Youth incurs by the Pursuit of an unlawful Love, to plunge me headlong in the Snares of Vice, and then to

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free me by the Hands of Virtue : Here, on my Knees, I humbly beg my fair Preserver's Pardon ; my Thanks are needless, for myself I owe. And now for ever do protest me yours.

Old Mir. Tall, all di dall. (*sings.*) Kifs me, Daughter —no, you shall kifs me first, (*To Lamorce*) for you're the Cause on't. Well, *Bisarre*, what say you to the Captain ?

Bis. I like the Beast well enough, but I don't understand his Paces so well as to venture him in a strange Road.

Old Mir. But Marriage is so beaten a Path that you can't go wrong.

Bis. Ay, 'tis so beaten that the Way is spoil'd.

Dur. There is but one thing shou'd make me thy Husband—I cou'd marry thee to-day for the Privilege of beating thee to-morrow.

Old Mir. Come, come, you may agree for all this, *Mr. Dugard*, are not you pleas'd with this ?

Dug. So pleas'd, that if I thought it might secure your Son's Affection to my Sister, I wou'd double her Fortune.

Mir. Fortune ! has she not given me mine ? my Life, Estate, my All, and what is more, her virtuous self.—Virtue, in this so advantageous Life, has her own sparkling Charms, more tempting far than glittering Gold or Glory. Behold the Foil (*Pointing to Lamorce*) that sets this Brightness off ! (*To Oriana.*) Here view the Pride (*To Oriana*) and Scandal of the Sex. (*To Lam.*) There (*To Lam.*) the false Meteor, whose deluding Light leads Mankind to Destruction. Here (*To Oriana*) the bright shining Star that guides to a Security of Happiness, a Garden and a single She (*To Oriana*) was our first Father's Bliss ; the Tempter (*To Lam*) and to wander, was his Curse.

What Liberty can be so tempting there, (*To Lam.*

As a soft, virtuous, am'rous Bondage here ? (*To Oriana.*

The End of the Fifth ACT.

74 *The Inconstant : Or, The Way to win him.*

SONG: By Mr. O——r.

Set by Mr. Daniel Purcell.

I.

*SINCE, Cœlia, 'tis not in our Power
To tell how long our Lives may last,
Begin to love this very Hour,
You've lost too much in what is past.*

II.

*For since the Power we all obey,
Has in your Breast my Heart confin'd,
Let me my Body to it lay,
In vain you'd part what Nature join'd.*



him.



EPILOGUE.

Written by NATHANIEL ROWE, Esq;

And spoken by Mr. WILKS.

FROM Fletcher's great Original, to day
We took the Hint of this our Modern Play :
Our Author, from his Lines, has strove to paint
A witty, wild, inconstant, free Gallant :
With a gay Soul, with Sense, and Will to rove,
With Language, and with Softness fram'd to move,
With little Truth, but with a World of Love.
Such Forms on Maids in Morning Slumbers wait,
When Fancy first instructs their hearts to beat,
When first they wish, and sigh for what they know not yet.
Frown not, ye Fair, to think your Lovers may
Reach your cold Hearts by some unguarded Way ;
Let Villeroy's Misfortune make you wise,
There's Danger still in Darkness and Surprise ;
Tho' from his Rampart he defy'd the Foe,
Prince Eugene found an Aqueduct below.
With easy Freedom, and a gay Address,
A pressing Lover seldom wants Success :
Whilst the Respectful like the Greek, sits down,
And wastes a ten Years Siege before one Town.
For her own sake, let no forsaken Maid,
Our Wanderer, for want of Love, upbraid ;
Since 'tis a Secret, none shou'd e'er confess,
That they have lost the happy Pow'r to please.
If you suspect the Rogue inclin'd to break,
Break first, and swear you've turn'd him off a Week ;
As Princes, when they resty Statesmen doubt,
Before they can surrender, turn 'em out.

*Whate'er you think, grave Uses may be made,
 And much even for Inconstancy be said.
 Let the good Man for Marriage-rites design'd,
 With studious Care, and Diligence of Mind,
 Turn over every Page of Womankind;
 Mark every Sense, and how the Readings vary,
 And, when he knows the worst on't,—let him marry.*



THE
TWIN-RIVALS.
A
COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Sic vos non vobis.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN RIVINGTON, W. JOHNSTON, S. CROW-
DER, G. WOODFALL, T. CASLON, T. LOWNDES,
W. NICOLL, S. BLADON, and R. BALDWIN.

M,DCC,LXXII.

THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

OF NATURAL HISTORY

AND MINERALOGY

OF THE CITY OF LONDON

IN THE CITY OF LONDON



PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD

1841



T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE Success and Countenance that Debauchery has met with in Plays, was the most severe and reasonable Charge against their Authors in Mr. *Collier's Short View*; and indeed this Gentlemen had done the *Drama* considerable Service, had he arraign'd the Stage only to punish its Misdemeanors, and not to take away its Life; but there is an Advantage to be made sometimes of the Advice of an Enemy, and the only Way to disappoint his Designs, is to improve upon his Invectives, and to make the Stage flourish, by the Virtue of that Satire by which he thought to suppress it.

I have therefore in this Piece endeavour'd to shew, that an *English* Comedy may answer the Strictness of Poetical Justice: but indeed the greater Share of the *English* Audience, (I mean that part which is no farther read than in Plays of their own Language) have imbibed other Principles, and stand up as vigorously for the old Poetic Licence, as they do for the Liberty of the Subject. They take all Innovations for Grievances; and let a Project be never so well laid for their Advantage, yet the Undertaker is very likely to suffer by't. A Play without a Beau, Cully, Cuckold, or Coquet, is as poor an Entertainment to some Palates, as their *Sunday's* Dinner wou'd be without Beef and Pudding. And this I take to be one Reason that the Galleries were so thin during the Run of this Play. I thought indeed to have sooth'd the splenetic Zeal of the City, by making a Gentleman a Knave, and punishing their great Grievance—A *Whore-master*: but a certain Virtuoso of that Fraternity has told me since, that the Citizens were never more disappointed in any Entertainment; for (*said he*) however pious we

may appear to be at home, yet we never go to that end of the Town but with an Intention to be lewd.

There was an *Odium* cast upon this Play, before it appear'd, by some Persons who thought it their Interest to have it suppress'd. The Ladies were frightened from seeing it, by formidable Stories of a Midwife, and were told, no doubt, that they must expect no less than a *Labour* upon the Stage; but I hope the examining into that Aspersions will be enough to wipe it off, since the Character of the Midwife is only so far touch'd as is necessary for carrying on the Plot, she being principally decypher'd in her procuring Capacity; and I dare not affront the Ladies so far, as to imagine they cou'd be offended at the exposing of a Bawd.

Some Critics complain, that the Design is defective for want of *Calia's* Appearance in the Scene; but I had rather they should find this Fault, than I forfeit my Regard to the Fair, by shewing a Lady of Figure under a Misfortune; for which Reason I made her only Nominal and chose to expose the Person that injur'd her: And if the Ladies don't agree that I have done her Justice in the End, I'm very sorry for't.

Some People are apt to say, That the Character of *Richmore* points at a particular Person; tho' I must confess, I see nothing but what is very general in his Character, except his marrying his own Mistress; which by the way he never did, for he was no sooner off the Stage, but he chang'd his Mind, and the poor Lady is still in *Statu Quo*: But upon the whole Matter, 'tis Application only makes the Abs; and Characters in Plays, are like *Long-lane* Clothes, not hung out for the Use of any particular People, but to be bought by only those they happen to fit

The most material Objection against this Play is the Importance of the Subject, which necessarily leads into Sentiments too great for Diversion, and supposes Vices too great for Comedy to punish. 'Tis said, I must own, that the Business of Comedy is chiefly to ridicule Folly, and that the Punishment of Vice falls rather into the Province of Tragedy; but if there be a middle Sort of Wickedness too high for the *Sock*, and too low for the *Buskin*, is there any Reason that it should go unpunish'd?

What

What are more obnoxious to human Society, than the Villains expos'd in this Play, the Frauds, Plots and Contrivances upon the Fortunes of Men, and the Virtue of Women? but the Persons are too mean for Heroic; then what must we do with them? Why, they must of necessity drop into Comedy: For it is unreasonable to imagine that the Lawgivers in Poetry would tie themselves up from executing that Justice which is the Foundation of their Constitution; or to say, that exposing Vice is the Business of the *Drama*, and yet make Rules to screen it from Persecution.

Some have asked the Question, Why the Elder *Wou'dbe*, in the Fourth Act, should counterfeit Madness in his Confinement? Don't mistake, there was no such thing in his Head; and the Judicious could easily perceive that it was only a Start of Humour put on to divert his Melancholy, and when Gaiety is strained to cover Misfortune, it may very naturally be overdone, and rise to a Semblance of Madness, sufficient to impose on the Constable, and perhaps on some of the Audience; who taking every thing at Sight, impute that as a Fault, which I am bold to stand up for, as one of the most masterly Strokes of the whole Piece.

This I think sufficient to obviate what Objections I have heard made; but there was no great Occasion for making this Defence, having had the Opinion of some of the greatest Persons in *England*, both for Quality and Parts, that the Play has Merit enough to hide more Faults than have been found; and I think their Approbation sufficient to excuse some Pride that may be incident to the Author upon this Performance.

I must own myself obliged to Mr. *Longueville* for some Lines in the Part of *Teague*, and something of the Lawyer; but above all for his Hint of the Twins, upon which I form'd my Plot: But having paid him all due Satisfaction and Acknowledgment, I must do myself the Justice to believe, that few of our modern Writers have been less beholden to foreign Assistance in their Plays, than I have been in the following Scenes.

PROLOGUE: By Mr. MOTTEUX.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

An ALARM sounded.

*WITH Drums and Trumpets in this warring Age,
A Martial Prologue should alarm the Stage.
New Plays—ere Acted, a full Audience near,
Seem Towns invested, when a Siege they fear.
Prologues are like a Fore-lorn Hope sent out
Before the Play, to skirmish and to scout:
Our dreadful Foes, the Critics, when they spy,
They cock, they charge, they fire—then back they fly.
The Siege is laid—their gallant Chiefs abound,
Here—Foes intrench'd; there—glittering Troops around,
And the loud Batt'ries roar—from yonder rising Ground.
In the first Act, brisk Sallies (miss or hit)
With Vollies of small Shot, or snip-snap Wit,
Attack, and gall the Trenches of the Pit.
The next—the Fire continues, but at length
Grows less, and slackens like a Bridegroom's Strength.
The third, Feints, Mines, and Countermines abound,
Your Critic Engineers safe under-ground,
Blow up our Works, and all our art confound.
The fourth—brings on most Action, and 'tis sharp,
Fresh Foes croud on, at your Remissness carp,
And desp'rate, tho' unskill'd, insult our Counterscarp.
Then comes the last; the gen'ral Storm is near,
The Post-governor now quakes for Fear;
Runs wildly up and down, forgets to buff,
And wou'd give all he's plunder'd—to get off.
So—Don, and Monsieur—Bluff, before the Siege,
Were quickly tam'd—at Venlo, and at Liege:*

Twas

PROLOGUE.

7

'Twas Viva Spagnia! Vive France! *before*;
 Now, Quartier: Monsieur! Quartier! Ah! Senor!
 But what your Resolution can withstand?
 You master all, and owe the Sea and Land.
 In War—your Valour makes the Strong submit;
 Your Judgment humbles all Attempts in Wit.
 What Play, what Fort, what Beauty can endure
 All fierce Assaults, and always be secure!
 Then grant 'em gen'rous Terms who dare to write,
 Since now—that seems as desp'rate as to fight:
 If we must yield—yet e'er the Day be fixt,
 Let us hold out the Third—and, if we may, the Sixth.



DRA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE, 1772.

M E N.

Young Wou'dbe,
Elder Wou'dbe,
Trueman,
Richmore,
Fair-bank,
Subtleman,
Alderman,
Balderdash,
Steward,
Poet,
Constable,
Teague,

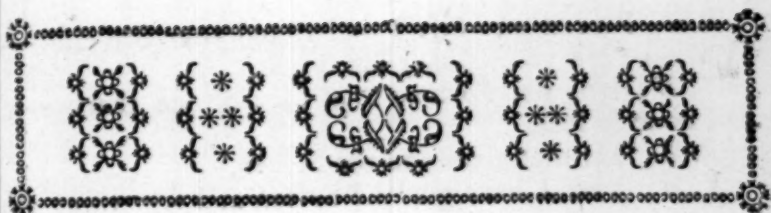
Mr. King;
Mr. Reddish.
Mr. Jefferson.
Mr. Packer.
Mr. Hurst.
Mr. Baddeley.
Mr. Parsons.
Mr. Ackman.
Mr. Hartry.
Mr. W. Palmer.
Mr. Wrighten.
Mr. Moody.

W O M E N.

Constance,
Midnight,
Mrs. Clear-account,
Aurelia,

Miss Pope.
Mrs. Bradshaw.
Mrs. Love.
Mrs. Abington.

SCENE, LONDON.



THE
TWIN-RIVALS.



ACT I.
SCENE, *Lodgings.*

The Curtain draws up, discovers young Wou'dbe a dressing, and his Valet buckling his Shoes.

HERE is such a Plague every Morning with buckling Shoes, gartering, combing, and powdering——Pshaw! cease thy Impertinence, I'll dress no more to-day ——Were I an honest Brute, that rises from his Litter, shakes himself, and so is drest, I cou'd bear it.

Enter Richmore.

Rich. No farther yet, *Wou'dbe!* 'Tis almost One.

Y. W. Then blame the Clock-makers, they made it so;——Prithee, what have we to do with Time? Can't we let it alone as Nature made it? Can't a Man eat when he's hungry, go to Bed when he's sleepy, rise when he wakes, dress when he pleases, without the Confinement of Hours to enslave him?

Rich.

Rich. Pardon me, Sir, I understand your Stoicism—
You have lost your Money last Night.

Y. W. No, no, Fortune took care of me there—I
had none to lose.

Rich. 'Tis that gives you the Spleen.

Y. W. Yes, I have got the Spleen and something else
—Heark'e—

Rich. How!

[*Whispers.*]

Y. W. Positively. The Lady's kind Reception was
the most severe Usage I ever met with—Shan't I break
her Windows, *Richmore*?

Rich. A mighty Revenge truly: Let me tell you,
Friend, that breaking the Windows of such Houses are
no more than writing over a Vintner's Door, as they do
in *Holland*—*Vin te koop*. 'Tis no more than a Bush to the
Tavern, a Decoy to the Trade, and to draw in Cust-
tomers; but upon the whole Matter, I think, a Gentle-
man shou'd put up an Affront got in such little Company;
for the Pleasure, the Pain, and the Resentment are all
alike scandalous.

Y. W. Have you forgot, *Richmore*, how I found you
one Morning with the *Flying Post* in your Hand, hunt-
ing for Physical Advertisements?

Rich. That was in the Days of *Dad*, my Friend, in
the Days of dirty Linen, Pit-masks, Hedge-taverns, and
Beef-steaks: But now I fly at nobler Game, the Ring,
the Court, *Pawlet's* and the *Park*. I despise all Women
that I apprehend any Danger from, less than the having
my Throat cut; and should scruple to converse even with
a Lady of Fortune, unless her Virtue were loud enough
to give me Pride in exposing it—Here's a Letter I re-
ceiv'd this Morning; you may read it. [*Gives a Letter.*]

Y. W. [*Reads*]

I*F there be Solemnity in Protestations, Justice in Heaven,
or Fidelity on Earth, I may still depend on the Faith of
my Richmore—Tho' I may conceal my Love, I no longer
can hide the Effects on't from the World—Be careful of my
Honour, remember your Vows, and fly to the Relief of the
disconsolate*

Clelia.

The fair, the courted, blooming *Clelia*?

Rich. The credulous, troublesome, foolish *Clelia*. Did

you ever read such a fulsome Harangue—Lord, Sir, I am near my Time, and want your Assistance—Does the silly Creature imagine that any Man wou'd come near her in those Circumstances, unless it were Doctor Chamberlain—You may keep the Letter.

Y. W. But why wou'd you trust it with me? You know I can't keep a Secret that has any Scandal in't.

Rich. For that reason I communicate it. I know thou art a perfect Gazette, and will spread the News all over the Town: For you must understand that I am now besieging another; and I would have the Fame of my Conquest upon the Wing, that the Town may surrender the sooner.

Y. W. But if the Report of your Cruelty goes along with that of your Valour, you'll find no Garrison of any Strength will open their Gates to you.

Rich. No, no, Women are Cowards, the Terror prevails upon them more than Clemency: My best Pretence to my Success with the Fair, is my using 'em ill; 'tis turning their own Guns upon 'em, and I have always found it the most successful Battery to assail one Reputation by sacrificing another.

Y. W. I cou'd love thee for thy Mischief, did I not envy thee for thy Success in't.

Rich. You never attempt a Woman of Figure.

Y. W. How can I? This confounded Hump of mine is such a Burden at my Back, that it presses me down here in the Dirt and Diseases of Covent-Garden, the low Suburbs of Pleasure——Curst Fortune! I am a younger Brother, and yet cruelly depriv'd of my Birth-right, a handsome Person; seven thousand a Year in a direct Line, wou'd have straiten'd my Back to some Purpose—But I look, in my present Circumstances, like a Branch of another kind, grafted only upon the Stock, which makes me grow so crooked.

Rich. Come, come, 'tis no Misfortune, your Father is so as well as you.

Y. W. Then why shou'd not I be a Lord as well as he? Had I the same Title to the Deformity, I cou'd bear it.

Rich. But how does my Lord bear the Absence of your Twin-brother?

Y. W. My Twin-brother! Ay, 'twas his crouding me that

that spoil'd my Shape, and his coming half an Hour before me that ruin'd my Fortune—My Father expell'd me his House some two Years ago, because I would have persuaded him that my Twin-brother was a Bastard—He gave me my Portion, which was about fifteen hundred Pound, and I have spent two thousand of it already. As for my Brother, he don't care a Farthing for me.

Rich. Why so, pray?

Y. W. A very odd Reason—Because I hate him.

Rich. How should he know that?

Y. W. Because he thinks it reasonable it shou'd be so,

Rich. But did your actions ever express any Malice to him?

Y. W. Yes: I would fain have kept him company; but being aware of my Kindness; he went abroad: He has travell'd these five Years, and I am told, is a grave, sober Fellow, and in danger of living a great while; all my hope is, that when he gets into his Honour and Estate, the Nobility will soon kill him by drinking him up to his Dignity.—But come, *Frank*, I have but two Eye-fores in the World, a Brother before me, and a Hump behind me, and thou art still laying 'em in my Way: Let us assume an Argument of less Severity——Can'st thou lend me a Brace of hundred Pounds?

Rich. What wou'd you do with 'em?

Y. W. Do with 'em!—There's a Question indeed;—Do you think I wou'd eat 'em?

Rich. Yes, o' my troth wou'd you, and drink 'em together.—Look'e, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, whilst you kept well with your Father, I cou'd have ventur'd to have lent you five Guineas.—But as the Case stands, I can assure you, I have lately paid off my Sisters Fortunes, and——

Y. W. Sir, this Put-off looks like an Affront, when you know I don't use to take such Things.

Rich. Sir, your Demand is rather an Affront, when you know I don't use to give such Things.

Y. W. Sir, I'll pawn my Honour.

Rich. That's mortgag'd already for more than it is worth; you had better pawn your Sword there, 'twill bring you forty Shillings.

Y. W. 'Sdeath, Sir—[*Takes his Sword off the Table.*

Rich.

Hour be-
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teen hun-
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him.

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Malice to

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able.

Rich.

Rich. Hold, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, — suppose I put an end to your Misfortunes all at once.

Y. W. How, Sir?

Rich. Why, go to a Magistrate, and swear you wou'd have robb'd me of Two hundred Pounds—Look'e, Sir, you have been often told, that your Extravagance wou'd some Time or other be the ruin of you; and it will go a great way in your Indictment, to have turn'd the Pad upon your Friend.

Y. W. This Usage is the height of Ingratitude from you, in whose Company I have spent my Fortune.

Rich. I'm therefore a Witness, that it was very ill spent—Why wou'd you keep Company, be at equal Expences with me that have fifty times your Estate? What was Gallantry in me, was Prodigality in you: mine was my Health, because I cou'd pay for it; yours a Disease, because you cou'd not.

Y. W. And is this all I must expect from our Friendship?

Rich. Friendship! Sir, there can be no such thing without an Equality.

Y. W. That is, there can be no such thing when there is occasion for't.

Rich. Right, Sir, —our Friendship was over a Bottle only; and whilst you can pay your Club of Friendship, I'm that way your humble Servant; but when once you come borrowing, I'm this way—your humble Servant.

[Exit.

Y. W. *Rich*, big, proud, arrogant Villain! I have been twice his Second, thrice sick of the same Love, and thrice cur'd by the same Physic, and now he drops me for a Trifle—That an honest Fellow in his Cups, shou'd be such a Rogue when he's sober!—The narrow-hearted Rascal has been drinking Coffee this Morning. Well, thou dear solitary Half-crown, adieu!—Here, *Jack*, [Enter Servant.] take this, pay for a bottle of Wine, and bid *Balderdash* bring it himself. [Exit. Servant.] How melancholy are my poor Breeches; not one Chink!—Thou art a villainous Hand, for thou hast pick'd my Pocket.—This Vintner now has all the Marks of an honest Fellow, a broad Face, a copious Look, a strutting Belly, and a jolly Mien. I have brought him
above

above three Pound a Night for these two Years successively. The Rogue has Money, I'm sure, if he will but lend it.

Enter Balderdash with a Bottle and Glass.

Oh, Mr. *Balderdash*, good Morrow.

Bald. Noble Mr. *Wou'dbe*, I'm your most humble Servant—I have brought you a Whetting-glass, the best *Old Hock* in *Europe*; I know 'tis your Drink in a Morning.

Y. W. I'll pledge you, Mr. *Balderdash*.

Bald. Your Health, Sir.

[*Drinks.*]

Y. W. Pray, Mr. *Balderdash*, tell me one Thing, but first sit down: Now tell me plainly what you think of me.

Bald. Think of you, Sir! I think that you are the honestest, noblest Gentleman, that ever drank a Glass of Wine; and the best Customer that ever came into my House.

Y. W. And you really think as you speak.

Bald. May this Wine be my Poison, Sir, if I don't speak from the bottom of my Heart.

[*Drinks.*]

Y. W. And how much Money do you think I have spent in your House?

Bald. Why, truly, Sir, by a moderate Computation, I do believe, that I have handled of your Money the best Part of Five hundred Pounds within these two Years.

Y. W. Very well! And do you think that you lie under any Obligation for the Trade I have promoted to your Advantage?

Bald. Yes, Sir; and if I can serve you in any respect, pray command me to the utmost of my Ability.

Y. W. Well! thanks to my Stars, there is still some honesty in Wine. Mr. *Balderdash*, I embrace you and your Kindness: I am at present a little low in Cash, and must beg you to lend me a hundred Pieces.

Bald. Why truly, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, I was afraid it would come to this; I have had it in my Head several times to caution you upon your Expences: But you were so very genteel in my House, and your Liberality became you so very well, that I was unwilling to say any thing that might check your Disposition; but truly, Sir, I can forbear no longer to tell you, that you have been a little too extravagant.

Y. W. But since you reap'd the Benefit of my Extravagance, you will, I hope, consider my Necessity.

Bald.

Bald. Consider your Necessity! I do with all my Heart, and must tell you, moreover, that I will be no longer accessory to it: I desire you, Sir, to frequent my House no more.

Y. W. How, Sir!

Bald. I say, Sir, that I have an Honour for my good Lord your Father, and will not suffer his Son to run into any Inconvenience: Sir, I shall order my Drawers not to serve you with a drop of Wine.—Wou'd you have me connive at a Gentleman's Destruction?

Y. W. But methinks, Sir, that a Person of your nice Conscience should have caution'd me before.

Bald. Alas! Sir, it was none of my Business: Wou'd you have me be faucy to a Gentleman that was my best Customer? Lackaday, Sir, had you Money to hold it out still, I had been hang'd rather than be rude to you—But truly, Sir, when a Man is ruin'd, 'tis but the Duty of a Christian to tell him of it.

Y. W. Will you lend me Money, Sir?

Bald. Will you pay me this Bill, Sir?

Y. W. Lend me the Hundred Pound, and I'll pay the Bill ———

Bald. Pay me the Bill, and I will—not lend you the Hundred Pound, Sir.—But pray consider with yourself, now, Sir; wou'd not you think me an errant Coxcomb, to trust a Person with Money that has always been so extravagant under my Eye? whose Profuseness I have seen, I have felt, I have handled? Have not I known you, Sir, throw away ten Pound of a Night upon a Covey of Pit-Partridges, and a Setting-Dog? Sir, you have made my House an ill House: My very Chairs will bear you no longer.—In short, Sir, I desire you to frequent the *Crown* no more, Sir.

Y. W. Thou sophisticated Tun of Iniquity; have I fattened your Carcass, and swell'd your Bags with my vital Blood? Have I made you my Companion to be thus faucy to me? But now I will keep you at your due Distance.

[Kicks him.

Ser. Welcome, Sir!

Y. W. Well said, Jack.

[Kicks him again.

Ser. Very welcome, Sir! I hope we shall have your Company another Time. Welcome, Sir. [He's kick'd off.

Y. W.

Bald.

Y. W. Pray, wait on him down Stairs, and give him a Welcome at the Door too. *[Exit Servant.]*

This is the Punishment of Hell; the very Devil that tempted me to Sin, now upbraids me with the Crime.—I have villainously murder'd my Fortune, and now its Ghost, in the lank Shape of Poverty, haunts me: Is there no Charm to conjure down the Fiend?

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Oh, Sir! here's sad News.

Y. W. Then keep it to thyself, I have enough of that already.

Ser. Sir, you will hear it too soon.

Y. W. What! is *Broad* below?

Ser. No, no, Sir; better twenty such as he were hang'd. Sir, your Father's dead.

Y. W. My Father!—Good night, my Lord: has he left me any thing?

Ser. I heard nothing of that, Sir.

Y. W. Then I believe you heard all there was of it. Let me see,—My Father dead! and my elder Brother abroad!—If Necessity be the Mother of Invention, she was never more pregnant than with me. *[Pauses.]* Here, Sirrah, run to Mrs. *Midnight*, and bid her come hither presently. *[Exit Servant.]* That Woman was my Mother's Midwife when I was born, and has been my Bawd these ten Years. I have had her Endeavours to corrupt my Brother's Mistress; and now her Assistance will be necessary to cheat him of his Estate; for she's famous for understanding the right-side of a Woman, and the wrong-side of the Law. *[Exit.]*

SCENE changes to *Midnight's House.*

Midnight and Maid.

Mid. Who's there?

Maid. Madam.

Mid. Has any Message been left for me To-day?

Maid. Yes, Madam; here has been one from my Lady *Stilborn*, that desir'd you not to be out of the Way, for she expected to cry out every Minute.

Mid. How! every Minute!—Let me see—*[Takes out her Pocket-book.]* *Stilborn*—Ay—she reckons with her Husband from the first of *April*; and with Sir *James*, from

give him from the first of March.—Ay, she's always a Month
Servant. before her time. [Knocking at the Door.] Go see who's
evil that at the Door.——

Maid. Yes, Madam.

[Exit Maid.]

now its Mid. Well! certainly there is not a Woman in the
Is there World so willing to oblige Mankind as myself; and really
of that I have been so ever since the Age of Twelve, as I can
remember.—I have delivered as many Women of great
Bellies, and helped as many to 'em as any Person in Eng-
land; but my Watching and Cares have broken me quite,
I am not the same Woman I was forty Years ago.

Enter Richmore.

e were Oh, Mr. Richmore! you're a sad Man, a barbarous Man,
has he so you are——What will become of poor Clelia, Mr.
Richmore? The poor Creature is so big with her Misfor-
tunes, that they are not to be borne. [Weeps.]

Rich. You, Mrs. Midnight, are the fittest Person in the
World to ease her of 'em.

Mid. And won't you marry her, Mr. Richmore?

Rich. My Conscience won't allow it; for I have sworn
since to marry another.

Mid. And will you break your Vows to Clelia?

Rich. Why not, when she has broke hers to me?

Mid. How's that, Sir?

Rich. Why, she swore a hundred Times never to grant
me the Favour, and yet, you know, she broke her Word.

Mid. But she lov'd Mr. Richmore, and that was the
Reason she forgot her Oath.

Rich. And I love Mr. Richmore, and that is the Reason
I forgot mine.—Why shou'd she be angry that I follow
her own Example, by doing the very same Thing from
the very same Motive?

Mid. Well, well! take my Word, you'll never thrive—
I wonder how you can have the Face to come near me,
that am the Witness of your horrid Oaths and Impre-
cations! Are not you afraid that the guilty Chamber
above-stairs should fall down upon your Head?—Yes, yes,
I was accessary, I was so! but if ever you involve my
Honour in such a Villainy the second Time.—Ah, poor
Clelia! I lov'd her as I did my own Daughter—you sedu-
cing Man.——

[Weeps.]

Rich. Hey, ho! my Aurelia.

Mid.

Mid. Hey, ho! she's very pretty.

Rich. Dost thou know her, my dear *Midnight*?

Mid. Hey, ho! she's very pretty.—Ah, you're a sad Man.—Poor *Clelia* was handsome, but indeed, breeding, puking, and longing, has broken her much.—'Tis a hard Case, Mr. *Richmore*, for a young Lady to see a thousand Things, and long for a thousand Things, and yet not dare to own that she longs for one.—She had like to have miscarried t'other Day for the Pith of a Loin of Veal.—Ah, you barbarous Man!

Rich. But, my *Aurelia*! confirm me that you know her, and I'll adore thee.

Mid. You wou'd fling five hundred Guineas at my Head, that you knew as much of her as I do: Why, Sir, I brought her into the World; I have had her sprawling in my Lap. Ah! she was plump as a Puffin, Sir.

Rich. I think she has no great Portion to value herself upon; her Reputation only will keep up the Market. We must first make that cheap, by crying it down, and then she'll part with it at an easy rate.

Mid. But won't you provide for poor *Clelia*?

Rich. Provide! Why han't I taught her a Trade? Let her set up when she will, I'll engage her Customers enough, because I can answer for the Goodness of her Ware.

Mid. Nay, but you ought to set her up with Credit, and take a Shop; that is, get her a Husband.—Have you no pretty Gentleman your Relation now, that wants a young virtuous Lady with a handsome Fortune? No young *Templar* that has spent his Estate in the Study of the Law, and starves by the Practice? No spruce Officer that wants a handsome Wife to make Court for him among the Major-Generals? Have you none of these, Sir?

Rich. Pho, pho, Madam—you have tired me upon that Subject. Do you think a Lady that gave me so much trouble before Possession, shall ever give me any after it? No, no, had she been more obliging to me when I was in her Power, I shou'd be more civil to her now she's in mine: My Affiduity before-hand was an over-price; had she made a Merit of the Matter, she should have yielded sooner.

Mid. Nay, nay, Sir; tho' you have no regard to her Honour, yet you shall protect mine: How d'ye think I have

have secur'd my Reputation so long among the People of the best Figure, but by keeping all Mouths stopt? Sir, I'll have no Clamours at me.—Heavens help me, I have Clamours enough at my Door early and late in my t'other Capacity: In short, Sir, a Husband for *Clelia*; or I banish you my Presence for ever.

Rich. Thou art a necessary Devil, and I can't want thee. [Aside.]

Mid. Look'e, Sir, 'tis your own Advantage; 'tis only making over your Estate into the Hands of a Trustee; and tho' you don't absolutely command the Premises, yet you may exact enough out of 'em for Necessaries, when you will.

Rich. Patience a little, Madam!—I have a young Nephew that is a Captain of Horse: He mortgag'd the last Morsel of his Estate to me, to make up his Equipage for the last Campaign. Perhaps you know him; he's a brisk Fellow, much about Court, Captain *Trueman*.

Mid. *Trueman*! Adsmylife, he's one of my Babies;—I can tell you the very Minute he was born—precisely at Three o'Clock next St. George's Day, *Trueman* will be two and twenty; a Stripling, the prettiest good-natur'd Child, and your Nephew! He must be the Man; and shall be the Man; I have a Kindness for him.

Rich. But we must have a Care; the Fellow wants neither Sense nor Courage.

Mid. Phu, phu, never fear her Part, she shan't want Instructions; and then for her Lying-in a little abruptly, 'tis my Business to reconcile Matters there, a Fright or a Fall excuses that: Lard, Sir, I do these Things every Day.

Rich. 'Tis pity then to put you out of your Road; and *Clelia* shall have a Husband.

Mid. Spoke like a Man of Honour.—And now I'll serve you again. This *Aurelia*, you say——

Rich. O she distracts me! her Beauty, Family, and Virtue make her a noble Pleasure.

Mid. And you have a Mind, for that reason, to get her a Husband.

Rich. Yes, faith: I have another young Relation at *Cambridge*, he's just going into Orders; and I think such a fine Woman, with Fifteen Hundred Pound, is a better Presentation than any Living in my Gift; and why shou'd he

he like the Cure the worse, that an Incumbent was there before?

Mid. Thou art a pretty Fellow.—At the same Moment you wou'd persuade me that you love a Woman to Madness, you are contriving how to part with her?

Rich. If I lov'd her not to Madness, I shou'd not run into these Contradictions—Here, my dear Mother, *Aurelia's* the Word—— [Offering her Money.]

Mid. Pardon me, Sir; [Refusing the Money] Did you ever know me mercenary?—No, no, Sir; Virtue is its own Reward.

Rich. Nay, but Madam, I owe you for the Teeth-Powder you sent me.

Mid. O, that's another Matter, Sir; [Takes the Money] I hope you like it, Sir?

Rich. Extremely, Madam. But it was somewhat dear of twenty Guineas.— [Aside.]

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, here is Mr. *Wou'dbe's* Footman below with a Message from his Master.

Mid. I come to him presently: Do you know that *Wou'dbe* loves *Aurelia's* Cousin and Companion, Mrs. *Constance*, with the great Fortune, and that I solicit for him?

Rich. Why, she's engag'd to his elder Brother: Besides, young *Wou'dbe* has no Money to prosecute an Affair of such Consequence.—You can have no Hopes of Success there, I'm sure.

Mid. Truly, I have no great Hopes; but an industrious Body, you know, wou'd do any thing rather than be idle: The Aunt is very near her Time, and I have access to the Family when I please.

Rich. Now I think on't; Prithee, get the Letter from *Wou'dbe* that I gave him just now; it wou'd be proper to our Designs upon *Trueman*, that it shou'd not be expos'd.

Mid. And you shew'd *Clelia's* Letter to *Wou'dbe*?

Rich. Yes.

Mid. Eh, you barbarous Man—Who the Devil wou'd oblige you—What Pleasure can you take in exposing the poor Creature? Dear little Child, 'tis pity, indeed it is.

Rich.

Rich. Madam, the Messenger waits below ; so I'll
take my Leave. [Exit.

Mid. Ah, you're a sad Man. [Exit.

The End of the First ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Constance and Aurelia.

Aur. **P**rithee, Cousin *Constance*, be chearful ; let the
dead Lord sleep in Peace, and look up to the
Living ; take Pen, Ink and Paper, and write immediately
to your Lover, that he is now a Baron of *England*, and
you long to be a Baroness.

Con. Nay, *Aurelia*, there is some regard due to the
Memory of the Father, for the Respect I bear the Son ;
besides, I don't know how I could wish my young Lord
were at home in this Juncture : This Brother of his—
Some Mischief will happen—I had a very ugly Dream
last Night—In short, I am eaten up with the Spleen, my
Dear.

Aur. Come, Come, walk about and divert it ; the
Air will do you good ; think of other People's Affairs a
little—When did you see *Clelia* ?

Con. I'm glad you mention'd her ; don't you observe
her Gaiety to be much more forc'd than formerly, her
Humour don't sit so easy upon her.

Aur. No, nor her Stays neither, I can assure you.

Con. Did you observe how she devour'd the Pomegra-
nates yesterday ?

Aur. She talks of visiting a Relation in *Leicestershire*.

Con. She fainted away in the Country-dance t'other
Night.

Aur. *Richmore* shunn'd her in the Walk last Week.

Con. And his Footman laugh'd.

VOL. II.

E

Aur.

Aur. She takes *Laudanum* to make her sleep a Nights.

Con. Ah, poor *Clelia*! What will she do, Cousin?

Aur. Do! Why nothing till the nine Months be up.

Con. That's cruel, *Aurelia*, how can you make merry with her Misfortunes? I am positive she was no easy Conquest; some singular Villainy has been practis'd upon her.

Aur. Yes, yes, the Fellow wou'd be practising upon me too, I thank him.

Con. Have a care, Cousin, he has a promising Person.

Aur. Nay, for that matter, his promising Person may as soon be broke as his promising Vows; Nature, indeed, has made him a Giant, and he wars with Heaven like the Giants of old—

Con. Then why will you admit his Visits?

Aur. I never did—But all the Servants are more his than our own: he has a Golden Key to every Door in the House; besides, he makes my Uncle believe that his Intentions are honourable; and indeed he has said nothing yet to disprove it—But, Cousin, do you see who comes yonder, sliding along the Mall?

Con. Captain *Trueman*, I protest the Campaign has improv'd him, he makes a very clean well-finish'd Figure.

Aur. Youthful, easy, and good-natur'd, I could wish he would know us.

Con. Are you sure he's well-bred?

Aur. I tell you he's good-natur'd, and I take good Manners to be nothing but a natural Desire to be easy and agreeable to whatever Conversation we fall into; and a Porter with this is mannerly in his way; and a Duke without it has but the Breeding of a Dancing-master.

Con. I like him for his Affection to my young Lord.

Aur. And I like him for his Affection to my young Person.

Con. How, How, Cousin? You never told me that.

Aur. How shou'd I? He never told it me, but I have discover'd it by a great many Signs and Tokens, that are better Security for his Heart than ten thousand Vows and Promises.

Con. He's *Richmore's* Nephew.

Aur. Ah! Wou'd he were his Heir too—He's a pretty Fellow—But then he's a Soldier, and must share his Time with his Mistress, *Honour*, in *Flanders*.—No, no, I'm

I'm resolv'd against a Man that disappears all the Summer like a Woodcock.

[As these Words are spoken, Trueman enters behind them, as passing over the Stage.]

True. That's for me, whoever spoke it. *Aurelia!*
(*surprised.*) *[The Ladies turn about.]*

Con. What Captain, you're afraid of every thing but the Enemy!

True. I have Reason, Ladies, to be most apprehensive where there is most Danger: The Enemy is satisfied with a Leg or an Arm, but here I'm in hazard of losing my Heart.

Aur. None in the World, Sir, Nobody here designs to attack it.

True. But suppose it be assaulted, and taken already, Madam?

Aur. Then we'll return it without Ransom.

True. But suppose, Madam, the Prisoner chuse to stay where it is.

Aur. That were to turn Deserter; and you know, Captain, what such deserve.

True. The Punishment it undergoes this Moment——
Shot to Death——

Con. Nay, then, 'tis Time for me to put in——Pray, Sir, have you heard the News of my Lord *Wou'dbe's* Death?

True. People mind not the Death of others, Madam, that are expiring themselves. (*To Constance.*) Do you consider, Madam, the Penalty of wounding a Man in the Park?

[To Aurel.]

Aur. Hey day! Why, Captain, d'ye intend to make a *Vigo* Business of it, and break the Boom at once? Sir, if you only rally, pray let my Cousin have her Share; or if you wou'd be particular, pray be more respectful; not so much upon the Declaration, I beseech you, Sir.

True. I have been, fair Creature, a perfect Coward in my Passion; I have had hard Strugglings with my Fear before I durst engage, and now perhaps behave far too desperately.

Aur. Sir, I am very sorry you have said so much; for I must punish you for't, tho' it be contrary to my Inclination.—Come, Cousin, will you walk?

Con. Servant, Sir.

[Exeunt Ladies.]

True. Charming Creature!—*I must punish you for't, tho' it be contrary to my Inclination—Hope and Despair in a Breath. But I'll think the best.* [Exit.

SCENE changes to *Young Wou'dbe's Lodgings.*

Young Wou'dbe and Midnight meeting.

Y. W. Thou Life and Soul of secret Dealings, welcome.

Mid. My dear Child, bleis thee—Who would have imagin'd that I brought this great Rogue into the World? He makes me an old Woman, I protest—But adse, my Child, I forget; I'm sorry for the Loss of your Father, sorry at my Heart, poor Man. [Weeps.] *Mr. Wou'dbe,* have you got a Drop of Brandy in your Closet; I an't very well to-day.

Y. W. That you shan't want: but be pleas'd to sit, my dear Mother—Here, *Jack*, the Brandy-bottle—Now, Madam—I have occasion to use you in dressing up a handsome Cheat for me.

Mid. I defy any Chamber-maid in *England* to do it better—I have dress'd up a hundred and fifty Cheats in my Time. [Enter *Jack with the Brandy-bottle.*] Here, Boy, this Glass is too big, carry it away, I'll take a Sup out of the Bottle.

Y. W. Right, Madam—And my Business being very urgent—In three Words, 'tis this—

Mid. Hold, Sir, till I take Advice of my Council. [Drinks.] There is nothing more comfortable to a poor Creature, and fitter to revive wasting Spirits, than a little plain Brandy; I an't for your hot Spirits, your *Rosa Solis*, your *Ratifias*, your Orange-waters, and the like—A moderate Glass of cool *Nants* is the best Thing.

Y. W. But to our Business, Madam—My Father is dead, and I have a mind to inherit his Estate.

Mid. You put the Case very well.

Y. W. One of two Things I must chuse—Either to be a Lord or a Beggar.

Mid. Be a Lord to chuse—Tho' I have known some that have chosen both.

Y. W. I have a Brother that I love very well; but since one of us must want, I had rather he should starve than I.

Mid. Upon my Conscience, dear Heart, you're in the right on't.

Y. W.

Y. W. Now your Advice upon these Heads.

Mid. They be Matters of Weight, and I must consider,
(Drinks.) Is there a Will in the Case?

Y. W. There is; which excludes me from every Foot
of the Estate.

Mid. That's bad——Where's your Brother?

Y. W. He's now in Germany, in his way to Eng'land,
and is expected very soon.

Mid. How soon?

Y. W. In a Month, or less:

Mid. O ho! A Month is a great while! our Business
must be done in an Hour or two—We must suppose your
Brother to be dead; nay, he shall be actually dead—and
my Lord, my humble Service t'ye— (Drinks.)

Y. W. O Madam, I'm your Ladyship's most devoted
—Make your Words good, and I'll—

Mid. Say no more, Sir; you shall have it, you shall
have it.

Y. W. Ay, but how, dear Mrs. Midnight?

Mid. Mrs. Midnight! Is that all?—Why not Mother,
Aunt, Grandmother? Sir, I have done more for you this
Moment, than all the Relations you have in the World.

Y. W. Let me hear it.

Mid. By the Strength of this potent Inspiration, I have
made you a Peer of England, with seven thousand Pounds
a Year.—My Lord, I wish you Joy. (Drinks.)

Y. W. The Woman's mad, I believe.

Mid. Quick, quick, my Lord! counterfeit a Letter
presently from Germany, that your brother is kill'd in a
Duel: Let it be directed to your Father, and fall into
the Hands of the Steward when you are by. What sort
of Fellow is the Steward?

Y. W. Why, a timorous half-honest Man, that a little
Persuasion will make a whole Knave—He wants Courage
to be thoroughly just, or entirely a Villain—but good
backing will make him either.

Mid. And he shan't want that! I tell you the Letter
must come into his Hands when you are by; upon this
you must take immediate Possession, and so you have the
best part of the Law of your side.

Y. W. But suppose my Brother comes in the mean Time?

Mid. This must be done this very Moment: Let him
come

come when you're in Possession, I'll warrant we'll find a way to keep him out.—

Y. W. But how, my dear Contriver?

Mid. By your Father's Will, Man, your Father's Will—That is, one that your Father might have made, and which we will make for him—I'll send you a Nephew of my own, a Lawyer, that shall do the Business; go, get into Possession, Possession, I say; let us have but the Estate to back the Suit, and you'll find the Law too strong for Justice, I warrant you.

Y. W. My Oracle! How shall we revel in Delight when this great Prediction is accomplished——But one thing yet remains, my Brother's Mistress, the charming *Constance*——Let her be mine——

Mid. Pho, pho, she's your's o'course; she's contracted to you; for she's engag'd to marry no Man but my Lord *Wou'dbe's* Son and Heir; now you being the Person, she's recoverable by Law.

Y. W. Marry her! No, no, she's contracted to him, 'twere Injustice to rob a Brother of his Wife, an easier Favour will satisfy me.

Mid. Why, truly, as you say, that Favour is so easy, that I wonder they make such a Bustle about it—But get you gone and mind your Affairs, I must about mine—Oh—I had forgot—Where's that foolish Letter you had this Morning from *Richmore*?

Y. W. I have posted it up in the *Chocolate-house*.

Mid. Yaw, (*Shrieks*) I shall fall into Fits; hold me—

Y. W. No, no, I did but jest; here it is—But be assur'd, Madam, I wanted only Time to have expos'd it.

Mid. Ah! you barbarous Man, why so?

Y. W. Because when Knaves of our Sex, and Fools of yours meet, they make the best Jest in the World.

Mid. Sir, the World has better share in the Jest when we are the Knaves, and you the Fools—But look'e, Sir, if ever you open your Mouth about this Trick—I'll discover all your Tricks! therefore Silence and Safety on both Sides.

Y. W. Madam, you need not doubt my Silence at present, because my own Affairs will employ me sufficiently; so there's your Letter. [*Gives the Letter.*] And now to write my own.

Mid.

Mid. Adieu, My Lord—Let me see? [*Opens the Letter and reads.*] *If there be Solemnity in Protestations*—That's foolish, very foolish—Why shou'd she expect Solemnity in Protestations? Um, um, um, *I may still depend on the Faith of my Richmore*—Ah, poor *Clelia*!—Um, um, um, *I can no longer hide the Effects on't from the World.*—The Effects on't! How modestly is that express'd? Well, 'tis a pretty Letter, and I'll keep it. ———

[*Puts the Letter in her Pocket, and Exit.*]

SCENE, Lord Wou'dbe's House.

Enter Steward and his Wife.

Wife. You are to blame, you are much to blame, Husband, in being so scrupulous.

Stew. 'Tis true: This foolish Conscience of mine has been the greatest Bar to my Fortune.

Wife. And will ever be so. Tell me but one that thrives, and I'll shew you a hundred that starve by it—Do you think 'tis fourscore Pound a Year makes my Lord Gouty's Steward's Wife live at the Rate of four hundred? Upon my Word, my Dear, I'm as good a Gentlewoman as she, and I expect to be maintain'd accordingly: 'Tis Conscience, I warrant, that buys her the Point-heads, and Diamond Necklace?—Was it Conscience that bought her the fine House in *Jermain-street*? Is it Conscience that enables the Steward to buy, when the Lord is forced to sell?

Stew. But what wou'd you have me do?

Wife. Do! Now's your Time; that small Morsel of an Estate your Lord bought lately, a thing not worth mentioning; take it towards your Daughter *Molly's* Portion—What's two hundred a Year? 'twill never be miss'd.

Stew. 'Tis but a small Matter, I must confess; and as a Reward for my past faithful Service, I think it but reasonable I should cheat a little now.

Wife. Reasonable! All the Reason that can be; if the ungrateful World won't reward an honest Man, why let an honest Man reward himself—There's five hundred Pounds you receiv'd but two Days ago, lay them aside—you may easily sink it in the Charge of the Funeral—Do my Dear now, kiss me, and do it.

Stew. Well, you have such a winning way with you!

But, my Dear, I'm so much afraid of my young Lord's coming home : he's a cunning close Man, they say, and will examine my Accounts very narrowly.

Wife. Ay, my Dear, would you had the younger Brother to deal with ; you might manage him as you pleas'd — I see him coming. Let us weep, let us weep.

[They pull out their Handkerchiefs, and seem to mourn.]
Enter Young Wou'dbe.

Stew. Ah, Sir, we have all lost a Father, a Friend, and a Supporter.

Y. W. Ay, Mr. Steward, we must submit to Fate, as he has done. And it is no small Addition to my Grief, honest Mr. *Clear-account*, that it is not in my Power to supply my Father's Place to you and yours—Your Sincerity and Justice to the Dead merits the greatest Regard from those that survive him——Had I but my Brother's Ability, or he my Inclinations,——I'll assure you, Mrs. *Clear-account*, you should not have such Cause to mourn !

Wife. Ah, good noble Sir !

Stew. Your Brother, Sir, I hear is a very severe Man.

Y. W. He is what the World calls a prudent Man, Mr. Steward : I have often heard him very severe upon Men of your Business ; and has declar'd, That for Form's sake indeed he would keep a Steward, but that he would inspect into all his Accounts himself.

Wife. Aye, Mr. Wou'dbe, you have more Sense than to do these Things ; you have more Honour than to trouble your Head with your own Affairs——Would to Heavens we were to serve you.

Y. W. Wou'd I cou'd serve you, Madam,——without Injustice to my Brother.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Letter for my Lord Wou'dbe.

Stew. It comes too late, alas ! for his Perusal ; let me see it.

(Opens, and reads.)

Frankfort, Octob. 10, New Style.

Frankfort ! Where's Frankfort, Sir !

Y. W. In Germany : This Letter must be from my Brother ! I suppose he's coming home.

Stew. 'Tis none of his Hand. Let me see. *(Reads.)*

My

My Lord,

I Am troubled at this unhappy Occasion of sending to your Lordship; your brave Son, and my dear Friend, was Yesterday unfortunately kill'd in a Duel by a German Count—

I shall love a German Count as long as I live.—My Lord, my Lord, now I may call you so, since your elder Brother's—dead.

Y. W. and Wife, How!

Stew. Read there. (*Gives the Letter, Wou'dbe peruses it.*)

Y. W. Oh, my Fate! a Father and a Brother in one Day! Heavens! 'Tis too much—Where is the fatal Messenger?

Ser. A Gentleman, Sir, who said he came Post on purpose. He was afraid the Contents of the Letter wou'd unqualify my Lord for Company, so he would take another Time to wait on him.

Y. W. Nay, then 'tis true; and there is Truth in Dreams. Last Night I dreamt—

Wife. Nay, my Lord, I dreamt too; I dreamt I saw your Brother dress'd in a long Minister's Gown, (*Lord bless us!*) with a Book in his Hand, walking before a dead Body to the Grave.

Y. W. Well, Mr. Clear-account, get Mourning ready.

Stew. Will your Lordship have the old Coach cover'd, or a new one made?

Y. W. A new one—The old Coach, with the Grey Horses, I give to Mrs. Clear-account here; 'tis not fit she should walk the Streets.

Wife. Heavens bless the German Count, I say,—But my Lord—

Y. W. No Reply, Madam, you shall have it,—And receive it but as the Earnest of my Favours—Mr. Clear-account, I double your Salary, and all the Servants Wages, to moderate their Grief for our great Losses—Pray, Sir, take order about these Affairs.

Stew. I shall, my Lord. [*Exeunt Stew. and Wife.*]

Y. W. So! I have got Possession of the Castle, and if I had a little Law to fortify me now, I believe we might hold it out a great while. Oh! here comes my Attorney.—Mr. Subtleman, your Servant.—

Enter Subtleman.

Sub. My Lord, I wish you Joy; my Aunt *Midnight* has sent me to receive your Commands.

Y. W. Has she told you any thing of the Affair?

Sub. Not a Word, my Lord.

Y. W. Why then—come nearer.—Can you make a Man right Heir to an Estate during the Life of an Elder Brother?

Sub. I thought you had been the eldest.

Y. W. That we are not yet agreed upon; for you must know, there is an impertinent Fellow that takes a fancy to dispute the Seniority with me—For look'e, Sir, my Mother has unluckily sow'd Discord in the Family, by bringing forth Twins: My Brother, 'tis true, was First-born; but I believe, from the bottom of my Heart, I was the first begotten.

Sub. I understand——you are come to an Estate and Dignity, that by Justice indeed is your own, but by Law it falls to your Brother.

Y. W. I had rather, Mr. *Subtleman*, it were his by Justice, and mine by Law: for I wou'd have the strongest Title, if possible.

Sub. I am very sorry there should happen any Breach between Brethren:—So I think it wou'd be but a Christian and Charitable Act to take away all farther Disputes, by making you true Heir to the Estate by the last Will of your Father.—Look'e I'll divide Stakes—you shall yield the Eldership and Honour to him, and he shall quit his Estate to you.

Y. W. Why, as you say, I don't much care if I do grant him the Eldest, half an Hour is but a Trifle: But how shall we do about his Will? Who shall we get to prove it?

Sub. Never trouble yourself for that: I expect a Cargo of Witnesses and Usquebaugh by the first fair Wind.

Y. W. But we can't stay for them; it must be done immediately.

Sub. Well, well; we'll find some body, I warrant you, to make Oath of his last Words.

Y. W. That's impossible; for my Father died of an Apoplexy, and did not speak at all.

Sub.

Sub. That's nothing, Sir : He's not the first dead Man that I have made to speak.

Y. W. You're a great Master of Speech. I don't question, Sir ; and I can assure you there will be ten Guineas for every Word you extort from him in my Favour.

Sub. O, Sir, that's enough to make your Great Grandfather speak.

Y. W. Come then, I'll carry you to my Steward ; he shall give you the Names of the Manors, and the true Titles and Denominations of the Estate, and then you shall go to Work. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the Park.

Richmore and Trueman meeting.

Rich. O brave Cuz ! you're very happy with the Fair. I find. Pray, which of these two Ladies you encounter'd just now has your Adoration ?

True. She that commands by forbidding it : And since I had Courage to declare to herself, I dare now own it to the World, *Aurelia*, Sir, is my Angel.

Rich. Ha ! [A long Pause.] Sir, I find you're of every Body's Religion ; but methinks you make a bold Flight at first : Do you think your Captain's Pay will stake against so high a Gamester ?

True. What do you mean ?

Rich. Mean ! Bless me, Sir, mean !—You're a Man of mighty Honour, we all know.—But I'll tell you a Secret.—The Thing is public already.

True. I shou'd be proud that all Mankind were acquainted with it ; I should despise the Passion that could make me either ashamed, or afraid to own it.

Rich. Ha, ha, ha ! Prithee, dear Captain, no more of these Rhedomontados ; you may as soon put a Standing-army upon us.—I'll tell you another Secret—Five hundred Pound is the least Penny.

True. Nay, to my Knowledge, she has fifteen hundred.

Rich. Nay, to my Knowledge, she took five.

True. Took five ! How ! Where ?

Rich. In her Lap, in her Lap, Captain ; where shou'd it be ?

True. I'm amaz'd !

Rich. So am I, that she cou'd be so unreasonable—

Fifteen

Fifteen hundred Pound! 'Sdeath! had she that Price from you?

True. 'Sdeath, I meant her Portion.

Rich. Why, what have you to do with her Portion?

True. I lov'd her up to Marriage, by this Light.

Rich. Marriage! Ha, ha, ha; I love the Gipsy for her Cunning—A young, easy, amorous, credulous Fellow of two and twenty, was just the Game she wanted; I find she presently singled you out from the Herd.

True. You distract me!

Rich. A Soldier too, that must follow the Wars abroad, and leave her to Engagements at home.

True. Death and Furies! I'll be reveng'd.

Rich. Why? What can you do? You'll challenge her, will you?

True. Her Reputation was spotless when I went over.

Rich. So was the Reputation of *Mareschal Boufflers*; but d'ye think, that while you were beating the *French* abroad, that we were idle at home?—No, no, we have had our Sieges, our Capitulations, and Surrenders, and all that. ——— We have cut ourselves out good Winter Quarters as well as you.

True. And are you billeted there?

Rich. Look'e, *Trueman*, you ought to be very trusty to a Secret, that has sav'd you from Destruction.—In plain terms, I have buried Five hundred Pounds in that little Spot, and I should think it very hard, if you took it over my Head.

True. Not by a Lease for Life, I can assure you: But I shall ———

Rich. What! you ha'n't five hundred Pounds to give. Look'e, since you can make no Sport, spoil none. In a Year or two she dwindles to a perfect Basset-bank; every body may play at it that pleases, and then you may put in for a Piece or two.

True. Dear Sir, I cou'd worship you for this.

Rich. Not for this, Nephew! for I did not intend it, but I came to seek you upon another Affair.—Were not you at Court last Night?

True. I was.

Rich. Did you not talk to *Clelia*, my Lady *Taper's*

Niece?

True.

True. A fine Woman!

Rich. Well; I met her upon the Stairs; and handing her to her Coach, she asked me, if you were not my Nephew? And said two or three warm things, that persuade me she likes you: Her Relations have Interest at Court, and she has Money in her Pocket.

True. But—this Devil *Aurelia* still sticks with me.

Rich. What then! The Way to love in one Place with Success, is to marry in another with Convenience. *Clelia* has Four thousand Pound; this applied to your reigning Ambition, whether Love or Advancement, will go a great way: And for her Virtue, and Conduct, be assur'd that nobody can give a better Account of it than myself.

True. I am willing to believe from this late Accident, that you consult my Honour and Interest in what you propose; and therefore I am satisfied to be govern'd.

Rich. I see the very Lady in the Walk.—We'll about it.

True. I wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Lord Wou'dbe's House.

Y. Wou'dbe, Subtleman, and Steward.

Y. W. Well, Mr. *Subtleman*, you are sure the Will is firm and good in Law.

Sub. I warrant you, my Lord: And for the last Words to prove it, here they are.—Look'e Mr. *Clear-account*—Yes—that is an Answer to the Question that was put to him, (you know) by those about him when he was a dying—Yes, or No, he must have said; so we have chosen Yes——Yes, *I have made my Will, as it may be found in the Custody of Mr. Clear-account my Steward; and I desire it may stand as my Last Will and Testament.*—Did you ever hear a dying Man's Words more to the Purpose? An Apoplexy! I tell you, my Lord had Intervals to the last.

Stew. Ay, but how shall these Words be prov'd?

Sub. My Lord shall speak 'em now.

Y. W. Shall he, faith!

Sub. Ay, now—if the Corps ben't bury'd—Look'e, Sir, these Words must be put into his Mouth, and drawn out again before us all: And if they won't be his last Words then—I'll be perjur'd.

Y. W.

Y. W. What! violate the Dead! it must not be Mr. *Subtleman*.

Sub. With all my Heart, Sir! But I think you had better violate the Dead of a Tooth or so, than violate the Living of seven Thousand Pound a Year.

Y. W. But is there no other way?

Sub. No, Sir: Why, d'ye think Mr. *Clear-account* here will hazard Soul and Body to swear they are his last Words, unless they be made his last Words? For my Part, Sir, I'll swear to nothing but what I see with my Eyes come out of a Man's Mouth.

Y. W. But it looks so unnatural.

Sub. What! to open a Man's Mouth, and put in a bit of Paper!—this is all.

Y. W. But the Body is cold, and his Teeth can't be got asunder.

Sub. But what Occasion has your Father for Teeth now? I tell you what,—I knew a Gentleman, three Days buried, taken out of his Grave, and his dead Hand set to his Last Will, (unless somebody made him sign another afterwards) and I know the Estate to be held by that Tenure to this Day: And a firm Tenure it is; for a dead Hand holds fastest; and let me tell you, dead Teeth will fasten as hard.

Y. W. Well, well, use your Pleasure, you understand the Law best.———[*Exit. Subtleman and Steward*]
What a mighty Confusion is brought in Families by sudden Death? Men should do well to settle their Affairs in Time—Had my Father done this before he was taken ill, what a trouble had he sav'd us? But he was taken suddenly, poor Man!

Re-enter Subtleman.

Sub. Your Father still bears you the old Grudge, I find! it was with much struggling he consented; I never knew a Man so loth to speak in my Life.

Y. W. He was always a Man of few Words.

Sub. Now I may safely bear Witness myself, as the Scrivener there present——I love to do Things with a clear Conscience.

[*Subscribes.*]

Y. W. But the Law requires three Witnesses.

Sub. O! I shall pick a Couple more, that perhaps may

take

take my Word for't :—But is not Mr. *Clear-account* in your Interest ?

Y. W. I hope so.

Sub. Then he shall be one ; a Witness in the Family goes a great way ! Besides, these foreign Evidences are risen confoundedly since the Wars. I hope, if mine escape the Privateers, to make an hundred Pound an Ear of every Head of 'em—But the Steward is an honest Man, and shall save you the Charges. [Exit.]

Y. W. Solus.] The Pride of Birth, the Heats of Appetite, and Fear of Want, are strong Temptations to Injustice.—But why Injustice ?—The World hath broke all Civilities with me, and left me in the eldest State of Nature, Wild, where Force, or Cunning first created Right. I cannot say I ever knew a Father :—'Tis true, I was begotten in his Life-time, but I was posthumous born, and liv'd not till he died—My Hours, indeed, I number'd, but ne'er enjoy'd 'em, 'till this Moment :—My Brother ! what is Brother ? We are all so ; and the first two were Enemies.—He stands before me in the Road of Life to rob me of my Pleasures.—My Senses, form'd by Nature for Delight, are all alarm'd.—My Sight, my Hearing, Taste and Touch, call loudly on me for their Objects, and they shall be satisfied. Exit.

The End of the second ACT.

A C T III.

S C E N E, a Levee.

Young Wou'dbe dressing, and several Gentlemen whispering him by turns.

Y. W. Surely the greatest Ornament of Quality is a clean and a numerous Levee ; such a Croud of Attendants for the cheap Reward of Words and Promises, distinguishes the Nobility from those that pay Wages to their Servants. [A Gentleman whispers.]

Sir, I shall speak to the Commissioners, and use all my Interest, I can assure you, Sir. [Another whispers.]

Sir,

Sir, I shall meet some of your Board this Evening; let me see you to-morrow.

[A Third whispers.

Sir, I'll consider of it.—That Fellow's Breath stinks of Tobacco. [Aside.] O, Mr. Comick, your Servant.

Com. My Lord, I wish you Joy; I have something to shew your Lordship.

Y. W. What is it, pray, Sir?

Com. I have an Elegy upon the dead Lord, and a Panegyric upon the living one; *In utrumque paratus*, my Lord.

Y. W. Ha, ha, very pretty, Mr. Comick.—But, pray, Mr. Comick, why don't you write Plays? it would give one an Opportunity of serving you.

Com. My Lord, I have writ one.

Y. W. Was it ever acted?

Com. No, My Lord; but it has been a rehearsing these three Years and a half.

Y. W. A long Time. There must be a great deal of Business in it surely.

Com. No, my Lord, none at all—I have another Play just finish'd, but that I want a Plot for't.

Y. W. A Plot! you should read the *Italian* and *Spanish* Plays, Mr. Comick.—I like your Verses here mightily—Here, Mr. Clear-account.

Com. Now for five Guineas at least.

[Aside.

Y. W. Here, give Mr. Comick, give him—give him the *Spanish* Play that lies in the Closet Window.—Captain, can I do you any Service?

Cap. Pray, my Lord, use your Interest with the General for that vacant Commission: I hope, my Lord, the Blood I have already lost, may intitle me to spill the Remainder in my Country's Cause.

Y. W. All the reason in the World—Captain, you may depend upon me for all the Service I can.

Gen. I hope your Lordship won't forget to speak to the General about that vacant Commission: altho' I have never made a Campaign; yet, my Lord, my Interest in the Country can raise me Men, which, I think, should prefer me to that Gentleman, whose bloody Disposition frightens the poor People from listing.

Y. W. All the reason in the World, Sir; you may depend upon me for all the Service in my Power.—Captain,

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I'll do your Business for you—Sir, I'll speak to the General, I shall see him at the House— [To the Gentlemen.

Enter a Citizen.

Oh, Mr. Alderman,——your Servant——Gentlemen all, I beg your pardon. [Exeunt Levee.

Mr. Alderman, have you any Service to command me?

Ald. Your Lordship's humble Servant. — I have a Favour to beg: You must know, I have a graceless Son, a Fellow that drinks and swears eternally, keeps a Whore in every corner of the Town; in short, he's fit for no kind of thing but a Soldier—I'm so tir'd of him, that I intend to throw him into the Army, let the Fellow be ruin'd, if he will.

Y. W. I commend your paternal Care, Sir?—can I do you any Service in this Affair?

Ald. Yes, my Lord: There is a vacant Company in Colonel What d'yecali'm's Regiment, and if your Lordship would but speak to the General——

Y. W. Has your Son ever serv'd?

Ald. Serv'd! yes, my Lord, he's an Ensign in the Train-bands now.

Y. W. Has he ever signaliz'd his Courage?

Ald. Often, often, my Lord; but one Day particular, you must know, his Captain was so busy shipping off a Cargo of Cheese, that he left my Son to command in his Place—Would you believe it, my Lord, he charg'd up Cheapside in the Front of the Buff Coats, with such Bravery and Courage, that I could not forbear wishing in the Loyalty of my Heart, for ten thousand such Officers upon the Rhine.—Ah! my Lord, we must employ such Fellows as he, or we shall never humble the French King—Now, my Lord, if you cou'd find a convenient Time to hint these Things to the General——

Y. W. All the reason in the World, Mr. Alderman, I'll do you all the Service I can

Ald. You may tell him, he's a Man of Courage, fit for the Service; and then he loves Hardship—He sleeps every other Night in the Round-house.

Y. W. I'll do you all the Service I can.

Ald. Then, my Lord, he salutes with his Pike so very handsomely, it went to his Mistress's Heart t'other Day—and he beats a Drum like an Angel.

Y. W.

Y. W. I'll do you all the Service I can——

[*Not taking the least Notice of the Alderman all this while, but dressing himself in the Glove.*]

Ald. But, my Lord, the hurry of your Lordship's Affairs may put my Business out of your Head; therefore, my Lord, I'll presume to leave you some Memorandum.

Y. W. I'll do you all the Service I can——

[*Not minding him.*]

Ald. Pray, my Lord, [*Pulling him by the Sleeve.*] give me leave for a Memorandum: my Glove, I suppose, will do: Here, my Lord, pray remember me.——

[*Lays his Glove upon the Table, and Exit.*]

Y. W. I'll do you all the Service I can—What, is he gone? 'Tis the most rude familiar Fellow—Faugh, what a greasy Gauntlet is here—[*A Purse drops out of the Glove.*] Oh! No, the Glove is a clean well-made Glove, and the Owner of it the most respectful Person I have seen this Morning, he knows what Distance [*Chinking the Purse*] is due to a Man of Quality,—but what must I do for this? *Frisure* [*To his Valet,*] do you remember what the Aldermen said to me?

Fris. No, my Lord, I thought your Lordship had.

Y. W. This Blockhead thinks a Man of Quality can mind what People say—when they do something, 'tis another case. Here, call him back. [*Exit. Frisure.*] he talk'd something of the General, and his Son, and Train-bands, I know not what Stuff.

Re-enter Ald. and Frisure.

Oh, Mr. Alderman, I have put your Memorandum in my Pocket.

Ald. O, my Lord, you do me too much Honour.

Y. W. But, Mr. Alderman, the Business you were talking of, it shall be done; but if you gave a short Note of it to my Secretary, it would not be amiss—but, Mr. Alderman, ha'n't you the Fellow to this Glove, it fits me mighty well, [*Putting on the Glove*] it looks so like a Challenge to give a Man an odd Glove—and I wou'd have nothing that looks like Enmity between you and I, Mr. Alderman.

Ald. Truly my Lord, I intended the other Glove for a Memorandum to the Colonel, but since your Lordship has a Mind to't——

[*Gives the Glove.*]

Y. W.

Y. W. Here, *Frisure*, lead this Gentleman to my Secretary, and bid him take a Note of his Business.

Ald But, my Lord, don't do me all the Service you can now.

Y. W. Well, I won't do you all the Service I can—these Citizens have a strange Capacity of soliciting sometimes.
[Exit. Ald.]

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lord, here are your Taylor, your Vintner, your Bookseller, and half a dozen more with their Bills at the Door, and they desire their Money.

Y. W. Tell 'em, Mr. *Clear-account*, that when I was a private Gentleman, I had nothing else to do but to run in Debt, and now that I have got into a higher Rank, I'm so very busy I can't pay it—as for that clamorous Rogue of a Taylor, speak him fair, till he has made up my Liveries—then about a Year and a Half hence I shall be at leisure to put him off for a Year and a Half longer.

Stew. My Lord, there's a Gentleman below calls himself Mr. *Basset*, he says that your Lordship owes him fifty Guineas that he won of you at Cards.

Y. W. Look'e, Sir—the Gentleman's Money is a Debt of Honour, and must be paid immediately.

Stew. Your Father thought otherwise, my Lord, he always took care to have the poor Tradesmen satisfied, whose only Subsistence lay in the use of their Money, and was used to say, That nothing was honourable but what was honest.

Y. W. My Father might say what he pleas'd, he was a Nobleman of very singular Humours—but in my Notion, there are not two things in Nature more different than Honour and Honesty—now your Honesty is a little Mechanic Quality, well enough among Citizens, People that do nothing but pitiful mean Actions according to Law—but your Honour flies a much higher Pitch, and will do any thing that's free and spontaneous, but scorns to level itself to what is only just.

Stew. But I think it is a little hard to have these poor People starve for want of their Money, and yet pay this sharpening Rascal fifty Guineas.

Y. W. Sharpening Rascal! What a Barbarism that is?
Why

Why he wears as good Wigs, as fine Linen, and keeps as good Company as any at *White's*; and between you and I, Sir, this sharpening Rascal, as you are pleased to call him, shall make more Interest among the Nobility with his Cards and Counters, than a Soldier shall with his Sword and Pistol. Pray let him have fifty Guineas immediately.

SCENE *the Street; Elder Wou'dbe writing in a Pocket-Book, in a Riding-Habit.*

E. W. Monday the 14th of December, 1772, I arrived safe in London, and so concluding my Travels——
[Putting up his Book.

Now welcome Country, Father, Friends,
My Brother too, (if Brothers can be Friends:)
But above all, my charming Fair, my *Constance*.
Through all the Mazes of my wand'ring Steps,
Through all the various Climes that I have run;
Her Love has been the Loadstone of my Course,
Her Eyes the Stars that pointed me the Way.
Had not her Charms my Heart entire possess'd,
Who knows what *Circe's* artful Voice and Look
Might have ensnar'd my travelling Youth,
And fixt me to Enchantment?

Enter Teague with a Port-Manteau. He throws it down and sits on it.

Here comes my Fellow Traveller. What makes you sit upon the Port-Manteau, *Teague*! you'll rumple the Things.

Te. Be me Shoule, Maishter, I did carry the Port-Mantel till it tir'd me; and now the Port-Mantel shall carry me till I tire him.

E. W. And how dy'e like London, *Teague*, after our Travels?

Te. Fet, dear Joy, 'tis the bravest Plaase I have sheen in my Peregrinations, exshepting my own brave Shitty of *Carick Vergus*——Uf, uf, dere ish a very fragrant Shmell hereabouts——Maishter, shall I run to that Paishtery-Cooks for shix Pennyworths of boil'd Beef?

E. W. Tho' this Fellow travell'd the World over, he would never lose his Brogue nor his Stomach.—Why, you Cormorant! so hungry and so early?

Te.

The Twin-Rivals.

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Te. Early! Deel tauke me Maishter, 'tish a great deal more than almost pasht Twelve o'Clock.

E. W. Thou art never happy unless thy Guts be stuf't up to thy Eyes.

Te. Oh Maishter, dere ish a dam way of Distance, and the deel a bit between.

Enter Young Wou'dbe in a Chair, with four or five Footmen before him, and passes over the Stage.

E. W. Hey day!—who comes here? With one, two, three, four, five Footmen! Some young Fellow just tassing the sweet Vanity of Fortune.—Run, *Teague*, inquire who that is.

Te. Yes, Maishter. [*Runs to one of the Footmen.*] Sir, will you give my humble Shervice to your Maishter, and tell him to send me Word fat Naam ish upon him?

Foot. You wou'd know fat Naam ish upon him?

Te. Yesh, fet wou'd I.

Foot. Why, what are you, Sir?

Te. Be me Shoul, I am a Shentleman bred and born, and dere ish my Maishter.

Foot. Then your Master would know it?

Te. Arah, you Fool, if'nt that not the saam ting?

Foot. Then tell your Master 'tis the young Lord *Wou'dbe*, just come to his Estate by the Death of his Father and elder Brother.

[*Exit Footman.*]

E. W. What do I hear?

Te. You hear that you are dead, Maishter; fere vil you please to be buried?

E. W. But art thou sure it was my Brother?

Te. Be me Shoul it was him nown self; I know'd him very well, after his Man told me.

E. W. The Business requires that I be convinc'd with my own Eyes; I'll follow him, and know the Bottom on't—Stay here till I return.

Te. Dear Maishter, have a care upon your shelf: Now they know you are dead, by my shoul they may kill you.

E. W. Don't fear; none of his Servants know me, and I'll take care to keep my Face from his Sight. It concerns me to conceal myself, till I know the Engines of this Contrivance.—Be sure you stay till I come to you; and let nobody know whom you belong to.

[*Exit.*]

Te.

Te. Oh, ho, hon, poor *Teague* is left alone.

[*Sits on the Port-Manteau.*]

Enter Subtleman and Steward.

Sub. And you won't swear to the Will.

Stew. My Conscience tells me I dare not do it with Safety.

Sub. But if we make it lawful, what should we fear? We now think nothing against Conscience, 'till the Cause be thrown out of Court.

Stew. In you, Sir, 'tis no Sin, because 'tis the Principle of your Profession: But in me, Sir, 'tis downright Perjury indeed.—You can't want Witnesses enough, since Money won't be wanting—and you must lose no Time; for I heard just now, that the true Lord *Wou'dbe* was seen in Town, or his Ghost.

Sub. It was his Ghost, to be sure; for a Nobleman without an Estate is but the Shadow of a Lord—Well; take no Care: Leave me to myself; I'm near the *Friars*, and ten to one shall pick up an Evidence.

Stew. Speed you well, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Sub. There's a Fellow that has Hunger and the Gallows pictur'd in his Face, and looks like one for my Purpose.—How now, honest Friend, what have you got under you there?

Te. Noting, dear Joy.

Sub. Nothing! Is it not a Port-Manteau?

Te. That is noting to you.

Sub. The Fellow's a Wit.

Te. Fait am I! My Grandfather was an *Irish* Poet—He did write a great Book of Verses concerning the Wars between *St. Patrick* and the Wolf-Dogs.

Sub. Then thou art poor, I'm afraid?

Te. Be me Shoul, my sole Generation ish so—I have noting but thish Port Manteau, and dat it shelf ish not my own.

Sub. Why, who does it belong to?

Te. To my Maishter, dear Joy.

Sub. Then you have a Master?

Te. Fait I have, but he's dead.

Sub. Right!—And how do you intend to live?

Te. By eating, dear Joy, sen I can get it, and by sleeping sen I can get none—'Tish the Fashion of *Ireland*.

Sub.

Sub. What was your Master's Name, pray?

Te. [*Aside.*] I will tell a Lee now; but it shall be a true one.—*Macfadin*, dear Joy, was his Naam. He vent over with King *Jamish* into *France*—He was my Maister once.—Deere ish de true Lee; noo. [*Aside.*]

Sub. What Employment had he?

Te. *Je ne sçay pas.*

Sub. What, can you speak *French*?

Te. *Ouy, Monsieur*,—I did travel *France* and *Spain*, and *Italy*,—Dear Joy, I did kish the Pope's Toe, and that will excuse me all the Sins of my Life; and sen I am dead, St. *Patrick* will excuse the rest.

Sub. A rare Fellow for my Purpose. [*Aside.*] Thou look'st like an honest Fellow; and if you'll go with me to the next Tavern, I'll give thee a Dinner and a Glass of Wine.

Te. Be me Shoul 'tis dat I wanted, dear Joy; come along, I will follow you.

[*Runs out before Subtleman with the Port-Manteau on his Back.* Exit Subtleman.

Enter Elder Wou'dbe.

E. W. My Father dead! my Birth-right lost! How have my drowsy Stars slept over my Fortune? Ha! [*Looking about.*] My Servant gone! The simple, poor, ungrateful Wretch has left me—I took him up from Poverty and Want; and now he leaves me just as I found him.—My Cloaths and Money too?—But why should I repine? Let Man but view the Dangers he has past, and few will fear what Hazards are to come. That Providence that has secur'd my Life from Robbers, Shipwreck, and from Sickness, is still the same; still kind whilst I am just.—My Death, I find, is firmly believ'd; but how it gain'd so universal Credit, I fain would learn—Who comes here?—honest Mr. *Fairbank*! My Father's Goldsmith, a Man of Substance and Integrity. The Alteration of five Years Absence, with the Report of my Death, may shade me from his Knowledge, till I enquire some News. (*Enter Fairbank.*) Sir, your humble Servant.

Fair. Sir, I don't know you.

[*Shunning him.*]

E. W. I intend you no Harm, Sir; but seeing you come from my Lord *Wou'dbe's* House, I would ask you a Question or two—Pray what Distemper did my Lord lie of?

Fair.

Fair. I am told it was an Apoplexy.

E. W. And pray, Sir, what does the World say? his Death lamented?

Fair. Lamented! My Eyes that Question should resolve: Friend.—Thou knew'st him not; else thy own Heart had answer'd thee.

E. W. His Grief, methinks, chides my Defect of Filial Duty. (*Aside.*) But I hope, Sir, his Loss is partly recompens'd in the Merits of his Successor.

Fair. It might have been; but his eldest Son, Heir to his Virtue and his Honour, was lately and unfortunately killed in Germany.

E. W. How unfortunately, Sir?

Fair. Unfortunately for him, and us.—I do remember him—He was the mildest, humblest, sweetest Youth.

E. W. Happy indeed had been my Part in Life, if I had left this human Stage, whilst this so spotless, and so fair Applause, had crown'd my going off. (*Aside.*) Well, Sir.

Fair. But those that saw him in his Travels, told such Wonders of his Improvement, that the Report recall'd his Father's Years; and with the Joy to hear his *Hermes* prais'd, he oft would break the Chains of Gout and Age, and leaping up with Strength of greenest Youth, cry, *My Hermes is myself: Methinks I live my sprightly Days again, and I am young in him.*

E. W. Spite of all Modesty, a Man must own a Pleasure in the hearing of his Praise. [*Aside.*]

Fair. You're thoughtful, Sir—Had you any Relation to the Family we talk of?

E. W. None, Sir, beyond my private Concern in the public Loss—But pray, Sir, what Character does the present Lord bear?

Fair. Your Pardon, Sir. As for the Dead, their Memories are left unregarded, and Tongues may touch them freely: But for the Living, they have provided for the Safety of their Names by a strong Inclosure of the Law. There's a Thing call'd *Scandalum Magnatum*, Sir.

E. W. I commend your Caution, Sir; but be assur'd I intend not to entrap you—I am a poor Gentleman, and having heard much of the Charity of the old Lord *Wou'dbe*, I had a Mind to apply to his Son, and therefore enquir'd his Character.

Fair. Alas! Sir, Things are chang'd: That House was once what Poverty might go a Pilgrimage to seek, and have its Pains rewarded—The noble Lord, the truly noble Lord, held his Estate, his Honour, and his House, as if they were only lent upon the Interest of doing good to others. He kept a Porter, not to exclude, but serve the Poor. No Creditor was seen to guard his going out, or watch his coming in: No craving Eyes, but Looks of smiling Gratitude.—But now, that Family, which, like a Garden fairly kept, invited every Stranger to its Fruit and Shade, is now run o'er with Weeds:—Nothing but Wine and Revelling within, a Croud of noisy Creditors without, a Train of Servants insolently proud—Wou'd you believe it, Sir, as I offer'd to go in just now, the rude Porter push'd me back with his Staff—I am at this present (thanks to Providence and my Industry) worth twenty thousand Pounds. I pay the fifth Part of this to maintain the Liberty of the Nation; and yet this Slave, this impudent *Swiss* Slave, offer'd to strike me.

E. W. 'Twas hard, Sir, very hard:—And if they used a Man of your Substance so roughly, how will they manage me, that am not worth a Groat?

Fair. I wou'd not willingly defraud your Hopes of what may happen.—If you can drink and swear, perhaps—

E. W. I shall not pay that Price for his Lordship's Bounty, wou'd it extend to half he's worth.—Sir, I give you thanks for your Caution, and shall steer another Course.

Fair. Sir, you look like an honest, modest Gentleman. Come home with me; I am as able to give you a Dinner as my Lord; and you shall be very welcome to eat at my Table every Day, till you are better provided.

E. W. Good Man: [*Aside.*] Sir, I must beg you to excuse me To-day; but I shall find a Time to accept of your Favours, or at least to thank you for 'em.

Fair. Sir, you shall be very welcome whenever you please. [*Exit.*]

E. W. Gramercy, Citizen! Surely, if Justice were an Herald, she would give this Tradesman a nobler Coat of Arms than my Brother.—But I delay: I long to vindicate the Honour of my Station, and to displace this bold

Usurper:—But one Concern, methinks, is nearer still, my *Constance*! Shou'd she upon the Rumour of my Death have fix'd her Heart elsewhere—then I were dead indeed; but if she still prove true,—Brother, sit fast :

*I'll shake your Strength, all Obstacles remove,
Sustain'd by Justice, and inspir'd by Love.*

[Exit.

SCENE, *an Apartment.* *Constance, Aurelia.*

Con. For Heav'n's sake, Cousin, cease your impertinent Consolations : It but makes me angry, and raises two Passions in me instead of one. You see I commit no Extravagance, my Grief is silent enough ; my Tears make no Noise to disturb any body. I desire no Companion in my Sorrows ; leave me to myself, and you comfort me.——

Aur. But, Cousin, have you no regard to your Reputation ? this immoderate Concern for a young Fellow. What will the World say ? You lament him like a Husband.——

Con. No ; you mistake : I have no Rule nor Method for my Grief ; no Pomp of black and darken'd Rooms ; no formal Month for Visits on my Bed. I am content with the slight Mourning of a broken Heart ; and all my Form is Tears.

Enter Midnight.

Mid. Madam *Aurelia*, Madam, don't disturb her.—— Every thing must have its vent. 'Tis a hard Case to be cross'd in one's first Love.—But you should consider, Madam, (*To Constance.*) that we are all born to die, some young, some old.

Con. Better we all died young, than to be plagu'd with Age, as I am. I find other Folks Years are as troublesome to us as our own.

Mid. You have Reason, you have Cause to mourn. He was the handsomest Man, and the sweetest Babe, that I know ; tho' I must confess too, that *Ben* had much the finer Completion when he was born : But then *Hermes*, yes *Hermes*, had the Shape, that he had——But of all the Infants that I ever beheld with my Eyes, I think *Ben* had the finest Ear, Wax-work, perfect Wax-work ; and then he did so sputter at the Breast !——His Nurse was a hale,

well-

well-complected, sprightly Jade, as ever I saw ; but her Milk was a little too stale, tho' at the same time 'twas as blue and clear as a Cambrick.

Aur. Do you intend all this, Madam, for a Consolation to my Cousin ?

Mid. No, no, Madam, that's to come.——I tell you, fair Lady, you have only lost the Man ; the Estate and Title are still your own ; and this very Moment I wou'd salute you Lady *Wou'dbe*, if you pleas'd.

Con. Dear Madam, your Proposal is very tempting, let me but consider till to-morrow, and I'll give you an Answer.

Mid. I knew it, I knew it ; I said, when you were born, you wou'd be a Lady ; I knew it. To-morrow, you say. My Lord shall know it immediately. [*Exit.*

Aur. What d'ye intend to do, Cousin ?

Con. To go into the Country this Moment, to be free from the Impertinence of Condolence, the Persecution of that Monster of a Man, and that Devil of a Woman.—O, *Aurelia*, I long to be alone. I am become so fond of Grief, that I would fly where I might enjoy it all, and have no Interruption in my darling Sorrow.

Enter Elder Wou'dbe unperceiv'd.

E. W. In Tears! perhaps for me! I'll try——

[*Drops a Picture, and goes back to the Entrance, and listens.*

Aur. If there be aught in Grief delightful, don't grudge me a share.

Con. No, my dear *Aurelia*, I'll engross it all. I lov'd him so, methinks I should be jealous if any mourned his Death besides myself. What's here! [*Takes up the Picture.*] Ha! see Cousin!—the very Face and Features of the Man! Sure some officious Angel has brought me this for a Companion in my Solitude—Now I'm fitted out for Sorrow. With this I'll sigh, with this converse, gaze on his Image till I grow blind with weeping.

Aur. I'm amaz'd! how came it here?

Con. Whether by Miracle or human Chance, 'tis all alike ; I have it here : Nor shall it ever separate from my Breast—it's the only Thing could give me Joy, because it will encrease my Grief.

E. W. [*Entering.*] Most glorious Woman! now I am fond of Life.

Aur. Ha! What's this? Your Business, pray, Sir?

E. W. With this Lady. [*Goes to Constance, takes her Hand, and kneels.*] Here let me worship that Perfection, whose Virtue might attract the list'ning Angels, and make 'em smile to see such Purity, so like themselves, in human Shape.

Con. *Hermes!*

E. W. Your living *Hermes*, who shall die yours too.

Con. Now Passion, powerful Passion, would bear me like a Whirlwind to his Arms—But my Sex has Bounds——'Tis wondrous, Sir!

E. W. Most wondrous are the Works of Fate for Man, and most closely laid is the Serpentine Line that guides him into Happiness!—that hidden Power which did permit those Arts to cheat me of my Birthright, had this Surprise of Happiness in store, well knowing that Grief is the best Preparative for Joy.

Con. I never found the true Sweets of Love till this romantic Turn, dead and alive! my Stars are poetical. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, unriddle your Fortune.

E. W. That my dear Brother must do; for he made the *Ænigma*.

Aur. Methinks I stand here like a Fool all this while: Wou'd I had somebody or other to say a fine thing or two to me.

E. W. Madam, I beg ten thousand Pardons: I have my Excuse in my Hand.

Aur. My Lord, I wish you Joy.

E. W. Pray, Madam, don't trouble me with a Title till I am better equipt for it. My Peerage wou'd look a little shabby in these Robes.

Con. You have got a good Excuse, my Lord; you can wear better when you please.

E. W. I have a better Excuse, Madam.—These are the best I have.

Con. How, my Lord?

E. W. Very true, Madam, I am at present, I believe, the poorest Peer in *England*.—Hark'e, *Aurelia*, prithee lend me a Piece or two.

Aur.

Aur. Ha, ha, ha, a poor Peer indeed! he wants a Guinea.

Con. I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

E. W. Why so, Madam?

Con. Because I can furnish you with five thousand.

E. W. Generous Woman

Enter Trueman.

Ha, my Friend too!

True. I am glad to find you here, my Lord: Here's a current Report about Town that you were kill'd. I was afraid it might reach this Family, so I come to disprove the Story, by your Letter to me by the last Post.

Aur. I'm glad he's come; now it will be my Turn, Cousin.

True. Now, my Lord, I wish you Joy; and I expect the same from you.

E. W. With all my Heart; but upon what Score?

True. The old Score, Marriage.

E. W. To whom!

True. To a Neighbour Lady here [*Looking at Aurelia.*]

Aur. Impudence! [*Aside.*] The Lady mayn't be so near as you imagine, Sir.

True. The Lady mayn't be so near as you imagine, Madam.

Aur. Don't mistake me, Sir: I did not care if the Lady were in *Mexico*.

True. Nor I neither, Madam.

Aur. You're very short, Sir.

True. The shortest Pleasures are the sweetest, you know.

Aur. Sir, you appear very different to me from what you were lately.

True. Madam, you appear very different to me to what you were lately.

Aur. Strange!

[*This while Constance and Wou'dbe entertain one another in dumb Shew.*]

True. Miraculous!

Aur. I could never have believ'd it.

True. Nor I, as I hope to be sav'd.

Aur. Ill Manners!

True. Worse.

Aur. How have I deserv'd it, Sir!

True. How have I deserv'd it, Madam ?

Aur. What ?

True. You.

Aur. Riddles !

True. Women !——My Lord, you'll hear of me at
White's. Farewel. [Runs off.]

E. W. What, *Trueman* gone !

Aur. Yes. [Walks about in Disorder.]

Con. Bless me ; what's the Matter, Cousin ?

Aur. Nothing.

Con. Why are you uneasy ?

Aur. Nothing.

Con. What ails you then ?

Aur. Nothing :——I don't love the Fellow,—yet to be affronted—I can't bear it. [Bursts out a crying, and runs off.]

Con. Your Friend, my Lord,—has affronted *Aurelia*.

E. W. Impossible ! His regard to me were sufficient Security for his good Behaviour here, tho' it were in his Nature to be rude elsewhere.——She has certainly us'd him ill.

Con. Too well rather.

E. W. Too well ! have a care, Madam !——that, with some Men, is the greatest Provocation to a Slight.

Con. Don't mistake, my Lord, her Usage never went farther than mine to you ; and I should take it very ill to be abus'd for it.

E. W. I'll follow him, and know the Cause of it.

Con. No, my Lord, I'll follow her, and know it : Besides, your own Affairs with your Brother require you at present. [Exeunt.]

A C T IV.

SCENE, *Lord Wou'dbe's House.*

Young Wou'dbe and Subtleman.

Y. W. Return'd ! Who saw him ? Who spoke with him ? He can't be return'd.

Sub. My Lord, he's below at the Gate parlying with the Porter, who has private Orders from me to admit no body

body till you send him word, that we may have the more time to settle our Affairs.

Y. W. 'Tis a hard Case, Mr. *Subtleman*, that a Man can't enjoy his Right without all this Trouble.

Sub. Ah, my Lord, you see the Benefit of Law now, what an Advantage it is to the Public for securing of Property.—Had you not the Law o' your Side, who knows what Devices might have been practis'd to defraud you of your Right—But I have secur'd all—The Will is in true Form; and you have two Witnesses already to swear to the last Words of your Father.

Y. W. Then you have got another.

Sub. Yes, yes, a right one;—and I shall pick up another time enough before the Term:—And I have plant-ed three or four Constables in the next Room, to take care of your Brother if he shou'd be boisterous.

Y. W. Then you think we are secure.

Sub. Ay, ay, let him come now when he pleases:—I'll go down, and give Orders for his Admittance.

Y. W. Unkind Brother! to disturb me thus, just in the swing and stretch of my full Fortune! Where is the Tie of Blood and Nature, when Brothers will do this? Had he but staid till *Constance* had been mine, his Presence or his Absence, had been then indifferent.

Enter Midnight.

Mid. Well, my Lord, [*Pants as out of Breath*] you'll ne'er be satisfied till you have broke my poor Heart. I have had such ado yonder about you with Madam *Constance*—but she's your own.

Y. W. How! my own! Ah! my dear Helpmate, I'm afraid we are routed in that Quarter: My Brother's come home.

Mid. Your Brother come home; then I'll go travel.

[*Going.*]

Y. W. Hold, hold, Madam, we are all secure; we have provided for his Reception; your Nephew *Subtleman* has stop't up all Passages to the Estate.

Mid. Ay, *Subtleman* is a pretty thriving ingenious Boy. Little do you think who is the Father of him. I'll tell you; Mr. *Moabite* the rich Jew in *Lombard-street*.

Y. W. *Moabite* the Jew!

Mid. You shall hear, my Lord:—One Evening, as I was very grave in my own House, reading the—*Weekly*

Preparation:—Ay, it was the *Weekly Preparation*, I do remember particularly well.—What hears me I—but pat, pat, very softly at the Door. Come in, cries I, and presently enters Mr. *Moabite*, follow'd by a snug Chair, the Windows close drawn, and in it was a fine young Virgin just upon the point of being deliver'd.—We were all in a great hurly-burly for a while to be sure; but our Production was a fine Boy—I had fifty Guineas for my trouble, the Lady was wrapt up very warm, plac'd in her Chair, and reconvey'd to the place she came from. Who she was, or what she was, I could never learn, tho' my Maid said that the Chair went thro' the Park—but the Child was left with me—The Father would have made a *Jew* on't presently, but I swore, if he committed such a Barbarity on the Infant, that I would discover all—So I had him brought up a good Christian, and bound 'Prentice to an Attorney.

Y. W. Very well.

Mid. Ah, my Lord, there's many a pretty Fellow in London that knows as little of their true Father and Mother as he does: I have had several such Jobbs in my Time;—there was one *Scotch* Nobleman that brought me four in half a Year.

Y. W. Four! and how were they all provided for?

Mid. Very handsomely indeed; they were two Sons and two Daughters, the eldest Son rides in the first Troop of Guards, and the other is a very pretty Fellow, and his father's *Valet de Chambre*.

Y. W. And what is become of the Daughters, pray?

Mid. Why, one of 'em is a Mantua-maker, and the youngest has got into the Play-house.—Ay, ay, my Lord, let *Subtleman* alone, I'll warrant he'll manage your Brother. Adsmylife, here's somebody coming, I wou'd not be seen.

Y. W. 'Tis my Brother, and he'll meet you upon the Stairs! 'adso, get into this Closet till he be gone.

[Shuts her into the Closet.]

Enter E. Wou'dbe and Subtleman.

My Brother! dearest Brother, welcome!

[Runs and embraces him.]

E. W. I can't dissemble, Sir, else I wou'd return your false Embrace.

Y. W.

Y. W. False Embrace ! still suspicious of me ! I thought that five Years Absence might have cool'd the unmanly Heats of our childish Days ; that I am over-joy'd at your Return, let this testify, this Moment I resign all Right and Title to your Honour, and salute you, Lord.

E. W. I want not your Permission to enjoy my Right ; here I am Lord and Master without your Resignation ; and the first use I make of my Authority is, to discard that rude, bull-fac'd Fellow at the Door. Where is my Steward ? [Enter Clear-account] Mr. Clear-account, let that pamper'd Centinel below this Minute be discharg'd. —Brother, I wonder you cou'd feed such a swarm of lazy, idle Drones about you, and leave the poor industrious Bees, that fed you from their Hives, to starve for want—Steward, look to't ! if I have not Discharges for every Farthing of my Father's Debts upon my Toilet to-morrow Morning, you shall follow the Tipstaff, I can assure you.

Y. W. Hold, hold, my Lord, you usurp too large a Power, methinks, o'er my Family.

E. W. Your Family !

Y. W. Yes, my Family ; you have no Title to Lord it here.—Mr. Clear-account, you know your Master.

E. W. How ! a Combination against me ! —Brother, take heed how you deal with one that, cautious of your Falshood, comes prepar'd to meet your Arts, and can retort your Cunning to your Infamy : Your black, unnatural Designs against my Life, before I went abroad, my Charity can pardon ; but my Prudence must remember to guard me from your Malice for the future.

Y. W. Our Father's weak and fond Surmise ! which he upon his Death-bed own'd ; and to recompence me for that injurious, unnatural Suspicion, he left me sole Heir to his Estate—Now, my Lord, my House and Servants are—at your Service.

E. W. Villainy beyond Example ! have I not Letters from my Father, of scarce a Fortnight's Date, where he repeats his Fears for my Return, lest it should again expose me to your Hatred ?

Sub. Well, well, these are no Proofs, my Lord ; they won't pass in Court against positive Evidence : Here is your Father's Will, *signatum & sigillatum*, besides his

Words to confirm it, to which I can take my positive Oath in any Court of *Westminster*.

E. W. What are you, Sir?

Sub. Of *Clifford's* Inn, my Lord, I belong to the Law.

E. W. Thou art the Worm and Maggot of the Law, bred in the bruis'd and rotten Parts, and now are nourish'd on the same Corruption that produc'd thee.—The *English* Law, as planted first, was like the *English* Oak, shooting its spreading Arms around, to shelter all that dwelt beneath its Shade:—But now whole Swarms of Caterpillars, like you, hang in such Clusters upon every Branch, that the once thriving Tree now sheds infectious Vermin on our Heads.

Y. W. My Lord, I have some Company above; if your Lordship will drink a Glass of Wine, we shall be proud of the Honour? if not, I shall attend you at any Court of Judicature, whenever you please to summon me.

E. W. Hold, Sir,—Perhaps my Father's dying Weakness was impos'd on, and he has left him Heir; if so, his Will shall freely be obey'd [*Aside.*].—Brother, you say you have a Will.

Sub. Here it is.

[*Shewing a Parchment.*]

E. W. Let me see it.

Sub. There's no Precedent for that, my Lord.

E. W. Upon my Honour, I'll restore it.

Y. W. Upon my Honour, but you shan't.—

[*Takes it from Sub. and puts it in his Pocket.*]

E. W. This Over-caution, Brother, is suspicious.

Y. W. Seven thousand Pound a Year is worth looking after.

E. W. Therefore you can't take it ill that I am little inquisitive about it.—Have you Witnesses to prove my Father's dying Words?

Y. W. A Couple in the House.

E. W. Who are they?

Sub. Witnesses, my Lord!—'Tis unwarrantable to enquire into the Merits of the Cause out of Court;—my Client shall answer no more Questions.

E. W. Perhaps, Sir, upon a satisfactory Account of his Title, I intend to leave your Client to the quiet Enjoyment of his Right, without troubling any Court with the

Business; I therefore desire to know what kind of Persons are these Witnesses.

Sub. Oho, he's a coming about. [*Aside.*] I told your Lordship already, that I am one, another is in the House, one of my Lord's Footmen.

E. W. Where is this Footman?

Y. W. Forth-coming.

E. W. Produce him.

Sub. That I shall presently. — The Day's our own, Sir; [*To Y. W.*] but you shall engage first to ask him no cross Questions. [*Exit. Sub.*]

E. W. I am not skill'd in such: But, pray Brother, did my Father quite forget me? left me nothing!

Y. W. Truly, my Lord, nothing: — He spoke but little, left no Legacies.

E. W. 'Tis strange; he was extremely just, and lov'd me too; — but perhaps — [*Enter Subtleman with Teague.*]

Sub. My Lord, here's another Evidence.

E. W. Teague!

Y. W. My Brother's Servant!

[*They all four stare upon one another.*]

Sub. His Servant!

Tea. Maishter! see here Maishter, I did get all dish [*Chinks Money*] for being an Evidensh, dear Joy; an be me shoule, I will give the half of it to you, if you will give me your Permishon to make swear against you.

E. W. My Wonder is divided between the Villainy of the Fact, and the Amazement of the Discovery! *Teague!* my very Servant! sure I dream.

Tea. Fet, dere ish no dreaming in the Cash; I'm sure the Croon Pieceish are awake, for I have been taking with dem dish half hour.

Y. W. Ignorance, unlucky Man, thou hast ruin'd me; why had I not a fight of him before?

Sub. I thought the Fellow had been too Ignorant to be a Knave.

Tea. Be me Shoule, you lee, dear Joy. — I can be a Knave as well as you, sen I think it conveniency.

E. W. Now, Brother! Speechless! Your Oracle too silenc'd! Is all your boasted Fortune sunk to the guilty Blushing for a Crime? But I scorn to insult. — Let Dis-

ap-

appointment be your Punishment : But for your Lawyer there,—*Teague*, lay hold of him.

Sub. Let none dare to attach me without a legal Warrant.

Tea. Attack ! no, dear Joy, I cannot attach you—but I can catch you by the Throat, after the Fashion of *Ireland*.
[*Takes Subtleman by the Throat.*]

Sub. An Assault ! an Assault !

Tea. No, no, 'tish noting but choaking, noting but choaking.

E. W. Hold him fast, *Teague*—Now, Sir, [*To Y. W.*] because I was your Brother, you wou'd have betray'd me ; and because I am your Brother, I forgive it ; dispose yourself as you think fit—I'll order Mr. *Clear-account* to give you a thousand Pounds. Go take it, and pay me by your Absence.

Y. W. I scorn your beggarly Benevolence : Had my Designs succeeded, I wou'd not have allow'd you the Weight of a Wafer, and therefore will accept none.—As for that Lawyer, he deserves to be pilloried, not for his Cunning in deceiving you, but for his Ignorance in betraying me.—The Villain has defrauded me of Seven thousand Pound a Year. Farewel.
[*Going.*]

Enter Midnight out of the Closet, runs to Young Wou'dbe, and kneels.

Mid. My Lord, my dear Lord *Wou'dbe*, I beg you ten thousand Pardons.

Y. W. What Offence hast thou done to me ?

Mid. An Offence the most injurious—I have hitherto conceal'd a Secret in my Breast, to the Offence of Justice, and the defrauding your Lordship of your true Right and Title. You, *Benjamin Wou'dbe*, with the crooked Back, are the eldest born, and true Heir to the Estate and Dignity.

Om. How !

Tea. Arah, how ?

Mid. None, my Lord, can tell better than I, who brought you both into the World.—My deceas'd Lord, upon the sight of your Deformity, engag'd me, by a considerable Reward, to say you were the last born, that the beautiful Twin, likely to be the greater Ornament to the

Family,

Family, might succeed him in his Honour.—This Secret my Conscience has long struggled with.—Upon the News that you were left Heir to the Estate, I thought Justice was satisfied, and I was resolv'd to keep it a Secret still; but by strange Chance, over-hearing what pass'd just now, my poor Conscience was rack'd, and I was forc'd to declare the Truth.

Y. W. By all my former Hopes I could have sworn it: I found the Spirit of Eldership in my Blood; my Pulses beat, and swell'd for Seniority.—Mr. *Hermes* *Wou'dbe*,—I'm your most humble Servant. *[Foppishly.]*

E. W. *Hermes* is my Name, my Christian Name; of which I am prouder than of all Titles that Honour gives, or Flattery bestows.—But thou, vain Bubble, puffed up with that more empty Breath of that more empty Woman; to let thee see how I despise thy Pride, I'll call thee Lord, dress thee up in Titles like a King at Arms; you shall be blazon'd round, like any Church in *Holland*; thy Pageantry shall exceed the Lord-Mayor's; and yet this *Hermes*, plain *Hermes*, shall despise thee.

Sub. Well, well, this is nothing to the Purpose——Mistress, will you make an Affidavit of what you have said, before a Master in *Chancery*?

Mid. That I can, tho' I were to die the next Minute after it.

Tea. Den, dear Joy, you wou'd be dam the next Minute after dat.

E. W. All this is trifling: I must purge my House of this Nest of Villainy at once.—Here, *Teague*, *[Whispers Teague]* go, make haste.

Tea. Dat I can.— *[As he runs out, Y. W. stops him.]*

Y. W. Where are you going, Sir?

Tea. Only for a Pot of Ale, dear Joy, for you and my Maishter, to drink Friends.

Y. W. You lie, Sirrah.

[Pushes him back.]

Tea. Fet, I do so.

E. W. What, Violence to my Servant! Nay, then I'll force him a Passage.

Sub. An Assault, an Assault upon the Body of a Peer. Within there!

Enter

Enter three or four Constables, one of 'em with a black Patch on his Eye. They disarm Elder Wou'dbe, and secure Teague.

E. W. This Plot was laid for my Reception. Unhand me, Constable.

Y. W. Have a care, Mr. Constable, the Man is mad; he's possess'd with an odd Frenzy, that he's my Brother, and my elder too; So, because I wou'd not very willingly resign my House and Estate, he attempted to murder me.

Sub. Gentlemen, take care of that Fellow: He made an Assault upon my Body *vi & armis*.

Tea. Arah, fat is dat *wy at armish*?

Sub. No matter, Sirrah; I shall have you hang'd.

Tea. Hang'd! dat is nothing, dear Joy;—We are us'd to't.

E. W. Unhand me, Villains, or by all——

Tea. Have a caar, dear Maishter, don't swear; we shall be had in the Croon-Offish: You know dere ish Sharpers about us. [*Looking about on them that hold him.*]

Y. W. Mr. Constable, you know your Directions; away with 'em.

E. W. Hold——

Const. No, no, force him away.——

[*They all hurry him off, manent Y. W. and Midnight.*]

Y. W. Now, my dear Prophetess, my Sybil; by all my dear Desires and Ambitions, I do believe you have spoken the Truth.—I am the Elder.

Mid. No, no, Sir, the Devil a word on't is true——I wou'd not wrong my Conscience neither: For, faith and troth, as I am an honest Woman, you were born above three Quarters of an Hour after him;—but I don't much care if I do swear that you are the eldest.—What a Blessing it was that I was in the Closet at that pinch! Had I not come out that Moment, you wou'd have sneakt off; your Brother had been in Possession, and then we had lost all; but now you are establish'd, Possession gets you Money, that gets you Law, and Law you know——Down on your Knees, Sirrah, and ask me Blessing.

Y. W. No, my dear Mother, I'll give thee a Blessing, a Rent-charge of Five hundred Pound a Year, upon what part of the Estate you will, during your Life.

Mid.

Mid. Thank you, my Lord : That five Hundred a Year will afford me a leisurely Life, and a handsome Retirement in the Country, where I mean to repent me of my Sins, and die a good Christian : For Heaven knows, I am old, and ought to bethink me of another Life.— Have you none of the Cordial left that we had in the Morning ?

Y. W. Yes, yes, we'll go to the Fountain-head. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, The Street.

Enter Teague.

Tea. Deel tauke me but dish ish a most shweet Business indeed ; Maishters play the Fool, and Shervants must shuffer for it. I am Prishoner in the Constable's House, be me Shoule, and shent abroad to fetch some Bail for my Maishter ; but foo shall bail poor *Teague* agra ?

Enter Constance.

Oh, dere ish my Maishter's old Love. Indeed, I fear dish Bishness will spoil his Fortune.

Con. Who's here ? *Teague* ? [*He turns from her.*]

Tea. Deel tauke her, I did tought she cou'd not know me agen now I am a Prishoner. [*Constance goes about to look him in the Face. He turns from her.*] Dish ish not shivil, be me Shoule, to know a Shentleman fither he will or no.

Con. Why this, *Teague* ? What's the Matter ? Are you asham'd of me, or yourself, *Teague* ?

Tea. Of bote, be me Shoule.

Con. How does your Master, Sir ?

Tea. Very well, dear Joy, and in Prishon.

Con. In Prison ! how ! where ?

Tea. Why, in the little *Bashtile* yonder, at the End of the Street.

Con. Shew me the Way immediately.

Tea. Fet, I can shew you the House yonder ; Shee yonder ; be me Shoule I shee his Face yonder peeping troo the Iron Glas Window.

Con. I'll see him, tho' a Dungeon were his Confinement. [*Runs off.*]

Tea. Ah—auld kindness, be me shoule, cannot be forgotten. Now, if my Maishter had but Grash enough to get her wit Child, her Word wou'd go for two ; and she wou'd bail him and I bote. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE, A Room miserably furnished, E. W. sitting and writing.

E. W. *The Tow'r confines the Great,
The Spunging-house the Poor ;
Thus there are Degrees of State
That ev'n the Wretched must endure.*

*Virgil, tho' cherished in Courts,
Relates but a splenetic Tale,
Cervantes Revels and Sports,
Altho' he writ in a Jail.*

Then hang Reflections, [Starts up.] I'll go write a Comedy. Ho, within there: Tell the Lieutenant of the Tower that I would speak with him.

Enter Constable.

Const. Ay, ay, the Man is mad: Lieutenant o'th' Tower! ha, ha, ha; wou'd you cou'd make your Words good, Master.

E. W. Why, am not I a Prisoner here? I know it by the stately Apartments.—What is that, pray, that hangs streaming down upon the Wall yonder?

Const. Yonder! 'tis Cobweb, Sir.

E. W. 'Tis false, Sir: 'Tis as fine Tapestry as any in Europe.

Const. The Devil it is!

E. W. Then your Damask Bed, here; the Flowers are so bold, I took 'em for Embroidery; and then the Head-work, Point de Venice, I protest!

Const. As good Kidderminster as any in England, I must confess: and tho' the Sheets be a little soil'd, yet I can assure you, Sir, that many an honest Gentleman has lain in them.

E. W. Pray, Sir, what did those two India Pieces cost, that are fix'd up in the Corner of the Room?

Const. Indian Pieces! What the Devil, Sir, they are my old Jack-boots, my Militia Boots.

E. W. I took them for two China Jars, upon my Word: But hark'e, Friend, art thou content that these Things shou'd be as they are?

Const. Content! ay, Sir.

E. W. Why then should I complain? [One calls within.
[Within.]

[*Within.*] Mr. Constable, here's a Woman will force her Way upon us : We can't stop her.

Const. Knock her down then, knock her down ; let no Woman come up, the Man's mad enough already.

Enter Constance.

Con. Who dares oppose me ?

[*Throws him a handful of Money.*

Const. Not I truly, Madam. [*Gathers up the Money.*

E. W. My *Constance* ! my Guardian-angel here ! Then nought can hurt me.

Const. Hark'e, Sir, you may suppose the Bed to be a Damask Bed for Half an Hour, if you please.—

Con. No, no, Sir, your Prisoner must along with me.

Const. Ay ! faith, the Woman's madder than the Man.

Enter Trueman and Teague.

E. W. Ha ! *Trueman* too ! I'm proud to think that many a Prince has not so many true Friends in his Palace, as I have here in Prison ;—two such——

Tea. Tree, be me Shoule.

Treu. My Lord, just as I heard of your Confinement, I was going to make myself a Prisoner. Behold the Fetters ; I had just bought the Wedding-ring.

Con. I hope they are golden Fetters, Captain ?

True. They weigh four thousand Pounds, Madam, beside the Purse, which is worth a Million.—My Lord, this very Evening was I to be married ; but the News of your Misfortune has stop't me : I would not gather Roses in a wet Hour.

E. W. Come, the Weather shall be clear ; the thoughts of your good Fortune will make me easy, more than my own can do, if purchased by your Disappointment.

True. Do you think, my Lord, that I can go to the Bed of Pleasure, whilst you lie in a Hovel ?——Here, where is this Constable ? How dare you do this, insolent Rascal ?

Const. Insolent Rascal ! do you know who you speak to, Sir ?

True. Yes, Sirrah ; don't I call you by your proper Name ? How dare you confine a Peer of the Realm ?

Const. Peer of the Realm ! you may give good Words tho' I hope.

E. W. Ay, ay, Mr. Constable is in the right, he did but

but his duty ; I suppose he had twenty Guineas for his Pains.

Const. No, I had but ten.

E. W. Hark'e, *Trueman*, this Fellow must be sooth'd, he'll be of Use to us ; I must employ you too in this Affair with my Brother.

True. Say no more, my Lord, I'll cut his Throat, 'tis but flying the Kingdom.

E. W. No, no, 'twill be more Revenge to worst him at his own Weapons. Cou'd I but force him out of his Garrison, that I might get into Possession, his Claim wou'd vanish immediately.—Does my Brother know you?

True. Very little, if at all.

E. W. Hark'e.

[*Whisper.*]

True. It shall be done ;—Look'e, Constable, you're drawn into a wrong Cause, and it may prove your Destruction, if you don't change Sides immediately :—We desire no Favour, but the Use of your Coat, Wig, and Staff for Half an Hour.

Const. Why truly, Sir, I understand now, by this Gentlewoman, that I know to be our Neighbour, that he is a Lord, and I heartily beg his Worship's Pardon, and if I can do your Honour any Service, your Grace may command me.

E. W. I'll reward you, but you must have the black Patch for the Eye too.

Tea. I can give your Lordship wan ; here set, 'tis a Plaishter for a sore Finger, and I have worn it but twice.

Con. —But pray, Captain, what was your Quarrel at *Aurelia* to-day ?

True. With your Permission, Madam, we'll mind my Lord's Business at present ; when that's done, we'll mind the Lady's.—My Lord, I shall make an excellent Constable ; I never had the Honour of a civil Employment before : We'll equip ourselves in another Place Here, you *Prince of Darkness*, have you ne'er a better Room in your House, these Iron Grates frighten the Lady.

Const. I have a handsome, neat Parlour below, Sir.

True. Come along then, you must conduct us.—We don't intend to be out of your Sight, that you may'nt be out of ours,—[*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE changes to an Apartment.

Enter Aurelia in a Passion, Richmore following.

Aur. Follow me not ;—Age and Deformity, with Quiet, were preferable to this vexatious Persecution ; for Heaven's sake, Mr. *Richmore*, what have I ever shewn to vindicate this Presumption of yours ?

Rich. You shew it now, Madam, your Face, your Wit, your Shape, are all Temptations to undergo even the Rigour of your Disdain, for the bewitching Pleasure of your Company.

Aur. Then be assur'd, Sir, you shall reap no other Benefit by my Company ; and if you think it a Pleasure to be constantly slighted, ridicul'd, and affronted, you shall have Admittance to such Entertainment whenever you will.

Rich. I take you at your Word, Madam ; I am arm'd with Submission against all the Attacks of your Severity, and your Ladyship shall find, that my Resignation can bear much longer than your Rigour can inflict.

Aur. That is, in plain Terms, your Sufficiency will presume much longer than my Honour can resist.—Sir, you might have spar'd the unmannerly Declaration to my Face, having already taken care to let me know your Opinion of my Virtue, by your impudent Settlement propos'd by Mrs. *Midnight*.

Rich. By those fair Eyes, I'll double the Proposal ; this soft, this white, this powerful Hand [*Takes her Hand*] shall write its own Conditions.

Aur. Then it shall write this—[*Strikes him*] and if you like the Terms, you shall have more another Time. [*Exit.*]

Rich. Death and Madnes ! a Blow—Twenty thousand Pound Sterling for one Night's Revenge upon her dear, proud, disdainful Person !—Am not I rich as many a sovereign Prince, wallow in Wealth, yet can't command my Pleasure ?—Woman !—If there be Power in Gold, I yet shall triumph o'er thy Pride.

Enter *Midnight*.

Mid. O' my troth, and so you shall, if I can help it.

Rich. Madam, Madam, here, here, here's Money, Go'd, Silver, take, take, all, all, my Rings too ; all shall be yours, make me but happy in this presumptuous Beauty,

Beauty, I'll make thee rich as Avarice can crave ; if not
I'll murder thee and myself too.

Mid. Your Bounty is too large, too large indeed, Sir.

Rich. Too large ! no, 'tis Beggary without her. —
Lordships, Manors, Acres, Rents, Tithes, and Trees
all, all shall fly for my dear sweet Revenge.

Mid. Say no more, this Night I'll put you in a Way.

Rich. This Night ?

Mid. The Lady's Aunt is very near her Time — she
goes abroad this Evening a visiting ; in the mean time I'll
send to your Mistress, that her Aunt is fallen in Labour
at my House : She comes in a hurry, and then —

Rich. Shall I be there to meet her ?

Mid. Perhaps.

Rich. In a private Room ?

Mid. Mum.

Rich. No Creature to disturb us ?

Mid. Mum, I say, but you must give me your Word
not to ravish her ; nay, I can tell you, she won't be ravish'd.

Rich. Ravish ! Let me see, I'm worth five thousand
Pound a Year, twenty thousand Guineas in my Pocket
and may not I force a Toy that's scarce worth fifteen hundred
Pound ? I'll do't.

Her Beauty sets my Heart on fire, beside
Th' injurious Blow has set on fire my Pride ;
The bare Fruition were not worth my Pain,
The Joy will be to humble her Disdain ;
Beyond Enjoyment will the Transport last
In Triumph, when the Extasy is past.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, *Lord Wou'dbe's House.*

Young Wou'dbe Solus.

W. **S** Hew me that proud Stoic that can bear Success and Champaign; Philosophy can support in hard Fortune, but who can have Patience in Prosperity? The Learned may talk what they will of human Bodies, but I am sure there is not one Atom in mine that what is truly Epicurean. My Brother is secur'd, I hard with my Friends, my lewd and honest Midnight fiends.—Holla, who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord!

Y. W. A fresh Battalion of Bottles to re-inforce the stern. Are the Ladies come?

Ser. Half an Hour ago, my Lord: They're below in the Bathing Chamber.

Y. W. Where did you light on 'em?

Ser. One in the Passage at the old Play-house, my Lord I found another very melancholy paring her Nails by *Diamond's Pond*,—and a Couple I got at the Checquer house in *Holborn*; the two last came to Town Yesterday in a West Country Waggon.

Y. W. Very well, order *Baconface* to hasten Supper—d'ye hear? Bid the *Swiss* admit no Stranger, without acquainting me—[*Exit Servant.*] Now Fortune I defy thee, this Night's my own at least. [Re-enter Servant.]

Ser. My Lord, here's the Constable below with the Black Eye, and he wants to speak with your Lordship in haste.

Y. W. Ha! the Constable! Shou'd Fortune jilt me now?—Bid him come up, I fear some cursed Chance to await me.

Enter Trueman in the Constable's Cloaths.

True. Ah! My Lord, here is sad News—your Brother

Y. W. Got away, made his Escape, I warrant you.

True. Worse, worse, my Lord.

Y. W.

Y. W. Worse, worse? What can be worse?

True. I dare not speak it.

Y. W. Death and Hell, Fellow don't distract me.

True. He's dead.

Y. W. Dead.

True. Positively.

Y. W. *Coup de Grace, Ciel Gramercy.*

True. Villain, I understand you.

Y. W. But how, how, Mr. Constable? Speak it aloud, [Aside] kill me with the Relation.

True. I don't know how, the poor Gentleman was very melancholy upon this Confinement, and so he desir'd me to send for a Gentlewoman that lives hard by here, mayhap your Worship may know her.

Y. W. At the gilt Balcony in the Square?

True. The very same, a smart Woman truly—I went for her myself, but she was otherways engag'd; not she truly, she wou'd not come——Wou'd you believe it, my Lord, at the hearing of this the poor Man was like to drop down dead.

Y. W. Then he was but likely to drop down dead?

True. Wou'd it were no more. Then I left him, and coming about two Hours after, I found him hang'd in his Sword-belt.

Y. W. Hang'd!

True. Dangling.

Y. W. *Le coup d'eclat!* Done like the noblest Roman of 'em all; but are you sure he's past all Recovery? Did you send for no Surgeon to bleed him!

True. No, my Lord, I forgot that—but I'll send immediately.

Y. W. No, no, Mr. Constable, 'tis too late now, too late—and the Lady would not come, you say?

True. Not a step wou'd she stir.

Y. W. Inhuman! barbarous!—dear, delicious Woman, thou now art mine—Where is the Body, Mr. Constable? I must see it.

True. By all means, my Lord, it lies in my Parlour, there's a power of Company come in, and among the rest one, one, one *Trueman*, I think they call him, a devilish hot Fellow, he had lik'd to have pull'd the House down about our Ears, and swears—I told him he should pay for swearing

swearing—he gave me a slap in the Face, said he was in the Army, and had a Commission for't.

Y. W. Captain *Trueman*? A blustering kind of Rake-belly Officer.

True. Ay, my Lord, one of those Scoundrels that we pay Wages to for being knock'd o' th'head for us.

Y. W. Ay, ay, one of those Fools that have only Brains to be knock'd out.

True. Son of a Whore. [*Aside.*] He's a plaguy impudent Fellow, my Lord; he swore that you were the greatest Villain upon the Earth.

Y. W. Ay, ay, but he durst not say that to my Face, Mr. Constable.

True. No, no, hang him, he said it behind your Back to be sure—and he swore moreover—Have a care, my Lord,—he swore that he would cut your Throat whenever he met you.

Y. W. Will you swear that you heard him say so?

True. Heard him! Ay, as plainly as you hear me: He spoke the very Words that I speak to your Lordship.

Y. W. Well, well, I'll manage him—But now I think not, I won't go to see the Body; it will but encrease my Grief.—Mr. Constable, do you send for the Coroner: They must find him *Non Compos*. He was mad before, you know. Here—something for your Trouble.

[*Gives Money.*]

True. Thank your Honour.—But pray, my Lord, have care of that *Trueman*; he swears that he'll cut your Throat, and he will do't, my Lord, he will do't.

Y. W. Never fear, never fear.

True. But he swore it, my Lord, and he will certainly do't. Pray have a Care.

[*Exit.*]

Y. W. Well, well,—so,—the Devil's in't if I ben't the eldest now. What a Pack of civil Relations have I here? My Father takes a Fit of the Apoplexy, makes a Face and goes off one way; my Brother takes a Fit of the Spleen, makes a Face and goes off t'other way.—Well, must own he has found the way to mollify me, and I love him now with all my Heart; since he was so very civil to juggle into the World before me, I think he will very civilly to juggle out of it before me.—But now my

my Joys ! Without there—hollo—take off the Inquisition of the Gate ; the Heir may now enter unsuspected.

*The Wolf is dead, the Shepherds may go play :
Ease follows Care, so rowls the World away.*

'Tis a Question whether Adversity or Prosperity makes the most Poets.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, a Footman brought this Letter, and waits for an Answer.

Y. W. Nothing from the *Elysian Fields* I hope. [*Opening the Letter.*] What do I see, *CONSTANCE*? Spell and Magic in every Letter of the Name—Now for the sweet Contents.

MY Lord, I am pleas'd to hear of your happy Change of Fortune, and shall be glad to see your Lordship this Evening to wish you Joy. CONSTANCE

Now the Devil's in this *Midnight* ; she told me this Afternoon that the Wind was chopping about, and has it got into the warm Corner already? Here, my Coach and five to the Door : I'll visit my *Sultana* in State. As for the *Seraglio* below Stairs, you, my *Bashaws*, may possess them. [*Exit*]

SCENE, *The Street.* Teague with a *Lanthorn*, True man in the *Constable's Habit* following.

True. Blockhead, thou hast led us out of the way ; we have certainly past the *Constable's House*.

Tea. Be me Shoule, dear Joy, I am never out of my ways ; for poor Teague has been a Vanderer ever since he was borned.

True. Hold up the *Lanthorn* : What is that? The *St. Alban's Tavern* ! Why, you blundering Fool, you have led me directly to *St. James's Square*, when you should have gone towards *Soho*. [*Shrieking within.*] Hark ! What Noise is that over the way? A Woman's Cry !

Tea. Fet is it—some Daumsel in Distress, I believe that has no mind to be reliev'd.

True. I'll use the Privilege of my Office to know what the Matter is.

Tea. Hold, hold, Maishter Captain, be me fet, dat ish not the way home,

Within]—Help, help, Murder! Help.

True. Ha! Here must be Mischief—Within there, open the Door in the King's Name, or I'll force it open.—Here, Teague, break open the Door.

[Teague takes the Staff, thumps at the Door.

Tea. Deel taake him, I have knock so long as I am able. Arah, Maishter, get a great long Ladder to get in the Window of the first Room, and sho open the Door, and let in your shelf.

Within.] Help, help, help.

True. Knock harder, let's raise the Mob.

Tea. O Maishter, I have tink just now of a brave Invention to make dem come out; and be St. Patrick, dat very Bushiness did maake my nown shelf and my Fader run like the Devil out of my nown Hoose in my Country:—Be me Shoule, fet the Hoose a-fire.

Enter the Mob.

Mob. What's the Matter, Master Constable?

True. Gentlemen, I command your Assistance in the King's Name, to break into the House: There is Murder cried within.

Mob. Ay, ay, break open the Door.

[Midnight at the Balcony.

Mid. What Noise is that below?

Tea. Arah, vat Noise is dat above?

Mid. Only a poor Gentlwoman in Labour;—'twill be over presently.—Here, Mr. Constable, there's something for you to drink. [Throws down a Purse, Teague takes it up.

Tea. Come, Maishter we have no more to shay, be me shoule, [Going.] Arah, if you will play the Constable right now, fet you will come away.

True. No, no; there must be Villainy by this Bribe. Who lives in this House?

Mob. A Midwife, a Midwife: 'Tis none of our Business; let us be gone. [Aurelia at the Window.

Aur. Gentlemen, dear Gentlemen, help! a Rape, a Rape, Villainy!

True. Ha! That Voice I know—Give me the Staff; I'll make a Breach, I warrant you.

[Breaks open the Door, and all go in.

SCENE changes to the Inside of the House.

Re-enter Trueman and Mob.

True. Gentlemen, search all about the House ; let not a Soul escape.

Enter Aurelia, running with her Hair about her Ears, and out of Breath.

Aur. Dear Mr. Constable,—had you—staid but a Moment longer, I had been ruined.

True. Aurelia ! Are you safe, Madam ?

Aur. Yes, yes ; I am safe—I think—but with enough to do : He's a devilish strong Fellow.

True. Where is the Villain that attempted it ?

Aur. Pshaw—never mind the Villain ;—look out the Woman of the House, the Devil, the Monster, that decoy'd me hither.

Enter Teague, hauling in Midnight by the Hair.

Tea. Be me Shoule, I have taaken my shaar of the Plunder. Let me shee, fat I have gotten, [*Takes her to the Light.*] Ububboo, a Witch, Witch ; the very saam Witch dat would swaar my Maishter was the youngest.

True. How ! *Midnight* ! This was the luckiest Disguise—Come, my dear *Proserpine*, I'll take care of you.

Mid. Pray, Sir, let me speak to you.

True. No, no ; I'll talk with you before a Magistrate—A Cart, *Bridewell* ;—you understand me—Teague, let her be your Prisoner, I'll wait on this Lady.

Aur. Mr. Constable, I'll reward you.

Tea. It ish convenient noo by the Law of Armsh, that I search my Prishoner, for fear she may have some Pocket-Pishtols : Dere is a Joak for you. [*Searches her Pocket.*]

Mid. Ah ! don't use an old Woman so barbarously.

Tea. Dear Joy, den fy vere you an old Woman ! Dat is your Falt, not mine, Joy ! Uboo, here ish noting but scribble scrabble Papers, I tink.

[*Pulls out a handful of Letters.*]

True. Let me see 'em ; they may be of Use—[*Looks over the Letters.*] For Mr. Richmore—Ah ! Does he traf-
fic hereabouts ?

Aur. That is the Villain that would have abused me.

True. Ha ! Then he has abus'd you ; Villain indeed !

—Was

—Was his Name *Richmore*, Mistress? a lusty handsome Man?

Aur. Ay, ay, the very same; a lusty, ugly Fellow.

True. Let me see—whose Scrawl is this? [*Opens the Letter.*] Death and Confusion to my Sight; *Clelia*! My Bride!—His Whore.—I've past a Precipice unseen, which to look back upon, shivers me with Terror.—This Night, this very Moment, had not my Friend been in Confinement, had not I worn this Dress, had not *Aurelia* been in Danger, had not *Teague* found this Letter, had the least minutest Circumstance been omitted, what a Monster had I been! Mistress, is the same *Richmore* in the House still, think'e?

Aur. 'Tis very probable he may.——

True. Very well.——*Teague*, take these Ladies over to the Tavern, and stay there till I come to you.——Madam, (*To Aurelia*) fear no Injury—your Friends are near you.

Aur. What does he mean?

Tea. Come, dear Joy, I vil give you a Pot of Wine, out of your own Briberies here.

[*Hauls out Midnight.* *Exit Aurelia and Mob.*

Manet Trueman.

Enter Richmore.

Rich. Since my Money won't prevail on this cross Fellow, I'll try what my Authority can do—What's the meaning of this Riot, Constable? I have the Commission of the Peace, and can command you. Go about your Business, and leave your Prisoners with me.

True. No, Sir; the Prisoners shall go about their Business, and I'll be left with you—Look'e, Master, we don't use to make up these Matters before Company: So you and I must be in private a little.—You say, Sir, that you are a Justice of Peace.

Rich. Yes, Sir; I have my Commission in my Pocket.

True. I believe it.—Now, Sir, one good Turn deserves another: And if you will promise to do me a Kindness, why, you shall have as good as you bring.

Rich. What is it?

True. You must know, Sir, there is a Neighbour's Daughter that I had a woundy Kindness for: She had a very good Repute all over the Parish, and might have married

married very handsomely, that I must say; but I don't know how, we came together after a very kindly natural manner, and I swore, that I must say, I did swear confidently, that I would marry her: But, I don't know how, I never car'd for marrying of her since.

Rich. How so?

True. Why, because I did my Business without it: That was the best way, I thought—The Truth is, she has some foolish Reasons to say she's with Child, and threatens mainly to have me taken up with a Warrant, and brought before a Justice of Peace. Now, Sir, I intend to come before you, and I hope your Worship will bring me off.

Rich. Look'e, Sir, if the Woman prove with Child, and you swore to marry her, you must do't.

True. Ay, Master; but I am for Liberty and Property. I vote for Parliament-men: I pay Taxes, and truly I don't think Matrimony consistent with the Liberty of the Subject.

Rich. But in this Case, Sir, both Law and Justice will oblige you.

True. Why, if it be the Law of the Land—I found a Letter here—I think it is for your Worship.

Rich. Ay, Sir, how came you by it?

True. By a very strange Accident truly—*Clelia*—she says here you swore to marry her. Eh!—Now, Sir, I suppose that what is Law for a Petty Constable, may be Law for a Justice of Peace.

Rich. This is the oddest Fellow ———

True. Here was the t'other Lady that cried out so—I warrant now, if I were brought before you for ravishing a Woman—the Gallows wou'd ravish me for't.

Rich. But I did not ravish her.

True. That I'm glad to hear: I wanted to be sure of that.

Rich. I don't like this Fellow. Come, Sir, give me my Letter, and go about your Business; I have no more to say to you. [Aside.]

True. But I have something to say to you.

Rich. What!

True. Dog.

[Coming up to him.]

[Strikes him.]
Rich.

Rich. Ha! struck by a Peasant! [*Draws.*] Slave, thy Death is certain. [*Runs at Trueman.*]

True. O brave Don John, Rape and Murder in one Night! [*Disarms him.*]

Rich. Rascal, return my Sword, and acquit your Prisoners, else will I prosecute thee to Beggary. I'll give some Petty-fogger a thousand Pound to starve thee and thy Family according to Law.

True. I'll lay you a thousand Pounds you won't. [*Discovering himself.*]

Rich. Ghosts and Apparitions! *Trueman!*

True. Words are needless to upbraid you; my very Looks are sufficient; and if you have the least Sense of Shame, this Sword wou'd be less painful in your Heart, than my Appearance is in your Eye.

Rich. Truth, by Heavens.

True. Think on the Contents of this [*shewing a Letter*] think next on me; reflect upon your Villainy to *Aurelia*, then view thyself.

Rich. *Trueman*, canst thou forgive me?

True. Forgive thee! [*A long Pause.*] Do one thing, and I will.

Rich. Any thing:—I'll beg thy Pardon.

True. The Blow excuses that.

Rich. I'll give thee half my Estate.

True. Mercenary.

Rich. I'll make thee my sole Heir.

True. I despise it.

Rich. What shall I do?

True. You shall——marry *Clelia*.

Rich. How! that's too hard.

True. Too hard! Why was it then impos'd on me? If you marry her yourself, I shall believe you intended me no Injury: so your Behaviour will be justified, my Resentment appeas'd, and the Lady's Honour repair'd.

Rich. 'Tis infamous.

True. No, by Heavens, 'tis Justice, and what is just is honourable: If Promises from Man to Man have Force, why not from Man to Woman?——Their very Weakness is the Charter of their Power, and they should not be injur'd, because they can't return it.

Rich. Return my Sword.

G. 3.

True.

True. In my Hand 'tis the Sword of Justice, and I should not part with it.

Rich. Then sheath it here, I'll die before I consent so basely.

True. Consider, Sir, the Sword is worn for a distinguishing Mark of Honour—Promise me one, and receive no other.

Rich. I'll promise nothing, till I have that in my Power.

True. Take it.

[*Throws him his Sword.*]

Rich. I scorn to be compell'd even to Justice; and now that I may resist, I yield.—*Trueman*, I have injur'd thee, and *Celia* I have severely wrong'd.

True. Wrong'd indeed, Sir;—and to aggravate the Crime, the fair Afflicted loves you. Mark'd you with what Confusion she receiv'd me? She wept, the injur'd Innocence wept, and with a strange Reluctance gave consent; her moving Softness pierc'd my Heart, tho' I mistook the Cause.

Rich. Your youthful Virtue warms my Breast, and melts it into Tenderness.

True. Indulge it, Sir; Justice is noble in any Form; think of the Joys and Raptures will possess her, when she finds you instead of me: You, the dear Dissembler, the Man she loves, the Man she gave for lost, to find him true, return'd, and in her Arms.

Rich. No new Possession can give equal joy:—It shall be done, the Priest that waits for you shall tie the Knot this Moment; in the Morning I'll expect you'll give me Joy.

[*Exit.*]

True. So, is not this better now than cutting off Throats? I have got my Revenge, and the Lady will have hers without Bloodshed.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to an Apartment; Constance and Servant.

Ser. He's just a coming up, Madam.

Con. My Civility to this Man will be as great a Constraint upon me, as Rudeness would be to his Brother; but I must bear it a little, because our Designs require it; [*Enter Y. Wouldbe.*] his Appearance shocks me:—My Lord, I wish you Joy.

Y. W.

Y. W. Madam, 'tis only in your Power to give it; and wou'd you honour me with a Title to be really proud of, it should be that of your humblest Servant.

Con. I never admitted any body to the Tit'e of an humble Servant, that I did not intend should command me; if your Lordship will bear with the Slavery, you shall begin when you please, provided you take upon you the Authority when I have a mind.

Y. W. Our Sex, Madam, make much better Lovers than Husbands; and I think it highly unreasonable, that you shou'd put yourself in my Power, when you can so absolutely keep me in yours.

Con. No, my Lord, we never truly command till we have given our Promise to obey; and we are never in more danger of being made Slaves, than when we have 'em at our Feet.

Y. W. True, Madam, the greatest Empires are in most danger of falling: but it is better to be absolute there, than to act by a Prerogative that is confin'd.

Con. Well, well, my Lord, I like the Constitution we live under; I'm for a limited Power, or none at all.

Y. W. You have so much the Heart of the Subject, Madam, that you may rule as you please; but you have weak Pretences to a limited Sway, where your Eyes have already play'd the Tyrant.——I think one Privilege of the People is to kiss their Sovereign's Hand.

[Taking her Hand.

Con. Not till they have taken the Oaths, my Lord; and he that refuses them in the Form the Law prescribes, is, I think, no better than a Rebel.

Y. W. By Shrines and Altars, [Kneeling] by all that you think just, and I hold good, by this, [Taking her Hand] the fairest, and the dearest Vow——[Kissing her Hand.

Con. Fie, my Lord.

[Seemingly yielding.

Y. W. Your Eyes are mine, they bring me Tidings from your Heart, that this Night I shall be happy.

Con. Would not you despise a Conquest so easily gain'd?

Y. W. Yours will be the Conquest, and I shall despise all the World but you.

Con. But will you promise to make no Attempts upon my Honour?

Y. W. That's foolish. [*Aside.*] Not Angels sent on Messages to Earth, shall visit with more Innocence.

Con. Ay, ay, to be sure.—[*Aside*] My Lord, I'll send one to conduct you. [*Exit.*]

Y. W. Ha, ha, ha ;—no Attempts upon her Honour? When I can find the Place where it lies. I'll tell her more of my Mind.—Now do I feel ten thousand *Cupids* tickling me all over with the Points of their Arrows.—Where's my Deformity now? I have read somewhere these Lines :

*Tho' Nature cast me in a rugged Mould,
Since Fate has chang'd the Bullion into Gold;
Cupid returns, breaks all his Shafts of Lead,
And tips each Arrow with a Golden Head.
Feather'd with Title, the gay lordly Dart
Flies proudly on, whilst every Virgin's Heart
Swells with Ambition to receive the Smart.*

Enter Elder Wou'dbe behind him.

E. W. Thus to adorn Dramatic Story,
Stage Hero struts in borrow'd Glory,
Proud and August as ever Man saw,
And ends his Empire in a Stanza.

[Slaps him on the Shoulder.

Y. W. Ha! my Brother!

E. W. No, perfidious Man; all Kindred and Relation I disown: The poor Attempts upon my Fortune I cou'd pardon, but thy base Designs upon my Love, I can never forgive;—my Honour, Birthright, Riches, All I could more freely spare, than the least Thought of thy prevailing here.

Y. W. How! my Hopes deceiv'd; curs'd be the fair Delusions of her Sex; whilst only Man oppos'd my Cunning, I stood secure; but soon as Woman interpos'd, Luck chang'd Hands, and the Devil was immediately on her side.—Well, Sir, much good may do you with your Mistress, and may you love and live, and starve together. [*Going.*]

E. W. Hold, Sir, I was lately your Prisoner, now you are mine; when the Ejectment is executed, you shall be at Liberty.

Y. W.

Y. W. Ejection!

E. W. Yes, Sir, by this time, I hope, my Friends have purged my Father's House of that debauch'd and riotous Swarm that you had hiv'd together.

Y. W. Confusion, Sir, let me pass; I am the Elder, and will be obey'd. [Draws.]

E. W. Dar'st thou dispute the Eldership so nobly?

Y. W. I dare, and will, to the last Drop of my inveterate Blood. [They fight.]

Enter Trueman and Teague. Trueman strikes down their Swords.

True. Hold, hold! my Lord, I have brought those shall soon decide the Controversy.

Y. W. If I mistake not, this is the Villain that decoy'd me abroad.

[Runs at Trueman, Teague catches his Arm behind, and takes away his Sword.]

Tea. Ay, be me Shoule, thish ish the besht Guard upon the Rules of Fighting, to catch a Man behind his Back.

True. My Lord, a Word: [Whispers E. Wou'dbe.] Now, Gentlemen, please to hear this venerable Lady.

[Goes to the Door and brings in Midnight.]

E. W. Midnight in Custody!

Tea. In my Custody, fet.

True. Now, Madam, you know what Punishment is destin'd for the Injury offer'd to Aurelia, if you don't immediately confess the Truth.

Mid. Then I must own, (Heaven forgive me) [Weeping] I must own, that Hermes, as he was still esteem'd, so he is the First-born.

Tea. A very honest Woman, be me Shoule.

Y. W. That Confession is extorted by Fear, and therefore of no Force.

True. Ay, Sir, but here is your Letter to her, with the Ink scarce dry, where you repeat your Offer of Five hundred Pound a Year to swear in your Behalf.

Tea. Dat was Teague's finding out, and I believe St. Patrick put it in my Thoughts to pick her Pockets.

Enter Constance and Aurelia.

Con. I hope, Mr. *Woud'be*, you will make no Attempts upon my Person.

Y. W. Damn your Person.

E. W. But pray, Madam, where have you been all this Evening? [*To Aurelia.*]

Aur. Very busy, I can assure you, Sir; here's an honest Constable that I could find in my Heart to marry, had the greasy Rogue but one Drop of genteel Blood in his Veins; what's become of him? [*Looking about.*]

Con. Bless me, Cousin, marry a Constable!

Aur. Why truly, Madam, if that Constable had not come in a very critical Minute, by this Time I had been glad to marry any Body.

True. I take you at your Word, Madam, you shall marry him this Moment; and if you don't say that I have genteel Blood in my Veins by to-morrow Morning—

Aur. And was it you, Sir?

True. Look'e, Madam, don't be asham'd; I found you a little in *disshabille*, that's the truth on't, but you made a brave Defence.

Aur. I am oblig'd to you; and tho' you were a little whimsical to-day, this late Adventure has taught me how dangerous it is to provoke a Gentleman by ill Usage; therefore, if my Lord and this Lady will shew us a good Example, I think we must follow our Leaders, Captain.

True. As boldly as when Honour calls.

Con. My Lord, there was taken among your Brother's jovial Crew, his Friend *Subtleman*, whom we have taken care to secure.

E. W. For him the Pillory; for you, Madam—

Tea. Be me Shoule, she shall be married to *Maishter Fuller*. [*To Midnight.*]

E. W. For you, Brother!—

Y. W. Poverty and Contempt—

*To which I yie'd as to a milder Fate,
Than Obligations from the Man I hate.*

[*Exit.*]

E. W. Then take thy Wish—And now, I hope, all Parties have receiv'd their due Rewards and Punishments.

Tea. But what will you do for poor *Teague*, *Maishter*?

E. W.

E. W. What shall I do for thee?

Tea. Arah, maak me a Justice of Peash, dear Joy.

E. W. Justice of Peace! thou art not qualified, Man.

Tea. Yest, set am I—I can take the Oats, and write my Mark—I can be an honesht Man myshelf, and keep a great Rogue for my Clerk.

E. W. Well, well, you shall be taken Care of; and now, Captain, we set out for Happinefs.——

*Let none despair, whate'er their Fortunes be,
Fortune must yield, wou'd Men but act like me.
Chuse a brave Friend as Part'ner of your Breast,
Be active when your Right is in Contest;
Be true to Love, and Fate will do the rest.*

}



E P I-



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by AURELIA.

OUR Poet open'd with a loud warlike Blast,
 But now weak Woman is his safest Cast,
 To bring him off with Quarter at the last :
 Not that he's vain to think, that I can say,
 Or he can write fine Things to help the Play.
 The various Scenes have drain'd his Strength and Art ;
 And I, you know, had a hard struggling Part :
 But then he brought me off with Life and Limb ;
 Ah ! Wou'd that I cou'd do as much for him——
 Stay, let me think——your Favours to excite,
 I still must act the Part I play'd to-night.
 For whatsoe'er may be your sly Pretence,
 You like those best that make the best Defence :
 But this is needless——'Tis in vain to crave it,
 If you have damn'd the Play, no Power can save it ;
 Not all the Wits of Athens, and of Rome ;
 Not Shakespeare, Johnson, cou'd revoke its Doom :
 Nay, what is more——if once your Anger rouses,
 Not all the court'd Beauties of both Houses.
 He wou'd have ended here,——but I thought meet,
 To tell him there was left one safe Retreat,
 Protection sacred at the Ladies Feet.
 To that he answer'd in submissive Strain,
 He paid all Homage to this Female Reign,
 And therefore turn'd his Satyr 'gainst the Men.
 From your great Queen, this sovereign Right ye draw,
 To keep the Wits, as she the World, in Awe.

EPILOGUE.

81

To her bright Sceptre, your bright Eyes they bow;
 Such awful Splendor fits on every Brow,
 All Scandal on the Sex were Treason now.
 The Play can tell with what poetic Care,
 He labour'd to redress the injur'd Fair.
 And if you won't protect, the Man will damn him there.
 Then save the Muse that flies to you for Aid;
 Perhaps my poor Request may some persuade,
 Because it is the first I ever made.



THE



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THE
Recruiting Officer:
A
COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
COVENT GARDEN.

— *Captique dolis, donisque coacti.*
Vir. Lib. II. Æneid.

L O N D O N:
Printed for T. CASLON, and T. LOWNDES.

M,DCC,LXXII.

THE

Accounting Officer:



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TO ALL

Friends round the *Wrekin*.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

INstead of the mercenary Expectations that attend Ad-dresses of this Nature, I humbly beg that this may be received as an Acknowledgment for the Favours you have already conferred; I have transgressed the Rules of Dedication, in offering you any thing in that Stile, without first asking your Leave: But the Entertainment I found in *Shropshire*, commands me to be grateful, and that's all I intend.

It was my good Fortune to be ordered some time ago into the Place which is made the Scene of this Comedy; I was a perfect Stranger to every thing in *Salop*, but its Character of Loyalty, the Number of its Inhabitants, the Alacrity of the Gentlemen in Recruiting the Army, with their generous and hospitable Reception of Strangers.

This Character I found so amply verified in every Particular, that you made Recruiting, which is the greatest Fatigue upon Earth to others, to be the greatest Pleasure in the World to me.

The Kingdom cannot shew better Bodies of Men, better Inclinations for the Service, more Generosity, more good Understanding, nor more Politeness, than is to be found at the Foot of the *Wrekin*.

Some little Turns of Humour that I met with almost within the Shade of that famous Hill, gave the Rise to this Comedy; and People were apprehensive that, by the
Example.

Example of some others, I would make the Town merry at the Expence of the Country-gentlemen : But they forgot that I was to write a Comedy, not a Libel ; and that whilst I held to Nature, no Person of any Character in your Country could suffer by being expos'd. I have drawn the Justice and the Clown in their *Puris Naturalibus* ; the one an apprehensive, sturdy, brave Blockhead ; and the other a worthy, honest, generous Gentleman, hearty in his Country's Cause, and of as good an Understanding as I could give him, which I must confess is far short of his own.

I humbly beg leave to interline a Word or two of the Adventures of the *Recruiting Officer* upon the Stage. Mr. *Rich*, who commands the Company for which those Recruits were raised, has desired me to acquit him before the World of a Charge which he thinks lies heavy upon him, for acting this Play on Mr. *Durfey's* third Night.

Be it known unto all Men, by these Presents, That it was my Act and Deed, or rather Mr. Durfey's ; for he would play his third Night against the first of mine. He brought down a huge Flight of frightful Birds upon me ; when (Heaven knows) I had not a feather'd Fowl in my Play, except one single Kite : But I presently made Plume a Bird, because of his Name, and Brazen another, because of the Feather in his Hat ; and with these three I engaged his whole Empire, which I think was as great a Wonder as any in the Sun.

But to answer his Complaints more gravely, the Season was far advanced ; the Officers that made the greatest Figures in my Play were all commanded to their Posts abroad, and waited only for a Wind, which might possibly turn in less than a Day : And I know none of Mr. *Durfey's* Birds that had Posts abroad but his *Woodcocks*, and their Season is over ; so that he might put off a Day with less Prejudice than the *Recruiting Officer* could ; who has this farther to say for himself, that he was posted before the other spoke, and could not with credit recede from his Station.

These and some other Rubs this Comedy met with before it appeared. But on the other hand, it had powerful Helps to set it forward : The Duke of *Ormond* encouraged the Author, and the Earl of *Orrery* approved the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

5

the Play. My *Recruits* were reviewed by my *General* and my *Colonel*, and could not fail to *pass Muster*; and still to add to my Success, they were raised among my *Friends* round the Wrekin.

This Health has the Advantage over our other celebrated Toasts, never to grow worse for the Wearing: It is a lasting Beauty, old without Age, and common without Scandal. That you may live long to set it cheerfully round, and to enjoy the abundant Pleasures of your fair and plentiful Country, is the hearty Wish of,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most Obliged,

And most obedient Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

THE



T H E
P R O L O G U E.

*I*N ancient Times when Hellen's fatal Charms
 Rouz'd the contending Universe to Arms,
 The Græcian Council happily deputed
 The sly Ulysses forth—to raise Recruits.
 The artful Captain found, without Delay,
 Where Great Achilles, a Deserter, lay.
 Him Fate had warn'd to shun the Trojan Blows :
 Him Greece requir'd—against their Trojan Foes.
 All their recruiting Arts were needful here,
 To raise this great, this tim'rous Volunteer.
 Ulysses well could talk—he stirs, he warms
 The warlike Youth—He listens to the Charms
 Of Plunders, fine lac'd Coats, and glitt'ring Arms.
 Ulysses caught the young aspiring Boy,
 And list'd him who wrought the Fate of Troy.
 Thus by Recruiting was bold Hector slain :
 Recruiting thus fair Hellen did regain.
 If for one Hellen such prodigious Things
 Were acted, that they even list'd Kings ;
 If for one Hellen's artful, vicious Charms,
 Half the transported World was found in Arms ;
 What for so many Hellens may we dare,
 Whose Minds as well as Faces are so fair ?

PROLOGUE.

7.

*If by one Hellen's Eyes, Old Greece cou'd find
 Its Homer fir'd to write, ev'n Homer blind;
 The Britons sure beyond compare may write.
 That view so many Hellens ev'ry Night.*



D R A.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.
COVENT GARDEN, 1772.

M E N.

Captain *Plume*,
Worthy,
Justice *Ballance*,
Bullock,
Captain *Braxen*,
Kite,

Mr. *Smith*.
Mr. *Du-Bellamy*.
Mr. *Hull*.
Mr. *Dunfall*.
Mr. *Woodward*.
Mr. *Morris*.

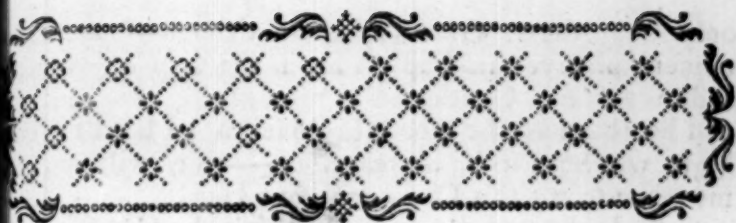
W O M E N.

Melinda,
Sylvia,
Lucy,
Rose,

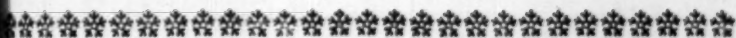
Mrs. *Baker*.
Mrs. *Leffingham*.
Mrs. *Pitt*.
Mrs. *Kniveton*.

Constable, Recruits, Mob, Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, SHREWSBURY.



THE
RECRUITING OFFICER.

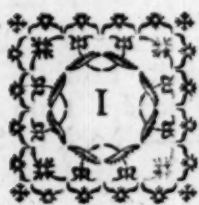


ACT I.

SCENE, *The Market-Place.*—*Drum beats the Granadier-march.*

Enter Serjeant Kite, follow'd by Thomas Apple-Tree, Colstar Pear-main, and the Mob.

Kite making a Speech.



IF any Gentlemen Soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve her Majesty, and pull down the *French King*: If any 'Prentices have severe Masters, any Children have undutiful Parents: If any Servants have too little Wages, or any Husband too much Wife: Let them repair to the noble Serjeant Kite, at the Sign of the *Raven*, in this good Town of *Shrewsbury*, and they shall receive present Relief and Entertainment.——Gentlemen, I don't beat my Drums here to insnare or inveigle any Man, for you must know, Gentlemen, that I am a Man of Honour: Besides, I don't beat up for common Soldiers; no, I list only

only Granadiers, Granadiers, Gentlemen—Pray, Gentlemen, observe this Cap—This is the Cap of Honour it dubs a Man a Gentleman in the drawing of a Trickster and he that has the good Fortune to be born fix Foot high, was born to be a great Man—Sir, will you give me leave to try this Cap upon your Head?

Cost. Is there no harm in't? Won't the Cap list me?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can—Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Cost. Are you sure there be no Conjuration in it? No Gunpowder Plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, Friend; don't fear, Man.

Cost. My Mind misgives me plaguily—Let me see it—*[Going to put it on]* It smells woundily of Sweat and Brimstone. Smell Tumma!

Tho. Ay, wauns does it.

Cost. Pray, Serjeant, what Writing is this upon the Face of it?

Kite. The Crown, or the Bed of Honour.

Cost. Pray now, what may be that same Bed of Honour?

Kite. O! a mighty large Bed! bigger by half than the great Bed at *Ware*—ten thousand People may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Cost. My Wife and I would do well to lie in't, for we don't care for feeling one another.—But do Folk sleep sound in this same Bed of Honour.

Kite. Sound? Ay, so sound that they never 'wake.

Cost. Wauns! I wish again that my Wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so! Then, I find, Brother—

Cost. Brother! Hold there Friend; I am no Kindred to you that I know of yet—Look'e, Serjeant, no Coaxing, no Wheedling, d'ye see—If I have a mind to list, why so—If not, why 'tis not so—therefore take your Cap and your Brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present Writing—No Coaxing, no Brothering me, Faith.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it! Sir, I have serv'd twenty Campaigns—But, Sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a Man every Inch of you, a pretty young sprightly Fellow—I love a Fellow with a Spirit; but I scorn to coax, 'tis base: Tho' I must say,

that never in my Life had I seen a Man better built! how firm and strong he treads! He steps like a Castle; but I scorn to wheedle any Man—Come honest Lad, will you take Share of a Pot?

Cost. Nay, for that Matter, I'll spend my Penny with the best he that wears a Head, that is, begging your Pardon, Sir, and in a fair Way.

Kite. Give me your Hand then; and now Gentlemen, I have no more to say, but this—Here's a Purse of Gold, and there is a Tub of humming Ale at my Quarters—'Tis the Queen's Money, and the Queen's Drink—She's a generous Queen, and loves her Subjects—I hope, Gentlemen, you won't refuse the Queen's Health?

All Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza then! huzza for the Queen, and the Honour of *Shropshire*.

All Mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat Drum. [*Exeunt Shouting, Drum beating of Grenadier's March.*]

Enter Plume in a Riding Habit.

Plum. By the Grenadier March that shou'd be my Drum; and by that Shout. it shou'd beat with Success—Let me see—Four o'Clock—[*Looking on his Watch.*] At Ten Yesterday Morning I left *London*—A hundred and twenty Miles in thirty Hours is pretty smart Riding, but nothing to the Fatigue of Recruiting.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Welcome to *Shrewsbury*, noble Captain: From the Banks of the *Danube* to the *Severn* Side, noble Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. A very elegant Reception indeed, Mr. *Kite*. I find you are fairly enter'd into your Recruiting Strain:—Pray what Success?

Kite. I have been here a Week, and I have recruited Five!

Plume. Five! Pray what are they?

Kite. I have lifted the strong Man of *Kent*, the King of the *Gypsies*, a *Scotch* Pedlar, a Scoundrel Attorney, and a *Welsh* Parson.

Plume. An Attorney! Wert thou mad? Lift a Lawyer! Discharge him, discharge him this Minute.

Kite. Why, Sir?

VOL. II.

H

Plume.

The Recruiting Officer.

Plume. Because I will have Nobody in my Company that can write; a Fellow that can write, can draw Petitions—I say this Minute discharge him.

Kite. And what shall I do with the Parson?

Plume. Can he write?

Kite. Hum! He plays rarely upon the Fiddle.

Plume. Keep him by all means——But how stands the Country affected? Were the People pleas'd with the News of my coming to Town?

Kite. Sir, the Mob are so pleas'd with your Honour, and the Justices and better Sort of People are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do your Business——But, Sir, you have got a Recruit here that you little think of.

Plume. Who?

Kite. One that you beat up for the last time you were in the Country: You remember your old Friend *Molly* at the Castle?

Plume. She's not with Child, I hope.

Kite. No, no, Sir—she was brought to bed Yesterday.

Plume. *Kite*, you must father the Child.

Kite. And so her Friends will oblige me to marry the Mother.

Plume. If they shou'd, we'll take her with us; she can wash you know, and make a Bed upon occasion.

Kite. Ay, or unmake it upon occasion. But your Honour knows that I am married already.

Plume. To how many?

Kite. I can't tell readily—I have set them down here upon the back of the Muster-roll. [*Draws it out.*] Let me see—*Imprimis*, Mrs. *Shely Snikereyes*, she sells Potatoes upon *Ormond-Key* in *Dublin*—*Peggy Guzzle*, the Brandy Woman, at the Horse-Guards at *Whitehall*—*Dolly Waggon*, the Carrier's Daughter at *Hull*—*Madamoiselle Van-bottom-flat* at the *Bus*—Then *Jenny Oakham*, the Ship Carpenter's Widow, at *Portsmouth*; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was married at the same Time to two Lieutenants of Marines, and a Man of War's Boatswain.

Plume. A full Company——You have nam'd five——Come, make 'em half a dozen;—*Kite*—is the Child a Boy or a Girl?

Kite.

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The Recruiting Officer.

13

Kite. A Chopping Boy.

Plume. Then set the Mother down in your List, and the Boy in mine: Enter him a Grenadier by the Name of *Francis Kite*, absent upon Furlow—I'll allow you a Man's Pay for his Subsistence, and now go comfort the Wench in the Straw.

Kite. I shall, Sir.

Plume. But hold, have you made any use of your German Doctor's Habit since you arriv'd?

Kite. Yes, yes, Sir, and my Fame's all about the Country for the most faithful Fortune-teller that ever told a Lie.—I was oblig'd to let my Landlord into the Secret, for the Convenience of keeping it so; but he's an honest Fellow, and will be faithful to any Roguery that is trusted to him. This Device, Sir, will get you Men, and me Money, which, I think, is all we want at present—But yonder comes your Friend, Mr. *Worthy*.—Has your Honour any farther Commands?

Plume. None at present. [*Exit Kite.*] 'Tis indeed the Picture of *Worthy*, but the Life's departed.

Enter Worthy.

What, Arms a-crofs, *Worthy*! Methinks you should hold 'em open, when a Friend's so near—The Man has got the Vapours in his Ears, I believe: I must expel this melancholy Spirit.

Spleen, thou worst of Fiends below,

Fly, I conjure thee, by this Magic Blow.

[*Slaps Worthy on the Shoulder.*]

Wor. *Plume*! my dear Captain, welcome. Safe and sound return'd!

Plume. I 'scap'd safe from Germany, and sound, I hope, from London; you see I have lost neither Leg, Arm, nor Nose: Then for my Inside, 'tis neither troubled with Sympathies nor Antipathies; and I have an excellent Stomach for Roast-Beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy Fellow, once I was so.

Plume. What ails thee, Man? No Inundations nor Earthquakes in *Wales*, I hope? Has your Father rose from the Dead, and re-assum'd his Estate?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are married surely.

H 2

Wor.

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are mad, or turning Quaker.

Wor. Come, I must out with it ——— Your once gay, roving Friend, is dwindled into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantic, constant Coxcomb.

Plume. And pray what is all this for?

Wor. For a Woman.

Plume. Give me thy Hand: If thou go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a Coxcomb as your Worship.

Wor. For whom?

Plume. For a Regiment—But for a Woman! 'Sdeath! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one, and can the Love of one bring you into this Condition? Pray, who is this wonderful *Hellen*!

Wor. A *Hellen* indeed, not to be won under a ten Years Siege, as great a Beauty and as great a Jilt.

Plume. A Jilt! Pho! Is she as great a Whore?

Wor. No, no.

Plume. 'Tis ten thousand pities: But who is she? Do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Plume. That's impossible—I know no Woman that will hold out a ten Year's Siege.

Wor. What think ye of *Melinda*?

Plume. *Melinda*! Why she began to Capitulate this time Twelve-month, and offered to Surrender upon honourable Terms; and I advis'd you to propose a Settlement of five hundred Pounds a-Year to her, before I went last abroad.

Wor. I did, and she hearken'd to it, desiring only one Week to consider——When, beyond her Hopes, the Town was reliev'd, and I forc'd to turn my Siege into a Blockade.

Plume. Explain, explain.

Wor. My Lady *Richly*, her Aunt in *Flintshire* dies, and leaves her, at this critical Time, twenty thousand Pounds.

Plume. Oh the Devil! What a delicate Woman was there spoil'd! But by the Rules of War now—*Werthy*, Blockade was foolish—After such a Convoy of Provisions was enter'd the Place, you could have no thought of reducing it by Famine; you should have redoubled your

Attacks,

Attacks, taken the Town by Storm, or have died upon the Breach.

Wor. I did make one general Assault, and push'd it with all my Forces; but I was so vigorously repuls'd, that despairing of ever gaining her for a Mistress, I have alter'd my Conduct, given my Addressees the obsequious and distant Turn, and court her now for a Wife.

Plume. So as you grew Obsequious, she grew Haughty; and because you approach'd her as a Goddess, she us'd you like a Dog.

Wor. Exactly.

Plume. 'Tis the way of 'em all.——Come, *Worthy*, your obsequious and distant Airs will never bring you together; you must not think to surmount her Pride by your Humility: Wou'd you bring her to better Thoughts of you, she must be reduc'd to a meaner Opinion of herself. Let me see, the very first thing that I would do, should be to lie with her Chamber-maid, and hire three or four Wenches in the Neighbourhood to report that I had got them with Child——Suppose we Lampoon'd all the pretty Women in Town, and left her out; or, what if we made a Ball, and forgot to invite Her with one or two of the Ugliest.

Wor. These wou'd be Mortifications, I must confess; but we live in such a precise, dull Place, that we can have no Balls, no Lampoons, no——

Plume. What! no Bastards! and so many Recruiting Officers in Town! I thought 'twas a Maxim among them, to leave as many Recruits in the Country as they carried out.

Wor. Nobody doubts your good Will, noble Captain, in serving your Country with your best Blood, witness our Friend *Molly* at the Castle; there have been Tears in Town about that Business, Captain.

Plume. I hope *Sylvia* has not heard of it.

Wor. O. Sir, have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot poor *Sylvia*.

Plume. Your Affairs had quite put mine out of my Head. 'Tis true, *Sylvia* and I had once agreed to go to Bed together, could we have adjusted Preliminaries; but she wou'd have the Wedding before Consummation, as I was for Consummation before the Wedding;

we cou'd not agree. She was a pert, obstinate Fool, and wou'd lose her Maidenhead her own way, so she may keep it for *Plume*.

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no other Conditions?

Plume. Your Pardon, Sir, I'll marry upon no Condition at all.—If I should, I am resolv'd never to bind myself to a Woman for my whole Life, till I know whether I shall like her Company for half an Hour. Suppose I married a Woman that wanted a Leg—such a thing might be, unless I examin'd the Goods beforehand—if People would but try one another's Constitutions before they engag'd, it would prevent all these Elopements, Divorces, and the Devil knows what.

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the Town did not stick to say, that—

Plume. I hate Country-towns for that Reason—if your Town has a dishonourable Thought of *Sylvia*, it deserves to be burnt to the Ground.—I love *Sylvia*, I admire her frank, generous Disposition—There's something in that Girl more than Woman, her Sex is but a Foil to her. The Ingratitude, Dissimulation, Envy, Pride, Avarice, and Vanity of her Sister Females, do but set off their Contraries in her—In short, were I once a General, I would marry her.

Wor. Faith, you have Reason—for were you but a Corporal, she wou'd marry you—But my *Melinda* conquets it with every Fellow she sees—I'll lay Fifty Pounds she makes Love to you.

Plume. I'll lay you a Hundred that I return it, if she does—Look'e, *Worthy*, I'll Win her, and give her to you afterwards.

Wor. If you win her, you shall wear her, Faith; I would not value the Conquest, without the Credit of the Victory.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Captain, a Word in your Ear.

Plume. You may speak out, here are none but Friends.

Kite. You know, Sir, that you sent me to comfort the good Woman in the Straw, Mrs. *Molly*—my Wife, Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. O ho! very well, I wish you Joy, Mr. *Kite*.

Kite.

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Kite. Your Worship very well may—for I have got both a Wife and Child in half an Hour—but as I was saying—You sent me to comfort Mrs. *Molly*—my Wife I mean—but what d'ye think, Sir? She was better comforted before I came.

Plume. As how!

Kite. Why, Sir, a Footman in a blue livery had brought her ten Guineas to buy her Baby Clothes.

Plume. Who, in the Name of Wonder could send them?

Kite. Nay, Sir, I must whisper that—Mrs. *Sylvia*.

[*Whispers.*]

Plume. *Sylvia*! Generous Creature!

Wor. *Sylvia*? Impossible!

Kite. Here are the Guineas, Sir.—I took the Gold as Part of my Wife's Portion. Nay, farther, Sir, she sent Word the Child should be taken all imaginable Care of, and that she intended to stand God-mother. The same Footman, as I was coming to you with this News, call'd after me, and told me, that his Lady would speak with me—I went, and upon hearing that you were come to Town, she gave me half a Guinea for the News; and order'd me to tell you, that Justice *Bal'ance*, her Father, who is just come out of the Country, would be glad to see you.

Plume. There's a Girl for you, *Worthy*—Is there any thing of Woman in this? No, 'tis noble, generous, manly Friendship; shew me another Woman that would lose an Inch of her Prerogative that way, without Tears, Fits, and Reproaches. The common Jealousy of her Sex, which is nothing but their Avarice of Pleasure, she despises; and can part with the Lover, tho' she dies for the Man—Come, *Worthy*—Where's the best Wine? For there I'll quarter.

Wor. *Horton* has a fresh Pipe of choice *Barcelona*, which I would not let him pierce before, because I reserv'd the Maidenhead of it for your Welcome to Town.

Plume. Let's away then—Mr. *Kite*, go to the Lady with my humble Service, and tell her, I shall only refresh a little, and wait upon her.

Wor. Hold, *Kite*,—have you seen the other Recruiting Captain?

The Recruiting Officer.

Kite No, Sir, I'd have you to know I don't keep such Company.

Plume. Another! Who is he?

Wor. My Rival in the first place, and the most unaccountable Fellow—but I'll tell you more as we go.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Melinda and Sylvia meeting.

Mel. Welcome to Town, Cousin *Sylvia*, [*Salute*.] I envy'd you your Retreat in the Country: for *Shrewsbury*, methinks, and all your Heads of Shires, are the most irregular Places for living; here we have Smoak, Noise, Scandal, Affectation, and Pretension; in short, every thing to give the Spleen—and nothing to divert it—then the Air is intolerable.

Syl. O Madam! I have heard the Town commended for its Air.

Mel. But you don't consider, *Sylvia*, how long I have lived in't! for I can assure you, that to a Lady, the least nice in her Constitution—no Air can be good above half a Year. Change of Air, I take to be the most agreeable of any Variety in Life.

Syl. As you say, Cousin *Melinda*, there are several sorts of Airs.

Mel. Pshaw! I talk only of the Air we breathe, or more properly of that we taste—Have not you, *Sylvia*, found a vast difference in the Taste of Airs?

Syl. Pray, Cousin, are not Vapours a sort of Air? taste Air! you might as well tell me, I may feed upon Air: But prithee, my dear *Melinda*, don't put on such an Air to me. Your Education and mine were just the same; and I remember the time when we never troubled our Heads about Air, but when the sharp Air from the *Welch* Mountains made our Fingers aké in a cold Morning at the Boarding-school.

Mel. Our Education, Cousin, was the same, but our Temperaments had nothing alike; you have the Constitution of an Horse.

Syl. So far as to be troubled with neither Spleen, Cholic, nor Vapours; I need no Salts for my Stomach, no Harts-horn for my Head, nor Wash for my Com-
pletion

p'ection. I can gallop all the Morning after the Hunting-horn, and all the Evening after a Fiddle. In short, I can do every thing with my Father, but drink, and shoot flying; and I'm sure I can do every thing my Mother cou'd, were I put to the Trial.

Mel. you are in a fair way of being put to't; for I am told your Captain is come to Town.

Syl. Ay, Melinda, he is come, and I'll take Care he sha'n't go without a Companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, Cousin.

Syl. ——— *And there's a Pleasure sure*

In being mad, which none but Madmen know.

Mel. Thou poor Romantic *Quixote*! ——— Hast thou the Vanity to imagine, that a young sprightly Officer, that rambles o'er half the Globe in half a Year, can confine his Thoughts to the little Daughter of a Country Justice, in an obscure Part of the World?

Syl. Psha! what care I for his Thoughts; I should not like a Man with confin'd Thoughts, it shews a narrowness of Soul. Constancy is but a dull sleepy Quality at best, they will hardly admit it among the manly Virtues; nor do I think it deserves a Place with Bravery, Knowledge, Policy, Justice, and some other Qualities that are proper to that noble Sex. In short, Melinda, I think a Petticoat a mighty simple Thing, and I am heartily tir'd of my Sex.

Mel. That is, you are tir'd of an Appendix to our Sex, that you can't so handsomely get rid of in Petticoats, as if you were in Breeches. ——— O' my Conscience, Sylvia, hadst thou been a Man, thou hadst been the greatest Rake in Christendom.

Syl. I should have endeavour'd to know the World, which a Man can never do thoroughly, without half a hundred Friendships, and as many Amours; but now I think on't, how stands your Affair with Mr. *Worthy*?

Mel. He's my Aversion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, Madam?

Syl. I say, that you should not use that honest Fellow so inhumanly. He's a Gentleman of Parts and Fortune; and besides that, he's my *Plume's* Friend, and by all

The Recruiting Officer.

that's sacred, if you don't use him better, I shall expect Satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! you began to fancy yourself in Breeches in good-earnest—But to be plain with you, I like *Worthy* the worse for being so intimate with your Captain, for I take him to be a loose, idle, unmannerly Coxcomb.

Syl. O, Madam! you never saw him, perhaps, since you were Mistress of twenty thousand Pounds; you only knew him when you were capitulating with *Worthy* for a Settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose, and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, Madam?

Syl. My Meaning needs no Interpretation, Madam.

Mel. Better it had, Madam; for methinks you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the Plainness of my Person, I think your Ladyship's as plain as me to the full.

Mel. Were I sure of that, I would be glad to take up with a Rakehell Officer as you do.

Syl. Again! Look'e, Madam, you're in your own House.

Mel. And if you had kept in your's, I should have excus'd you.

Syl. Don't be troubled, Madam, I shan't desire to have my Visit return'd.

Mel. The sooner therefore you make an End of this, the better.

Syl. I am easily persuaded to follow my Inclinations, and so, Madam, your humble Servant. [Exit.]

Mel. Saucy thing!

Enter Lucy.

Luc. What's the Matter, Madam?

Mel. Did you not see the proud Nothing, how she swell'd upon the Arrival o' her Fellow.

Luc. Her Fellow has not been long enough arriv'd to occasion any great Swelling, Madam; I don't believe she has seen him yet.

Mel. Nor shan't if I can help it—Let me see—I have it—Bring me Pen and Ink—hold, I'll go write in my Closet.

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Luc. An Answer to this Letter, I hope, *Madam?*

[*Presents a Letter.*]

Mel. Who sent it?

Luc. Your Captain, *Madam.*

Mel. He's a Fool, and I'm tir'd of him, send it back unopen'd.

Luc. The Messenger's gone, *Madam.*

Mel. Then how should I send an Answer? Call him back immediately, while I go write. [Exit.]

The End of the First ACT.



ACT II.

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Enter Justice Ballance and Plume.

Bal. **L**ook'e, Captain, give us but Blood for our Money, and you shan't want Men. I remember that, for some Years of the last War, we had no Blood, no Wounds, but in the Officers Mouths; nothing for our Millions but News-Papers not worth a Reading—Our Army did nothing but play at Prison-base, and hide and seek with the Enemy; but now ye have brought us Colours, and Standards, and Prisoners——Ad's my Life, Captain, get us but another Marshal of *France*, and I'll go myself for a Soldier——

Plume. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, how does your fair Daughter?

Bal. Ah, Captain? what is my Daughter to a Marshal of *France*! We're upon a nobler Subject, I want to have a particular Description of the Battle of *Hockley*.

Plume. The Battle, Sir, was a very pretty Battle as any one should desire to see, but we were all so intent upon Victory, that we never minded the Battle: All that I know of the Matter, is, our General commanded us to beat the *French*, and we did so; and if he pleases but to say the Word, we'll do it again. But pray, Sir, how does Mrs. *Sylvia*?

Bal.

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Bal. Still upon *Sylvia* ! For shame, Captain, you are engag'd already, wedded to the War ; Victory is your Mistress, and 'tis below a Soldier to think of any other.

Plume. As a Mistress, I confess ; but as a Friend, Mr. *Ballance*—

Bal. Come, come, Captain, never mince the Matter, would not you debauch my Daughter, if you could ?

Plume. How, Sir ! I hope she's not to be debauch'd.

Bal. Faith, but she is, Sir ; and any Woman in *England* of her Age and Complection, by a Man of your Youth and Vigour. Look'e, Captain, once I was young, and once an Officer as you are ; and I can guess at your Thoughts now, by what mine were then ; and I remember very well, that I would have given one of my Legs to have deluded the Daughter of an old Country Gentleman, as like me as I was then like you.

Plume. But, Sir, was that Country Gentleman your Friend and Benefactor ?

Bal. Not much of that.

Plume. There the Comparison breaks : the Favours, Sir, that—

Bal. Pho, pho, I hate set Speeches ; if I have done you any Service, Captain, 'twas to please myself ; I love thee, and if I could part with my Girl, you should have her as soon as any young Fellow I know : But I hope you have more Honour than to quit the Service, and she more Prudence than to follow the Camp ; but she's at her own Disposal, she has fifteen hundred Pounds in her Pocket, and so—*Sylvia, Sylvia.* [Calls.]

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. There are some Letters, Sir, come by the Post from *London*, I left them upon the Table in your Closet.

Bal. And here is a Gentleman from *Germany*. [*Presents Plume to her.*] Captain you'll excuse me, I'll go and read my Letters and wait on you. [Exit.]

Syl. Sir, you are welcome to *England*.

Plume. You are indebted to me a Welcome, Madam, since the Hopes of receiving it from this fair Hand, was the principal Cause of my seeing *England*.

Syl. I have often heard, that Soldiers were sincere, shall I venture to believe public Report ?

Plume. You may, when 'tis back'd by private Insu-
rance :

rance ; for I swear, Madam, by the Honour of my Profession, that whatever Dangers I went upon, it was with the Hope of making myself more worthy of your Esteem ; and if ever I had Thoughts of preserving my Life, 'twas for the Pleasure of dying at your Feet.

Syl. Well, well, you shall die at my Feet, or where you will ; but you know, Sir, there is a certain Will and Testament to be made before-hand.

Plume. My Will, Madam, is made already, and there it is ; and if you please to open the Parchment, which was drawn the Evening before the Battle of *Blenheim*, you will find whom I left my Heir.

Syl. Mrs. *Sylvia Ballance*, [*Opens the Will and reads.*] Well, Captain, this is a handsome and a substantial Compliment ; but I can assure you, I am much better pleased with the bare Knowledge of your Intention, than I should have been in the Possession of your Legacy : But methinks, Sir, you should have left something to your little Boy at the *Castle*.

Plume. That's home, [*Aside.*] My little Boy ! Lack a-day, Madam, that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine ; why the Girl, Madam, is my Serjeant's Wife, and so the poor Creature gave out that I was Father, in hopes that my Friends might support her in Case of Necessity.—That was all, Madam—My Boy ! No, no, no.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Master has receiv'd some ill News from *London*, and desires to speak with you immediately, and he begs the Captain's Pardon, that he can't wait on him as he promis'd.

Plume. Ill News ! Heavens avert it, nothing could touch me nearer than to see that generous worthy Gentleman afflicted : I'll leave you to comfort him, and be assur'd, that if my Life and Fortune can be any way serviceable to the Father of my *Sylvia*, he shall freely command both.

Syl. The Necessity must be very pressing, that would engage me to endanger either. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE,

SCENE, *Another Apartment.**Enter Ballance and Sylvia.*

Syl. Whilst there is Life, there is Hope, Sir? perhaps my Brother may recover.

Bal. We have but little Reason to expect it; Doctor *Killman* acquaints me here, that before this comes to my Hands, he fears I shall have no Son—Poor *Owen*!—But the Decree is just, I was pleas'd with the Death of my Father, because he left me an Estate, and now I am punish'd with the Loss of an Heir to inherit mine; I must now look upon you as the only Hopes of my Family, and I expect that the Augmentation of your Fortune will give you fresh Thoughts, and new Prospects.

Syl. My Desire of being punctual in my Obedience requires that you would be plain in your Commands, Sir.

Bal. The Death of your Brother makes you sole Heiress to my Estate, which you know is about twelve hundred Pounds a Year: This Fortune gives you a fair Claim to Quality, and a Title; you must set a just Value upon yourself, and in plain Terms, think no more of Captain *Plume*.

Syl. You have often commended the Gentleman, Sir.

Bal. And I do so still, he's a very pretty Fellow; but tho' I lik'd him well enough for a bare Son-in-law, I don't approve of him for an Heir to my Estate and Family; fifteen hundred Pounds indeed I might trust in his Hands, and it might do the young Fellow a Kindness, but—odds my Life, twelve hundred Pounds a-Year would ruin him, quite turn his Brain: A Captain of Foot worth twelve hundred Pounds a-Year! 'Tis a Prodigy in Nature: Besides this, I have five or six thousand Pounds in Woods upon my Estate, Oh! that would make him stark mad: For you must know, that all Captains have a mighty Aversion to Timber, they can't endure to see Trees standing: Then I should have some Rogue of a Builder, by the help of his damn'd magic Art, transform my noble Oaks and Elms into Cornishes, Portals, Sashes, Birds, Beasts, and Devils, to adorn some magotty, new-fashion'd Bauble upon the *Thames*; and then I should have a Dog of a Gardener bring a *Habeas Corpus* for my

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Terra firma, remove it to *Chelsea*, or *Twittenham*, and clap it into Grass-plats and Gravel-walks.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's one with a Letter below for your Worship, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Bal. Come, shew me the Messenger.

[Exit with Servant.]

Syl. Make the Dispute between Love and Duty, and I am Prince *Prettyman* exactly.—If my Brother dies, ah, poor Brother! If he lives, ah, poor Sister! 'Tis bad both Ways; I'll try it again—Follow my own Inclinations, and break my Father's Heart; or obey his Commands, and break my own; worse and worse. Suppose I take it thus? A moderate Fortune, a pretty Fellow and a Pad; or a fine Estate, a Coach and Six, and an As—That will never do neither.

Enter Justice Ballance and a Servant.

Bal. Put four Horses to the Coach. *[To a Servant who goes out.]* Ho, *Sylvia*.

Syl. Sir.

Bal. How old were you when your Mother died?

Syl. So young, that I don't remember I ever had one; and you have been so careful, so indulgent to me since, that indeed I never wanted one.

Bal. Have I ever denied you any thing you ask'd of me?

Syl. Never that I remember.

Bal. Then, *Sylvia*, I must beg that once in your Life you would grant me a Favour.

Syl. Why should you question it, Sir.

Bal. I don't, but I would rather counsel than command; I don't propose this with the Authority of a Parent, but as the Advice of your Friend; that you would take the Coach this Moment, and go into the Country.

Syl. Does this Advice, Sir, proceed from the Contents of the Letter you receiv'd just now?

Bal. No matter, I will be with you in three or four Days, and then give you my Reasons.—But before you go, I expect you will make me one solemn Promise.

Syl. Propose the Thing, Sir.

Bal. That you will never dispose of yourself to any Man, without my Consent.

Syl. I promise.

Bal.

Bal. Very well, and to be even with you, I promise I never will dispose of you without your own Consent, and so, *Sylvia*, the Coach is ready; farewell. [*Leads her to the Door, and returns.*] Now she's gone, I'll examine the Contents of this Letter a little nearer. [*Reads.*

S I R,

MY Intimacy with Mr. Worthy has drawn a Secret from him, that he had from his Friend Captain Plume; and my Friendship and Relation to your Family, oblige me to give you timely Notice of it: The Captain has dishonourable Designs upon my Cousin *Sylvia*. Evils of this Nature are more easily prevented than amended, and that you would immediately send my Cousin into the Country, is the Advice of,

Sir, your humble Servant,

MELINDA.

Why the Devil's in the young Fellows of this Age, they are ten Times worse than they were in my Time; had he made my Daughter a Whore, and forswore it like a Gentleman, I could have almost pardon'd it; but to tell Tales before-hand is monstrous.—Hang it, I can fetch down a Woodcock or a Snipe, and why not a Hat and Feather? I have a Case of good Pistols, and have a good mind to try.

Enter Worthy.

Worthy! your Servant.

Wor. I'm sorry, Sir, to be the Messenger of ill News.

Bal. I apprehend it, Sir, you have heard that my Son, *Owen*, is past Recovery.

Wor. My Letters say he's dead, Sir.

Bal. He's happy, and I'm satisfied: The Strokes of Heaven I can bear; but Injuries from Men, Mr. *Worthy*, are not so easily supported.

Wor. I hope, Sir, you're under no Apprehension of wrong from any Body.

Bal. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my Honour, in believing I could know any thing to your Prejudice, without resenting it as much as you should.

Bal. This Letter, Sir, which I tear in Pieces to conceal

veal the Person that sent it, informs me that *Plume* has a Design upon *Sylvia*, and that you are privy to't.

Wor. Nay then, Sir, I must do myself Justice, and endeavour to find out the Author. [*Takes up a Bit.*] Sir, I know the Hand, and if you refuse to discover the Contents, *Melinda* shall tell me. [*Going.*]

Bal. Hold, Sir, the Contents I have told you already, only with this Circumstance, that her Intimacy with Mr. *Worthy* had drawn the Secret from him.

Wor. Her Intimacy with me! Dear Sir, let me pick up the Pieces of this Letter; 'twill give me such a hank upon her Pride, to have her own an Intimacy under her Hand: This was the luckiest Accident! [*Gathering up the Letter*] The Asperision, Sir, was nothing but Malice, the Effect of a little Quarrel between her and Mrs. *Sylvia*.

Bal. Are you sure of that, Sir?

Wor. Her Maid gave me the History of part of the Battle, just now, as she over-heard it. But I hope, Sir, your Daughter has suffer'd nothing upon the account.

Bal. No, no, poor Girl, she's so afflicted with the News of her Brother's Death, that to avoid Company, she begg'd leave to be gone into the Country.

Wor. And is she gone?

Bal. I could not refuse her, she was so pressing; the Coach went from the Door the Minute before you came.

Wor. So pressing to be gone, Sir!—I find her Fortune will give her the same Airs with *Melinda*, and then *Plume* and I may laugh at one another.

Bal. Like enough, Women are as subject to Pride as Men are; and why mayn't great Women, as well as great Men, forget their old Acquaintance?—But come, where's this young Fellow? I love him so well, it would break the Heart of me to think him a Rascal——I'm glad my Daughter's gone fairly off tho'. [*Aside.*] Where does the Captain quarter?

Wor. At *Horton's*; I am to meet him there two Hours hence, and we should be glad of your Company.

Bal. Your Pardon, dear *Worthy*, I must allow a Day or two to the Death of my Son: The Decorum of Mourning is what we owe the World, because they pay it to us. Afterwards, I'm yours over a Bottle, or how you will.

Wor.

The Recruiting Officer.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble Servant. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Kite, with Costar Pear-main in one Hand, and Thomas Apple-tree in the other, drunk.

Kite sings.

*Our 'Prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his Scoundrel Master's Shoes ;
For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the Hills and far away—Over, &c.*

[*The Mob sing the Chorus.*]

*We shall lead more happy Lives,
By getting rid of Brats and Wives,
That scold and brawl both Night and Day,
Over the Hills, and far away—Over, &c.*

Kite. Hey Boys ! Thus we Soldiers live ! drink, sing, dance, play : We live, as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—We are all Princes—Why—why, you are a King—You are an Emperor, and I'm a Prince—now—a'n't we—

Tho. No, Serjeant, I'll be no Emperor.

Kite. No !

Tho. No, I'll be a Justice of Peace.

Kite. A Justice of Peace, Man !

Tho. Ay, wauns will I ; for since this Pressing-act, they are greater than any Emperor under the Sun.

Kite. Done : You are a Justice of Peace, and you are a King, and I am a Duke, and a rum Duke, a'n't I ?

Cost. Ay, but I'll be no King.

Kite. What then ?

Cost. I'll be a Queen.

Kite. A Queen !

Cost. Ay, Queen of *England*, that's greater than any King of 'em all.

Kite. Bravely said, faith ; Huzza for the Queen. [*Huzza !*] But heark'e, you, Mr. Justice, and you, Mr. Queen, did you never see the Queen's Picture ?

Both. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that ; I have two of 'em set in Gold, and as-like her Majesty, God blefs the Mark. See here, they

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they are set in Gold. [*Takes two Broad-pieces out of his Pocket, gives one to each.*]

Tho. The wonderful Works of Nature! [*Looking at it.*]

Cost. What's this written about? Here's a Posy, I believe, *Ca-ro-lus*—What's that, Serjeant?

Kite. O! *Carolus*?—Why, *Carolus* is Latin for Queen *Anne*; that's all.

Cost. 'Tis a fine thing to be a Scollard—Serjeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the Compass of a Crown.

Kite. A Crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among Friends, you know; I'll present them to ye both: you shall give me as good a thing. Put 'em up, and remember your old Friend, when I am over the Hills, and far away. [*They sing, and put up the Money.*]

Enter Plume singing.

Plume. Over the Hills, and over the Main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain:
The Queen commands, and we'll obey,
Over the Hills, and far away.

Come on my Men of Mirth, away with it, I'll make one among ye: Who are these hearty Lads?

Kite. Off with your Hats; O'unds off with your Hats: This is the Captain, the Captain.

Tho. We have seen Captains afore now. Mun.

Cost. Ay, and Lieutenant Captains too; s'flesh, I'll keep on my Nab.

Tho. And I'll scarcely d'off mine for any Captain in England: My Vether's a Freeholder.

Plume. Who are these jolly Lads, Serjeant?

Kite. A couple of honest brave Fellows that are willing to serve the Queen: I have entertain'd 'em just now, as Volunteers, under your Honour's Command.

Plume. And good Entertainment they shall have: Volunteers are the Men I want, those are the Men fit to make Soldiers, Captains, Generals.

Tho. Wounds, *Tummas*, what's this! are you list'd?

Cost. Flesh! not I: Are you *Costar*?

Tho. Wounds, not I.

Kite. What! not list'd! ha, ha, ha; a very good Jest, I'faith.

Cost.

Cost. Come, *Tummas*, we'll go home.

Tho. Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for shame, Gentlemen, behave yourselves better before your Captain: Dear *Tummas*, honest

Costar.

Tho. No, no, we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay, then, I command you to stay: I place you both Centinels in this Place, for two Hours, to watch the Motion of *St. Mary's* Clock, you; and you the Motion of *St. Chad's*: And he that dares stir from his Post, till he be reliev'd, shall have my Sword in his Guts the next Minute.

Plume. What's the matter, Serjeant? I'm afraid you are too rough with these Gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, Sir! They disobey Command, Sir, and one of 'em shou'd be shot for an Example to the other.

Cost. Shot, *Tummas*?

Plume. Come, Gentlemen, what's the matter?

Tho. We don't know! the noble Serjeant is pleas'd to be in a Passion, Sir—but—

Kite. They disobey Command, they deny heir being listed.

Tho. Nay, Serjeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot: But we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your Worship's Pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's easily known; have either of you receiv'd any of the Queen's Money?

Cost. Not a Brass Farthing, Sir.

Kite. Sir, they have each of them receiv'd three-and-twenty Shillings and Six-pence, and 'tis now in their Pockets.

Cost. Wounds, if I have a Penny in my Pocket but a bent Six-pence, I'll be content to be listed, and shot into the Bargain.

Tho. And I: look ye here, Sir.

Cost. Nothing but the Queen's Picture, that the Serjeant gave me just now.

Kite. See there, a Broad piece, three-and-twenty Shillings and Six-pence; t'other has the Fellow on't

Plume. The Case is plain, Gentlemen, the Goods are found

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found upon you : Those Pieces of Gold are worth three-and-twenty and Six-pence each.

Cost. So it seems, that *Carolus* is three-and-twenty and Six-pence in *Latin*.

Tho. 'Tis the same thing in *Greek*, for we are listed.

Cost. Flesh ! but we a'n't, *Tummas* : I desire to be carried before the Mayor, Captain.

[*Captain and Serjeant whisper the while.*]

Plume. 'Till never do, *Kite*—your damn'd Tricks will ruin me at last—I won't lose the Fellows tho', if I can help it—Well, Gentlemen, there must be some Trick in this ; my Serjeant offers to take his Oath that you are fairly listed.

Tho. Why, Captain, we know that you Soldiers have more Liberty of Conscience than other Folks ; but for me, or Neighbour *Costar* here, to take such an Oath, 'twou'd be downright Perjury.

Plume. Look'e, Rascal, you Villain, If I find that you have impos'd upon these two honest Fellows, I'll trample you to Death, you Dog—Come, how was't ?

Tho. Nay then, we'll speak ; your Serjeant, as you say, is a Rogue, an't like your Worship, begging your Worship's Pardon—and—

Cost. Nay, *Tummas*, let me speak ; you know I can read—And so, Sir, he gave us those two Pieces of Money for Pictures of the Queen, by way of a Present.

Plume. How ! by way of a Present ! The Son of a Whore ! I'll teach him to abuse honest Fellows, like you ! Scoundrel, Rogue, Villain !

[*Beats off the Serjeant, and follows.*]

Both. O brave Captain ! Huzza ! a brave Captain, 'faith.

Cost. Now *Tummas*, *Carolus* is *Latin* for a Beating : This is the bravest Captain I ever saw—Wounds I have a Month's Mind to go with him.

Enter Plume.

Plume. A Dog, to abuse two such honest Fellows as you—Look'e, Gentlemen, I love a pretty Fellow, I come among you as an Officer to list Soldiers, not as a Kidnapper, to steal Slaves.

Cost. Mind that, *Tummas*.

Plume. I desire no Man to go with me, but as I went my-

myself: I went a Volunteer, as you, or you, may do; for a little time carried a Musket, and now I command a Company.

Tho. Mind that, *Costar*: A sweet Gentleman.

Plume. 'Tis true, Gentlemen, I might take an Advantage of you; the Queen's Money was in your Pockets, my Serjeant was ready to take his Oath you were listed; but I scorn to do a base thing, you are both of you at your Liberty.

Cost. Thank you, noble Captain—I-cod, I can't find in my Heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

Tho. Ay, *Costar*, wou'd he always hold in this Mind.

Plume. Come, my Lads, one thing more I'll tell you: You're both young tight Fellows, and the Army is the Place to make you Men forever: Every Man had his Lot, and you have yours: What think you now of a Purse of French Gold out of a Monsieur's Pocket, after you have dashed out his Brains with the But-end of your Firelock? eh!

Cost. Wauns! I'll have it. Captain—give me a Shilling, I'll follow you to the end of the World.

Tho. Nay, dear *Costar*, do'na; be advis'd.

Plume. Here, my Hero, here are two Guineas for thee, as Earnest of what I'll do farther for thee.

Tho. Do'na take it, do'na, dear *Costar*.

[*Cries, and pulls back his Arm.*]

Cost. I wull—I wull—Waunds, my Mind gives me that I shall be a Captain myself—I take your Money, Sir, and now I am a Gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy Hand, and now you and I will travel the World o'er, and command it wherever we tread—Bring your Friend with you if you can. [*Aside.*]

Cost. Well, *Tummas*, must we part?

Tho. No *Costar*, I cannot leave thee—Come, Captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honefter simpler Lads in your Company, than we two have been, I'll say no more.

Plume. Here, my Lad, [*Gives him Money.*] Now your Name?

Tho. *Tummas Appletree.*

Plume. And yours?

Cost. *Costar Pearmain.*

Plume.

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Plume. Well said, *Costar* ! Born where ?

Tho. Both in *Herefordshire*.

Plume. Very well ; Courage, my Lads——Now we'll
sing, *Over the Hills, and far away.*

*Courage, Boys, 'tis one to Ten
But we return all Gentlemen ;
While Conquering Colours we display,
Over the Hills and far away.*

Kite, take care of 'em.

Enter Kite.

Kite. A'n't you a Couple of pretty Fellows now ! Here
you have complain'd to the Captain, I am to be turn'd
out, and one of you will be Serjeant. But in the mean
time, march you Sons of Whores. [Beats 'em off.

The End of the second ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, *The Market-place.*

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Wor. I Cannot forbear admiring the Equality of our two
Fortunes : We lov'd two Ladies, they met us
half way, and just as we were upon the point of leaping
into their Arms, Fortune drops into their Laps, Pride
possesses their Hearts, a Maggot fills their Heads, Mad-
ness takes 'em by the Tails ; they snort, kick up their
Heels, and away they run.

Plume. And leave us here to mourn upon the Shore——
A couple of poor melancholy Monsters.——What shall
we do ?

Wor. I have a trick for mine ; the Letter, you know,
and the Fortune-teller.

Plume. And I have a trick for mine.

Wor. What is't ?

Plume. I'll never think of her again.

Wor. No !

Plume. No ; I think myself above administering to the
Pride of any Woman, were she worth Twelve thousand
a-Year ;

a-Year; and I ha'n't the Vanity to believe I shall ever gain a Lady worth Twelve hundred—The generous good-natur'd *Sylvia*, in her Smock, I admire; but the haughty, scornful *Sylvia*, with her Fortune, I despise—What, sneak out of Town, and not so much as a Word, a Line, a Compliment.—'Sdeath! how far off does she live? I'll go and break her Windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! ay, and the Window-bars too, to come at her—Come, come, Friend, no more of your rough military Airs.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Captain, Sir! look yonder. she's a coming this way: 'Tis the prettiest, cleanest, little Tit!

Plume. Now, *Worthy*, to shew you how much I am in love;—here she comes: But *Kite*, what is that great Country-fellow with her?

Kite. I can't tell, Sir.

Enter Rose, follow'd by her Brother Bullock, with Chickens on her Arm in a Basket.

Rose. Buy Chickens, young and tender Chickens, young and tender Chickens.

Plume. Here, you Chickens!

Rose. Who calls?

Plume. Come hither, pretty Maid.

Rose. Will you please to buy, Sir?

Wor. Yes, Child we'll both buy.

Plume. Nay, *Worthy*, that's not fair, market for yourself—Come, Child, I'll buy all you have.

Rose. Then all I have is at your Service. [*Court'sies*]

Wor. Then must I shift for myself, I find. [*Exit.*]

Plume. Let me see; young and tender, you say.

[*Chucks her under the Chin.*]

Rose. As ever you tasted in your Life, Sir.

Plume. Come, I must examine your Basket to the bottom, my Dear.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, put in your Hand; feel, Sir; I warrant my Ware as good as any in the Market.

Plume. And I'll buy it all, Child, were it ten times more.

Rose. Sir, I can furnish you.

Plume. Come then, we won't quarrel about the Price, they're

they're
ture?

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they're fine Birds—Pray what's your Name, pretty Creature?

Rose. *Rose*, Sir: My Father is a Farmer within three short Miles o' the Town; we keep this Market; I sell Chickens, Eggs, and Butter, and my Brother *Eullock* there sells Corn.

Bul. Come, Sister, haste, we shall be late hoame.

[*Whistles about the Stage.*]

Plume. Kite! [*Tips him the Wink, he returns it.*] Pretty Mrs. *Rose*—you have—let me see—how many?

Rose. A dozen, Sir, and they are richly worth a Crown.

Bul. Come, *Ruofe*, I sold fifty Strake of Barley to-day in half this time; but you will higgle and higgle for a Penny, more than the Commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you, Oaf! I can make as much out of a Groat, as you can out of Four-pence, I'm sure—The Gentleman bids fair, and when I meet with a Chapman, I know how to make the best of him—And so, Sir, I say, for a Crown Piece the Bargain's yours.

Plume. Here's a Guinea, my Dear.

Rose. I can't change your Money, Sir.

Plume. Indeed, indeed, but you can—my Lodging is hard by, Chicken, and we'll make change there.

[*Goes off, she follows him.*]

Kite. So, Sir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these *Huffars* eat up a Ravelin for his Breakfast, and afterwards pick'd his Teeth with a Palisado.

Bul. Ay, you Soldiers see very strange Things; but, pray, Sir, what is a Rabelin?

Kite. Why, 'tis like a modern minc'd Pye, but the Crust is confounded hard, and the Plumbs are somewhat hard of Digestion.

Bul. Then your Palisado, pray what may he be? Come, *Ruofe*, pray ha' done.

Kite. Your Palisado is a pretty sort of Bodkin, about the Thickness of my Leg.

Bul. That's a Fib, I believe. [*Aside.*] Eh! where's *Ruofe*? *Ruofe*! *Ruofe*! s'flesh where's *Ruofe* gone?

Kite. She's gone with the Captain.

Bul. The Captain! Wauns, there's no pressing of Women, sure.

Kite. But there is, sure.

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I

Bul.

Bul. If the Captain should press *Ruofe*, I should be ruin'd—Which way went she! O! the Devil take your Rablins and Palisadoes. [Exit.

Kite. You shall be better acquainted with them, honest *Bullock*, or I shall miss of my Aim.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Why thou art the most useful Fellow in Nature to your Captain; admirable in your way, I find.

Kite. Yes, Sir, I understand my Business, I will say it.

Wor. How came you so qualified?

Kite. You must know, Sir, I was born a Gipsy, and bred among that Crew till I was ten Years old, there I learn'd Canting and Lying; I was bought from my Mother, *Cleopatra*, by a certain Nobleman for three Pistoles, who liking my Beauty, made me his Page; there I learn'd Impudence and Pimping. I was turn'd off for wearing my Lord's Linen, and drinking my Lady's Ratafia, and turn'd Bailiff's Follower; there I learn'd Bullying and Swearing. I at last got into the Army, and there I learn'd Whoring and Drinking—So that if your Worship pleases to cast up the whole Sum, *viz.* Canting, Lying, Impudence, Pimping, Bullying, Swearing, Whoring, Drinking, and a Halbert, you will find the Sum Total amount to a Recruiting Serjeant.

Wor. And pray what induc'd you to turn Soldier?

Kite. Hunger and Ambition: The Fears of Starving, and the Hopes of a Truncheon, led me along to a Gentleman, with a fair Tongue, and fair Periwig, who loaded me with Promises; but 'gad it was the lightest Load that ever I felt in my Life—He promis'd to advance me, and indeed he did so—to a Garret in the *Savoy*. I asked him why he put me in Prison; he call'd me lying Dog, and said I was in Garrison; and indeed, 'tis a Garrison that may hold out till Doomsday before I should desire to take it again. But here comes Justice *Ballance*.

Enter Ballance and Bullock.

Bal. Here, you Serjeant, where's your Captain? Here's a poor foolish Fellow comes clamouring to me with a Complaint, that your Captain has press'd his Sister; do you know any thing of this matter, *Worthy*?

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! I know his Sister is gone with *Plume* to his Lodging, to sell him some Chickens.

Bal. Is that all? the Fellow's a Fool.

Bul. I know that, an't like your Worship; but if your Worship pleases to grant me a Warrant to bring her before your Worship, for fear of the worst.

Bal. Thou'rt mad, Fellow, thy Sister's safe enough.

Kite. I hope so too.

[Aside.]

Wor. Hast thou no more Sense, Fellow, than to believe that the Captain can list women.

Bal. I know not whether they list them, or what they do with them, but I am sure, they carry as many Women as Men with them out of the Country.

Bal. But how came you not to go along with your Sister?

Bul. Lord, Sir, I thought no more of her going than I do of the Day I shall die; but this Gentleman here, not suspecting any hurt neither, I believe—you thought no harm, Friend, did you?

Kite. Lackaday, Sir, not I—only that, I believe, I shall marry her to-morrow.

[Aside.]

Bal. I begin to smell Powder. Well, Friend, but what did that Gentleman with you?

Bul. Why, Sir, he entertain'd me with a fine Story of a great Sea-fight between the Hungarians, I think it was, and the Wild-Irish.

Kite. And so, Sir, while we were in the Heat of Battle—the Captain carried off the Baggage.

Bal. Serjeant, go along with this Fellow to your Captain, give him my humble Service, and desire him to discharge the Wench, tho' he has list her.

Bul. Ay, and if she ben't free for that, he shall have another Man in her place.

Kite. Come, honest Friend, you shall go to my Quarters instead of the Captain's.

[Aside.]

[Exit Kite and Bullock.]

Bal. We must get this mad Captain his Complement of Men, and send him packing, else he'll over-run the Country.

Wor. You see, Sir, how little he values your Daughter's Disdain.

Bal. I like him the better; I was just such another Fellow at his Age: I never set my Heart upon any Woman so much as to make myself uneasy at the Disappointment.

pointment; but what was very surprising both to myself and Friends, I chang'd o' th' sudden, from the most fickle Lover, to the most constant Husband in the World; But how goes your Affair with *Melinda*?

Wor. Very slowly. *Cupid* had formerly Wings, but I think, in this Age, he goes upon Crutches; or I fancy *Venus* had been dallying with her Cripple *Vulcan* when my Amour commenced, which has made it go on so lamely; my Mistress has got a Captain too, but such a Captain! As I live, yonder he comes.

Bal. Who? that bluff Fellow in the Sash! I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you, and every Body at first sight; his Impudence were a Prodigy, were not his Ignorance proportionable; he has the most universal Acquaintance of any Man living, for he won't be alone, and Nobody will keep him company twice; then he's a *Cesar* among the Women, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, that's all. If he has but talk'd with the Maid, he swears he has lain with the Mistress; but the most surprising part of his Character is his Memory, which is the most prodigious, and the most trifling in the World.

Bal. I have met with such Men, and I take this good-for-nothing Memory to proceed from a certain Contexture of the Brain, which is purely adapted to Impertinencies, and there they lodge secure, the Owner having no Thoughts of his own to disturb them. I have known a Man as perfect as a Chronologer, as to the Day and Year of most important Transactions, but be altogether ignorant in the Causes, or Consequences of any one Thing of moment; I have known another acquire so much by Travel, as to tell you the Names of most Places in *Europe*, with their Distances of Miles, Leagues, or Hours, as punctually as a Post-boy; but for any thing else, as ignorant as the Horse that carries the Mail.

Wor. This is your Man, Sir, add but the Traveller's Privilege of Lying, and even that he abuses; this is the Picture, behold the Life.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Mr. *Worthy*, I am your Servant, and so forth—Hark'e, my Dear.

Wor. Whispering, Sir, before Company is not Manners, and when Nobody's by, 'tis foolish.

Braz. Company! *Mort de ma vie!* I beg the Gentleman's Pardon; who is he?

Wor. Ask him.

Braz. So I will. My Dear, I am your Servant, and so forth;—your Name, my Dear?

Bal. Very *Laconick*, Sir.

Braz. *Laconick!* A very good Name truly; I have known several of the *Laconicks* abroad: Poor *Jack Laconick!* He was kill'd at the Battle of *Landen*. I remember that he had a blue Ribbon in his Hat that very Day, and after he fell, we found a piece of Neat's Tongue in his Pocker.

Bal. Pray, Sir, did the *French* attack us, or we them, at *Landen*?

Braz. The *French* attack us! Oons, Sir, are you a Jacobite?

Bal. Why that Question?

Braz. Because none but a Jacobite could think that the *French* durst attack us—No, Sir, we attack'd them on the—I have reason to remember the Time, for I had two-and-twenty Horses kill'd under me that Day.

Wor. Then, Sir, you must have rid mighty hard.

Bal. Or perhaps, Sir, like my Countryman, you rid upon half a dozen Horses at once.

Braz. What do ye mean, Gentlemen? I tell you they were killed, all torn to pieces by Cannon-shot, except six I stak'd to Death upon the Enemies *Chevaux de Frise*.

Bal. Noble Captain, may I crave your Name?

Braz. *Brazen*, at your Service.

Bal. Oh, *Brazen*, a very good Name; I have known several of the *Brazens* abroad.

Wor. Do you know one Captain *Plume*, Sir?

Braz. Is he any thing related to *Frank Plume* in *Norhamptonshire*?—Honest *Frank!* many, many a dry Bottle have we crack'd Hand to Fist; you must have known his Brother *Charles* that was concern'd in the *India* Company, he married the Daughter of old *Tongue-pad*, the Master in *Chancery*, a very pretty Woman, only squinted a little; she died in Child-bed of her first Child, but the Child surviv'd, 'twas a Daughter, but whether 'twas called *Margaret* or *Margery*, upon my Soul, I can't

can't remember, [*Looking on his Watch*] But, Gentlemen, I must meet a Lady, a twenty thousand Pounder presently, upon the Walk by the Water——*Worthy,* your Servant, *Laconic* yours! [*Exit.*]

Bal. If you can have so mean an Opinion of *Melinda*, as to be jealous of this Fellow, I think she ought to give you cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much for gaining herself a Lover, as to set me up a Rival; were there any Credit to be given to his Words, I should believe *Melinda* had made him this Assignment; I must go see; Sir, you'll pardon me. [*Exit.*]

Bal. Ay, ay, Sir, you're a Man of Business——But what have we got here?

Enter Rose singing.

Rose. And I shall be a Lady, a Captain's Lady, and ride single upon a white Horse with a Star, upon a Velvet Side-saddle; and I shall go to *London*, and see the Tombs, and the Lions, and the Queen. Sir, an please your Worship, I have often seen your Worship ride through our Grounds a hunting, begging your Worship's Pardon——Pray what may this Lace be worth a Yard?

[*Shewing some Lace.*]

Bal. Right *Mecblin*, by this Light! Where did you get this Lace, Child?

Rose. No matter for that, Sir, I came honestly by it.

Bal. I question it much. [*Aside.*]

Rose. And see here, Sir, a fine Turkey-shell Snuff-box, and fine Mangere, see here, [*Takes snuff affectedly.*] The Captain learned me how to take it with an Air.

Bal. Oho! the Captain! Now the Murder's out, and so the Captain taught you to take it with an Air.

Rose. Yes, and give it with an Air too——Will your Worship please to taste my Snuff? [*Offers the Box affectedly.*]

Bal. You are a very apt Scholar, pretty Maid. And pray, what did you give the Captain for these fine things?

Rose. He's to have my Brother for a Soldier, and two or three Sweet-hearts that I have in the Country, they shall all go with the Captain: O he's the finest Man, and the humblest withal; would you believe it, Sir, he carried me up with him to his own Chamber, with as much Fam-mam-mill-yararality, as if I had been the best Lady in the Land. *Bal.*

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Bal. Oh! he's a mighty familiar Gentleman, as can be.

Enter Plume singing.

Plume. *But it is not so*

With those that go.

Thro' Frost and Snow.

Most apropos,

My Maid with the Milking-pail.

[Takes bo'd of Rose.

How, the Justice! then I'm arraign'd, condemn'd, and executed.

Bal. O, my noble Captain!

Rose. And my noble Captain too, Sir.

Plume. 'Sdeath, Child, are you mad?—Mr. Ballance, I am so full of Business about my Recruits, that I ha'n't a Moment's time to—I have just now three or four People to—

Bal. Nay, Captain, I must speak to you—

Rose. And so must I too, Captain.

Plume. Any other time, Sir,——I cannot for my Life, Sir——

Bal. Pray, Sir——

Plume. Twenty thousand Things—I would—but——
Now, Sir, pray—Devil take me—I cannot—I must——

[Breaks away.

Bal. Nay, I'll follow you.

[Exit.

Rose. And I too.

[Exit.

SCENE, *The Walks by the Severn Side.*

Enter Melinda, and her Maid Lucy.

Mel. And, pray, was it a Ring, or Buckle, or Pendants, or Knots? or in what Shape was the almighty Gold transform'd, that has brib'd you so much in his Favour?

Luc. Indeed, Madam, the last Bribe I had from the Captain, was only a small piece of *Flanders* Edging for Pinnars.

Mel. Ay, *Flanders* Lace is as constant a Present from Officers to their Women, as something else is from their Women to them. They every Year bring over a Cargo of Lace, to cheat the Queen of her Duty, and her Subjects of their Honesty.

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Luc.

Luc. They only barter one Sort of prohibited Goods for another, Madam.

Mel. Has any of 'em been bartering with you, Mrs. *Pert*, that you talk so like a Trader?

Luc. Madam, you talk as peevishly to me, as if it were my Fault; the Crime is none of mine, tho' I pretend to excuse it: Though he should not see you this Week, can I help it? But as I was saying, Madam—his Friend, Captain *Plume*, has so taken him up these two Days—

Mel. Psha! would his Friend, the Captain, were tied upon his Back; I warrant, he has never been sober since that confounded Captain came to Town: The Devil take all Officers, I say—they do the Nation more harm by debauching us at home, than they do good by defending us abroad: No sooner a Captain comes to Town, but all the young Fellows flock about him, and we can't keep a Man to ourselves.

Luc. One would imagine, Madam, by your Concern for *Worthy's* Absence, that you should use him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concern'd for his Absence? I'm only vexed that I've had nothing said to me these two Days: One may like the Love, and despise the Lover, I hope; as one may love the Treason, and hate the Traitor. O! here comes another Captain, and a Rogue that has the Confidence to make Love to me; but, indeed, I don't wonder at that, when he has the Assurance to fancy himself a fine Gentleman.

Luc. If he should speak o'th' Affignation, I should be ruin'd. [*Aside.*]

Enter Brazen.

Braz. True to the Touch, 'faith! [*Aside*] Madam, I am your humble Servant, and all that, Madam? A fine River this same *Severn*—Do you love Fishing, Madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty melancholy Amusement for Lovers.

Braz. I'll go buy Hooks and Lines presently; for you must know, Madam, that I have serv'd in *Flanders* against the *French*, in *Hungary* against the *Turks*, and in *Tangier* against the *Moors*, and I was never so much in Love before; and split me, Madam, in all the Campaigns

paings I ever made, I have not seen so fine a Woman as your Ladyship

Mel. And from all the Men I ever saw, I never had so fine a Compliment: But you Soldiers are the best bred Men, that we must allow.

Braz. Some of us, Madam——But there are Brutes among us too, very sad Brutes; for my own part, I have always had the good Luck to prove agreeable—I have had very considerable Offers, Madam—I might have married a German Princess, worth fifty thousand Crowns a Year, but her Stove disgusted me. The Daughter of a *Turkish Bashaw* fell in Love with me too, when I was Prisoner among the Infidels; she offered to rob her Father of his Treasure, and make her Escape with me: But I don't know how, my time was not come; Hanging and Marriage, you know, go by Destiny. Fate has reserv'd me for a *Shropshire* Lady worth twenty thousand Pounds—Do you know any such Person, Madam?

Mel. Extravagant Coxcomb! [*Aside.*] To be sure, a great many Ladies of that Fortune would be proud of the Name of Mrs. *Brazen*.

Braz. Nay, for that matter, Madam, there are Women of very good Quality of the Name of *Brazen*.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. O! are you there, Gentleman?—Come, Captain, we'll walk this Way, give me your Hand.

Braz. My Hand, Heart's Blood and Guts are at your Service—Mr. *Worthy*, your Servant, my Dear.

[*Exit leading Melinda.*]

Wor. Death and Fire! this is not to be borne.

Enter Plume.

Plume. No more it is, faith.

Wor. What?

Plume. The *March Beer* at the *Raven*; I have been doubly serving the Queen—raising Men, and raising the Excise—Recruiting and Elections are rare Friends to the Excise.

Wor. You a'n't drunk.

Plume. No, no, whimsical only; I could be mighty foolish, and fancy myself mighty witty. Reason still keeps its Throne, but it nods a little, that's all.

Wor. Then you're just fit for a Frolic.

Plume. As fit as close Pinners for a Punk in the Pit.

Wor. There's your Play then, recover me that Vessel from that *Tangerine*.

Plume. She's well rigg'd, but how is she mann'd?

Wor. By Captain *Brazen*, that I told you of to-day; she is call'd the *Melinda*, a First-rate, I can assure you; she sheer'd off with him just now, on purpose to affront me; but according to your Advice I would take no Notice, because I would seem to be above a Concern for her Behaviour; but have a care of a Quarrel.

Plume. No, no, I never quarrel with any thing in my Cups but an Oyster Wench, or a Cook Maid; and if they ben't civil, I knock 'em down. But heark'e, my Friend, I'll make Love, and I must make Love. I tell you what, I'll make Love like a Platoon.

Wor. Platoon, how's that?

Plume. I'll kneel, stoop, and stand, 'faith; most Ladies are gain'd by Platooning.

Wor. Here they come; I must leave you. [Exit.

Plume. Soh! now must I look as sober, and as demure, as a Whore at a Christening.

Enter Brazen and Melinda.

Braz. Who's that, Madam?

Mel. A Brother-officer of yours, I suppose, Sir.

Braz. Ay——My Dear [To Plume.

Plume. My Dear. [Run and embrace.

Braz. My dear Boy, how is't? Your Name, my Dear? if I be not mistaken I have seen your Face.

Plume. I never saw yours in my Life, My Dear——But there's a Face, well known as the Sun's, that shines on all, and is by all ador'd.

Braz. Have you any Pretensions, Sir?

Plume. Pretensions!

Braz. That is, Sir, have you ever serv'd abroad?

Plume. I have serv'd at home, Sir, for Ages served this cruel Fair——And that will serve the turn, Sir.

Mel. So, between the Fool and the Rake, I shall bring a fine Spot of Work upon my Hands—I see *Worthy* yonder—I cou'd be content to be Friends with him, would he come this Way. [Aside.

Braz. Will you fight for the Lady, Sir?

Plume. No, Sir, but I'll have her notwithstanding. The

*Thou Peerless Princess of Salopian's Plains,
Envy'd by Nymphs, and worshipp'd by the Swains.*

Braz. Oons, Sir, not fight for her!

Plume. Prithee be quiet—I shall be out—

*Behold, how humbly does the Severn glide,
To greet thee, Princess of the Severn Side.*

Braz. Don't mind him, Madam——If he were not so well dress'd, I should take him for a Poet—But I'll shew you the Difference presently—Come, Madam,—we'll place you between us, and now the longest Sword carries her.

[*Draws.*]

Mel. [*Shrieking.*]

Enter Worthy.

Oh! Mr. *Worthy*, save me from these Madmen.

[*Exit with Worthy.*]

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! why don't you follow, Sir? and fight the bold Ravisher.

Braz. No, Sir, you are my Man.

Plume. I don't like the Wages, I won't be your Man.

Braz. Then you're not worth my Sword.

Plume. No! Pray what did it cost?

Braz. It cost me twenty Pistoles in *France*, and my Enemies thousands of Lives in *Flanders*.

Plume. Then they had a dear Bargain.

Enter Sylvia in Man's Apparel.

Syl. Save ye, save ye, Gentlemen.

Braz. My Dear! I'm yours.

Plume. Do you know the Gentleman?

Braz. No, but I will presently——Your Name, my dear?

Syl. *Wilful*; *Jack Wilful*, at your Service.

Braz. What, the *Kentish Wilfuls*, or those of *Staffordshire*.

Syl. Both, Sir both; I'm related to all the *Wilfuls* in *Europe*, and I'm Head of the Family at present.

Plume. Do you live in this Country, Sir?

Syl. Yes, Sir, I live where I stand; I have neither Home, House, nor Habitation, beyond this Spot of Ground.

Braz. What are you, Sir?

Syl.

Syl. A Rake.

Plume. In the Army, I presume.

Syl. No, but I intend to list immediately——Look'e, Gentlemen, he that bids the fairest, has me.

Braz. Sir, I'll prefer you, I'll make you a Corporal this Minute.

Plume. Corporal! I'll make you my Companion, you shall eat with me.

Braz. You shall drink with me.

Plume. You shall lie with me, you young Rogue.

[*Kisses.*

Braz. You shall receive your Pay, and do no Duty.

Syl. Then you must make me a Field Officer.

Plume. Pho, pho, pho! I'll do more than all this; I'll make you a Corporal, and give you a Brevet for Serjeant.

Braz. Can you read and write, Sir?

Syl. Yes.

Braz. Then your Business is done——I'll make you Chaplain to the Regiment.

Syl. Your Promises are so equal, that I'm at a loss to chuse; there is one *Plume*, that I hear much commended in Town; pray which of you is Captain *Plume*.

Plume. I am Captain *Plume*.

Braz. No, no, I am Captain *Plume*.

Syl. Hey day!

Plume. Captain *Plume*! I'm your Servant, my Dear.

Bra. Captain *Braxen*! I am yours—the Fellow dares not fight.

[*Aside.*

Enter Kite.

Kite. Sir, if you please—— [Goes to whisper *Plume*.

Plume. No, no, there's your Captain. Capt. *Plume*, your Serjeant has got so drunk, he mistakes me for you.

Braz. He's an incorrigible Sot.—Here, my Hector of *Holborn*, here's forty Shillings for you.

Plume. I forbid the Banns.—Look'e Friend, you shall list with Captain *Braxen*.

Syl. I will see Captain *Braxen* hang'd first; I will list with Captain *Plume*, I am a Free-born *Englishman*, and will be a Slave my own Way——Look'e, Sir, will you stand by me!

[*To Braxen.*

Braz. I warrant you, my Lad,

Syl.

Syl. Then I will tell you, Captain *Brazen*, [*To Plume*] that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent Coxcomb.

Braz. Ay, ay, a sad Dog.

Syl. A very sad Dog; give me the Money, noble Captain *Plume*.

Plume. Then you won't list with Captain *Brazen*!

Syl. I won't.

Braz. Never mind him, Child, I'll end the Dispute presently—Heark'e, my Dear.

[*Takes Plume to one Side of the Stage, and entertains him in dumb Show.*]

Kite. Sir, he in the plain Coat is Captain *Plume*, I am his Serjeant, and will take my Oath on't.

Syl. What! you are Serjeant *Kite*.

Kite. At your Service.

Syl. Then I would not take your Oath for a Farthing.

Kite. A very understanding Youth of his Age! Pray, Sir, let me look full in your Face?

Syl. Well, Sir, what have you to say to my Face?

Kite. The very Image of my Brother; two Bullets of the same Caliver were never so like: Sure it must be *Charles, Charles*——

Syl. What d'ye mean by *Charles*?

Kite. The Voice too, only a little Variation in *Effa* ut flat: My dear Brother, for I must call you so, if you should have the Fortune to enter into the most noble Society of the Sword, I bespeak you for a Comrade.

Syl. No, Sir, I'll be the Captain's Comrade, if any Body's.

Kite. Ambition there again! 'Tis a noble Passion for a Soldier; by that I gain'd this glorious Halbert. Ambition! I see a Commission in his Face already: Pray, noble Captain, give me leave to salute you.

[*Offers to kiss her.*]

Syl. What, Men kiss one another.

Kite. We Officers do; 'tis our way; we live together like Man and Wife, always either kissing or fighting:—But I see a Storm coming.

Syl. Now, Serjeant, I shall see who is your Captain by your knocking down the other.

Kite. My Captain scorns Assistance, Sir.

Braz.

Braz. How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your Sword? But you are a young Fellow, and have not been much abroad; I excuse that; but prithee resign the Man, prithee do; you are a very honest Fellow.

Plume. You lye; and you are a Son of a Whore.

[*Draws, and makes up to Brazen.*

Braz. Hold, hold, did not you refuse to fight for the Lady?

[*Retiring.*

Plume. I always do—But for a man I'll fight Knee-deep; so you lye again. [*Plume and Brazen fight a Traverse or Two about the Stage; Sylvia draws, who is held by Kite, who sounds to Arms with his Mouth; takes Sylvia in his Arms, and carries her off the Stage.*

Braz. Hold, where's the Man?

Plume. Gone.

Braz. Then what do we fight for? [*Puts up.*] Now let's embrace, my Dear.

Plume. With all my Heart, my Dear. [*Putting up.*] I suppose *Kite* has lifted him by this time. [*Embraces; Kite looks in and sings.*

Braz. You are a brave Fellow, I always fight with a Man before I make him my Friend; and if once I find he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards. —And now I'll tell you a Secret, my dear Friend, that Lady we frighted out of the Walk just now, I found in bed this Morning—So beautiful, so inviting—I presently lock'd the Door—But I am a Man of Honour—But I believe I shall marry her nevertheless—Her twenty thousand Pounds, you know, will be pretty Conveniency—I had an Assignment with her here, but your coming spoil'd my Sport. Curse you, my Dear, but don't do so again—

Plume. No, no, my Dear, Men are my Business at present. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE, *The Walk continues.*

Enter Rose and Bullock, meeting.

Rose. **W**Here have you been, you great Booby? you are always out of the way in the time of Preferment.

Bul. Preferment! who should prefer me?

Rose. I would prefer you! who should prefer a Man but a Woman? Come, throw away that great Club, hold up your Head, cock your Hat, and look big.

Bul. Ah *Ruofe, Ruofe*, I fear some body will look big sooner than Folk think of: This genteel Breeding never comes into the Country without a Train of Followers.—Here has been *Cartwheels*! your Sweetheart, what will become of him?

Rose. Look'e, I'm a great Woman, and will provide for my Relations:—I told the Captain how finely he play'd upon the Tabor and Pipe, so he has set him down for Drum-major.

Bul. Nay, Sister, why did not you keep that Place for me? you know I have always lov'd to be a drumming, if it were but on a Table, or on a Quart Pot.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Had I but a Commission in my Pocket, I fancy my Breeches would become me as well as any ranting Fellow of 'em all; for I take a bold Step, a rakish Toss, a smart Cock, and an impudent Air, to be the principal Ingredients in the Composition of a Captain—What's here? *Rose*! my Nurse's Daughter! I'll go and practise—Come, Child, kiss me at once, [*Kisses Rose*] and her Brother too!—Well, honest *Dung fork*, do you know the difference between a Horse and Cart, and a Cart Horse, eh?

Bul. I presume that your Worship is a Captain, by your Cloaths and your Courage.

Syl. Suppose I were, would you be contented to list, Friend?

Rose. No, no, though your Worship be a handsome Man,

Man, there be others as fine as you; my Brother is engaged to Captain *Plume*.

Syl. *Plume*! Do you know Captain *Plume*?

Rose. Yes, I do, and he knows me—He took the Ribbands out of his Shirt Sleeves, and put 'em into my Shoes—See there—I can assure you that I can do any thing with the Captain.

Bul. That is, in a modest way, Sir.—Have a care what you say, *Ruofe*, don't shame your Parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the Captain, but what I may do with any body else.

Syl. So!—And pray what do you expect from this Captain, Child?

Rose. I expect, Sir!—I expect—But he order'd me to tell Nobody.—But suppose that he should propose to marry me?

Syl. You should have a care, my Dear, Men will promise any thing before-hand.

Rose. I know that, but he promised to marry me afterwards.

Bul. Wouns, *Ruofe*, what have you said?

Syl. Afterwards? After what?

Rose. After I had told my Chickens.—I hope there's no harm in that.

Enter Plume.

Plume. What, Mr. *Wilful*, so close with my Market-Woman!

Syl. I'll try if he loves her. [*Aside.*] Close, Sir, ay, and closer yet, Sir—Come, my pretty Maid, you and I will withdraw a little.

Plume. No, no, Friend, I ha'nt done with her yet.

Syl. Nor have I begun with her, so I have as good Right as you have.

Plume. Thou art a bloody impudent Fellow.

Syl. Sir, I would qualify myself for the Service.

Plume. Hast thou really a mind to the Service.

Syl. Yes, Sir: So let her go.

Rose. Pray, Gentlemen, don't be so violent.

Plume. Come, leave it to the Girl's own Choice—Will you belong to me, or to that Gentleman?

Rose. Let me consider, you're both very handsome.

Plume.

Plume. Now the natural Inconstancy of her Sex begins to work.

Rose. Pray, Sir, what will you give me?

Bul. Dunna be angry, Sir, that my Sister should be Mercenary, for she's but young.

Syl. Give thee, Child!—I'll set thee above Scandal; you shall have a Coach, with six before and six behind; an Equipage to make Vice fashionable, and put Virtue out of Countenance.

Plume. Pho, that's easily done; I'll do more for thee, Child, I'll buy you a Furbeloe-Scarf, and give you a Ticket to see a Play.

Bul. A Play! Wauns, *Ruofe*, take the Ticket, and let's see the Show.

Syl. Look'e, Captain, if you won't resign, I'll go list with Captain *Brazen* this Minute.

Plume. Will you list with me if I give up my Title?

Syl. I will.

Plume. Take her, I'll change a Woman for a Man at any time.

Rose. I have heard before, indeed, that you Captains us'd to sell your Men.

Bul. Pray, Captain, do not send *Ruofe* to the *Western Indies*.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, *West Indies*! No, no, my honest Lad, give me thy Hand; nor you, nor she, shall move a step farther than I do—This Gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs. *Rose*.

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, Sir, as the Captain would?

Syl. I can't be altogether so kind to you, my Circumstances are not so good as the Captain's; but I'll take Care of you, upon my Word.

Plume. Ay, ay, we'll all take Care of her; she shall live like a Princess, and her Brother here shall be—What would you be?

Bul. O! Sir! If you had not promis'd the Place of Drum-major—

Plume. Ay, that is promis'd—But what think you of Barrack-master? You are a Person of Understanding, and Barrack-master you shall be.—But what's become of this same *Cart-wheel* you told me of, my Dear?

Rose.

Rose. We'll go fetch him.—Come, Brother Barrack-maister—We shall find you at home, noble Captain?

[*Exeunt Rose and Bullock.*]

Plume. Yes, yes; and now, Sir, here are your forty Shillings.

Syl. Captain *Plume*, I despise your lusting money; if I do serve, 'tis purely for Love—of that Wench, I mean—For you must know, that among my other Sallies, I have spent the best part of my Fortune in search of a Maid, and could never find one hitherto; so you may be assur'd I'd not sell my Freedom under a less Purchase than I did my Estate—So before I list, I must be certified that this Girl is a Virgin.

Plume. Mr. *Wilful*, I can't tell you how you can be certified in that Point till you try; but upon my Honour she may be a Vestal for ought that I know to the contrary.—I gain'd her Heart indeed by some trifling Presents and Promises, and knowing that the best Security for a Woman's Heart is her Person, I would have made myself Master of that too, had not the Jealousy of my impertinent Landlady interpos'd.

Syl. So you only want an Opportunity for accomplishing your Designs upon her.

Plume. Not at all; I have already gain'd my Ends, which were only the drawing in one or two of her Followers. The Women, you know, are the Loadstones every where; gain the Wives, and you are caress'd by the Husbands; please the Mistress, and you are valued by the Gallants; secure an Interest with the finest Women at Court, and you procure the Favour of the greatest Men—So kiss the prettiest Country-wench, and you are sure of lusting the lustiest Fellows. Some people may call this Artifice, but I term it Stratagem, since it is so main a part of the Service——Besides, the Fatigue of Recruiting is so intolerable, that unless we could make ourselves some pleasure amidst the Pain, no mortal Man would be able to bear it.

Syl. Well, Sir, I am satisfied as to the Point in Debate; but now let me beg you to lay aside your Recruiting Airs; put on the Man of Honour, and tell me plainly what Usage I must expect when I am under your Command?

Plume.

Plume. You must know, in the first place, then, that I hate to have Gentlemen in my Company; for they are always troublesome and expensive, sometimes dangerous; and 'tis a constant Maxim amongst us, that those who know the least, obey the best. Notwithstanding all this, I find something so agreeable about you, that engages me to court your Company; and I can't tell how it is, but I should be uneasy to see you under the Command of any body else—Your Usage will chiefly depend upon your Behaviour; only this you must expect, that if you commit a small Fault, I will excuse it; if a great one, I'll discharge you; for something tells me, I shall not be able to punish you.

Syl. And something tells me, that if you do discharge me, 'twill be the greatest Punishment you can inflict; for were we this Moment to go upon the greatest Dangers in your Profession, they would be less terrible to me, than to stay behind you—And now your Hand, this lists me—And now you are my Captain.

Plume. Your Friend, [*Kisses her.*] 'Sdeath! There's something in this Fellow that charms me.

Syl. One Favour I must beg—This Affair will make some noise, and I have some Friends that would censure my Conduct, if I threw myself into the Circumstance of a private Centinel of my own Head—I must therefore take care to be imprest by the Act of Parliament, you shall leave that to me.

Plume. What you please as to that——Will you lodge at my Quarters in the mean time? You shall have part of my Bed.

Syl. O fye! Lie with a common Soldier! Would not you rather lie with a common Woman?

Plume. No, faith, I'm not that Rake that the World imagines; I have got an Air of Freedom, which People mistake for Lewdness in me, as they mistake Formality in others for Religion—The World is all a Cheat; only I take mine, which is undesign'd, to be more excusable than theirs, which is hypocritical. I hurt Nobody but myself, and they abuse all Mankind—Will you lie with me?

Syl. No, no, Captain, you forget *Rose*; she's to be my Redfellow, you know.

Plume.

Plume. I had forgot ; pray be kind to her.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Mel. 'Tis the greatest Misfortune in Nature for a Woman to want a Confident : We are so weak, that we can do nothing without Assistance, and then a Secret racks us worse than the Cholic— I am at this Minute so sick of a secret, that I'm ready to faint away— Help me, *Lucy*.

Luc. Bless me, Madam ! what's the Matter ?

Mel. Vapours only, I begin to recover—— If *Sylvia* were in Town, I could heartily forgive her Faults for the Ease of discovering my own.

Luc. You're thoughtful, Madam ! am not I worthy to know the Cause ?

Mel. You are a Servant, and a Secret may make you faucy.

Luc. Not unless you should find fault without a Cause, Madam.

Mel. Cause or not Cause, I must not lose the Pleasure of chiding when I please ; Women must discharge their Vapours somewhere, and before we get Husbands our Servants must expect to bear with 'em.

Luc. Then, Madam, you had better raise me to a Degree above a Servant : You know my Family, and that 500 *l.* would set me upon the foot of a Gentlewoman, and make me worthy the Confidence of any Lady in the Land ; besides, Madam, 'twill extremely encourage me in the great Design I now have in hand.

Mel. I don't find that your Design can be of any great Advantage to you : 'Twill please me, indeed, in the Humour I have of being reveng'd on the Fool for his Vanity of making Love to me, so I don't much care if I do promise you five hundred Pounds upon my Day of Marriage.

Luc. This is the way, Madam, to make me diligent in the Vocation of a Confident, which I think is generally to bring People together.

Mel. O *Lucy* ! I can hold my Secret no longer : You must know, that hearing of the famous Fortune-teller in Town, I went disguised to satisfy a Curiosity, which has cost me dear : That Fellow is certainly the Devil, or one of

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of his Bosom-favourites, he has told me the most surprising Things of my past Life?—

Luc. Things past, Madam, can hardly be reckon'd surprising, because we know them already. Did he tell you any thing surprising that was to come?

Mel. One thing very surprising; he said I should die a Maid!

Luc. Die a Maid! Come into the World for nothing—Dear Madam, if you should believe him, it might come to pass; for the bare thought on't might kill one in four-and-twenty Hours—And did you ask him any Questions about me?

Mel. You! Why, I pass'd for you.

Luc. So 'tis I that am to die a Maid—But the Devil was a Liar from the beginning, he can't make me die a Maid—I have put it out of his Power already. [*Aside.*

Mel. I do but jest, I would have pass'd for you, and call'd myself *Lucy*; but he presently told me my Name, my Quality, my Fortune, and gave me the whole History of my Life——He told me of a Lover I had in this Country, and described *Worthy* exactly, but in nothing so well as in his present Indifference.—I fled to him for Refuge here to-day, he never so much as encouraged me in my fright, but coldly told me, that he was sorry for the Accident, because it might give the Town cause to censure my Conduct, excus'd his not waiting on me home, made me a careless Bow, and walk'd off: 'Sdeath! I could have stabb'd him, or myself, 'twas the same thing—Yonder he comes—I will so use him!

Luc. Don't exasperate him, consider what the Fortune-teller told you: Men are scarce, and as Times go, it is not impossible for a Woman to die a Maid.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find she's warm'd, I must strike while the Iron is hot—You have a great deal of Courage, Madam, to venture into the Walks where you were so lately frighten'd.

Mel. And you have a quantity of Impudence to appear before me, that you have so lately affronted.

Wor. I had no design to affront you, nor appear before you either, Madam; I left you here, because I had Business

ness

ness in another Place, and came hither thinking to meet another Person.

Mel. Since you find yourself disappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another part of the Walk.

Wor. The Walk is broad enough for us both. [*They walk by one another, he with his Hat cock'd, she fretting and tearing her Fan.*] Will you please to take Snuff, Madam? [*He offers her his Box, she strikes it out of his Hand; while he is gathering it up, Brazen takes her round the Waist, cuffs him.*]

Enter Brazen.

Braz. What, here before me, my Dear!

Mel. What means this Insolence?

Luc. Are you mad! Don't you see Mr. *Worthy*?

[*To Brazen.*]

Braz. No, no, I'm struck blind—*Worthy*! oddso! well turn'd—My Mistress has Wit at her Fingers ends—Madam, I ask your Pardon, 'tis our way abroad—Mr. *Worthy*, you are the happy Man.

Wor. I don't envy your happiness very much, if the Lady can afford no other sort of Favours but what she has bestow'd upon you.

Mel. I am sorry the Favour miscarried, for it was design'd for you, Mr. *Worthy*; and be assur'd 'tis the last and only Favour you must expect at my Hands.—Captain, I ask your Pardon—

[*Exit with Lucy.*]

Braz. I grant it—You see Mr. *Worthy*, 'twas only a Random-shot, it might have taken off your Head as well as mine; Courage, my Dear, 'tis the Fortune of War; but the Enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think.

Wor. Withdraw! Oons, Sir! what d'ye mean by withdraw?

Braz. I'll shew you.

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost, and *Plume's* Advice has ruin'd me: 'Sdeath! why should I, that knew her haughty Spirit, be rul'd by a Man that's a Stranger to her Pride?

Enter Plume.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, a Battle Royal: Don't frown so, Man, she's your own, I tell you: I saw the Fury of her Love in the Extremity of her Passion: The Wildness of her Anger is a certain Sign that she loves you to Mad-

ness.

mess. That Rogue Kite began the Battle with abundance of Conduct, and will bring you off victorious, my Life on't; he plays his part admirably, she's to be with him again presently.

Wor. But what could be the Meaning of Brazen's Familiarity with her?

Plume. You are no Logician, if you pretend to draw Consequences from the Actions of Fools: There's no arguing by the Rule of Reason upon a Science without Principles, and such is their Conduct——Whim, unaccountable Whim, hurries 'em on like a Man drunk with Brandy before ten o'Clock in the Morning--But we lose our Sport——Kite has open'd above an hour ago, let's away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE, A Chamber; a Table with Books and Globes.

Kite *disguis'd in a strange Habit, sitting at a Table.*

Kite. [Rising.] By the Position of the Heavens, gain'd from my Observation upon these Celestial Globes, I find that Luna was a Tide-waiter, Sol a Surveyor, Mercury a Thief, Venus a Whore, Saturn an Alderman, Jupiter a Rake, and Mars a Serjeant of Grenadiers; and this is the System of Kite the Conjuror.

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Plume. Well, what Success?

Kite. I have sent away a Shoemaker and a Taylor already; one's to be a Captain of Marines, and the other a Major of Dragoons—I am to manage them at Night—Have you seen the Lady, Mr. Worthy?

Wor. Ay, but it won't do—Have you shew'd her her Name, that I tore off from the bottom of the Letter?

Kite. No, Sir, I reserve that for the last Stroke.

Plume. What Letter?

Wor. One that I would not let you see, for fear that you should break Windows in good earnest. Here, Captain, put it into your Pocket-book, and have it ready upon Occasion

[Knocking at the Door.

Kite. Officers to your Posts. Tycho mind the Door.

[Exeunt Plume and Worthy. Servant opens the Door.

Enter a Smith.

Smith. Well, Master, are you the Cunning-man?

Kite. I am the learned Copernicus.

Smith,

Smith. Well, Master, I'm but a poor Man, and I can't afford above a Shilling for my Fortune.

Kite. Perhaps that is more than 'tis worth.

Smith. Look'e, Doctor, let me have something that's good for my Shilling, or I'll have my Money again.

Kite. If there be Faith in the Stars, you shall have your Shilling forty-fold——Your Hand, Countryman, you're by Trade a *Smith*

Smith. How the Devil should you know that?

Kite. Because the Devil and you are Brother-tradesmen——You were born under *Forceps*.

Smith. *Forceps*! what' that!

Kite. One of the Signs: There's *Leo*, *Sagittarius*, *Forceps*, *Furnes*, *Dixmude*, *Namur*, *Brussels*, *Charleroy*, and so forth——Twelve of 'em——Let me see——Did you ever make any Bombs or Cannon-bullets?

Smith. Not I.

Kite. You either have or will——The Stars have decreed, that you shall be——I must have more Money, Sir——Your Fortune's great.

Smith. Faith, Doctor, I have no more.

Kite. O Sir, I'll trust you, and take it out of your Arrears.

Smith. Arrears! what Arrears?

Kite. The five hundred Pounds that's owing to you from the Government.

Smith. Owing me!

Kite. Owing you, Sir——Let me see your t'other Hand——I beg your Pardon, it will be owing to you: And the Rogue of an Agent will demand Fifty *per Cent.* for a Fortnight's Advance.

Smith. I'm in the Clouds, Doctor, all this while.

Kite. Sir, I am above 'em, among the Stars——In two Years, three Months, and two Hours, you will be made Captain of the Forges to the Grand Train of Artillery, and will have ten Shillings a Day, and two Servants——'Tis the Decree of the Stars, and of the fixed Stars, that are as immoveable as your Anvil——Strike, Sir, while the Iron is hot——Fly, Sir, be gone.

Smith. What! what would you have me do, Doctor? I wish the Stars would put me in a way for this fine Place.

Kite. The Stars do——let me see——ay, about an Hour hence

hence walk carelessly into the Market-place, and you'll see a tall, slender Gentleman, buying a Pennyworth of Apples, with a Cane hanging upon his Button—This Gentleman will ask you what's a Clock—He's your Man, and the Maker of your Fortune—Follow him, follow him—And now go home, and take leave of your Wife and Children; an Hour hence exactly is your Time.

Smith. A tall slender Gentleman, you say, with a Cane! Pray, what sort of Head has the Cane?

Kite. An Amber Head with a black Ribbon.

Smith. And pray of what Employment is the Gentleman?

Kite. Let me see, he's either a Collector of the Excise, or a Plenipotentiary, or a Captain of Grenadiers—I can't tell exactly which—but he'll call you honest—your Name is—

Smith. Thomas.

Kite. He'll call you honest Tom.

Smith. But how the Devil should he know my Name?

Kite. O there are several sorts of *Toms*—Tom of Lincoln, Tom tit, Tom Tell-Truth, Tom o' Bedlam, and Tom Fool—begone—An Hour hence precisely. [*Knocking at the Door.*]

Smith. You say, he'll ask me what's o'Clock?

Kite. Most certainly—And you'll answer you don't know—And be sure you look at St. Mary's Dial; for the Sun won't shine, and if it should, you won't be able to tell the Figures.

Smith. I will, I will.

[*Exit.*]

Plume. Well done, Conjuror, go on and prosper.

[*Behind.*]

Enter a Butcher.

Kite. What, my old Friend Pluck the Butcher!—I offer'd the surly Bull-dog five Guineas this Morning, and and he refus'd it.

[*Aside.*]

But. So, Mr. Conjuror, here's Half a Crown—And now you must understand—

Kite. Hold, Friend, I know your Business beforehand—

But. You're devilish cunning then, for I don't well know it myself.

Kite. I know more than you, Friend—You have a

foolish Saying, that such a one knows no more than the Man in the Moon: I tell you, the Man in the Moon knows more than all the Men under the Sun: Don't the Moon see all the World?

But. All the World see the Moon, I must confess.

Kite. Then she must see all the World that's certain—Give me your Hand—You're by Trade, either a *Butcher* or a *Surgeon*.

But. True, I am a *Butcher*.

Kite. And a *Surgeon* you will be, the Employments differ only in the Name.—He that can cut up an Ox, may dissect a Man; and the same Dexterity that cracks a Marrowbone, will cut off a Leg or an Arm.

But. What d'ye mean, Doctor, what d'ye mean?

Kite. Patience, Patience, Mr. *Surgeon-general*; the Stars are great Bodies, and move slowly.

But. But what d'ye mean by *Surgeon-general*, Doctor?

Kite. Nay, Sir, if your Worship won't have Patience, I must beg the Favour of your Worship's Absence.

But. My Worship! my Worship! but why my Worship?

Kite. Nay then, I have done.

But. Pray, Doctor—

Kite. Fire and Fury, Sir! [*Rises in a Passion.*] Do you think the Stars will be hurried? Do the Stars owe you any Money, Sir, that you dare to dun their Lordships at this Rate?—Sir, I'm Porter to the Stars, and I am ordered to let no Dun come near their Doors.

But. Dear Doctor, I never had any dealing with the Stars, they don't owe me a Penny—But since you are their Porter, please to accept of this Half-crown to drink their Healths, and don't be angry.

Kite. Let me see your Hand then once more—Here has been Gold—Five Guineas, my Friend, in this very Hand this Morning.

But. Nay, then he is the Devil—Pray, Doctor were you born of a Woman? or, did you come into the World of your own Head?

Kite. That's a Secret—This Gold was offered you by a proper handsome Man, call'd *Hawk*, or *Buzzard*, or—

But. *Kite* you mean.

Kite. Ay, Ay, *Kite*.

But.

But. As arrant a Rogue as ever carried a Halberd. The impudent Rascal would have decoy'd me for a Soldier.

Kite. A Soldier! a Man of your Substance for a Soldier! Your Mother has a hundred Pounds in hard Money, lying at this Minute in the Hands of a Mercer, not forty Yards from this Place.

But. Oons! and so she has, but very few know so much.

Kite. I know it, and that Rogue, what's his Name, *Kite*, knew it, and offer'd you five Guineas to list, because he knew your poor Mother would give the Hundred for your Discharge.

But. There's a Dog now——s'flesh, Doctor, I'll give you t'other Half-crown, and tell me that this same *Kite* will be hang'd.

Kite. He's in as much danger as any Man in the County of *Salop*.

But. There's your Fee—but you have forgot the Surgeon-general all this while.

Kite. You put the Stars in a Passion. [*Looks on his Books.*] But now they are pacified again——Let me see, did you never cut off a Man's Leg?

But. No.

Kite. Recollect, pray.

But. I say, no.

Kite. That's strange, wonderful strange; but nothing is strange to me, such wonderful Changes have I seen——The Second, or Third, ay, the Third Campaign that you make in *Flanders*, the Leg of a great Officer will be shatter'd by a great Shot, you will be there accidentally, and with your Cleaver chop off the Limb at a Blow! In short, the Operation will be performed with so much Dexterity, that with general Applause you will be made Surgeon-general of the whole Army.

But. Nay, for the matter of cutting off a Limb. I'll do't, I'll do't with any Surgeon in *Europe*; but I have no Thoughts of making a Campaign.

Kite. You have no Thoughts! what's matter for your Thoughts, the Stars have decreed it, and you must go.

But. The Stars decree it! Oons, Sir, the Justices ca'nt press me.

But.

Kite. Nay, Friend, 'tis none of my Business, I have done; only mind this, you'll know more an Hour and half hence, that's all, farewell.

But. Hold, hold, Doctor. Surgeon-general! What is the Place worth, pray?

Kite. Five hundred Pounds a-Year, besides Guineas for Claps.

But. Five hundred Pounds a Year!—An Hour and Half-hence, you say.

Kite. Prithee, Friend, be quiet, don't be troublesome, here's such a Work to make a Booby Butcher accept of Five hundred Pounds a-Year—But if you must hear it—I'll tell you in short, you'll be standing in your Stall an Hour and an Half hence, and a Gentleman will come by with a Snuff-box in his Hand, and the Tip of his Handkerchief hanging out of his right Pocket; he'll ask you the Price of a Loin of Veal, and at the same Time stroak your great Dog upon the Head, and call him *Chopper*.

But. Mercy on us! *Chopper* is the Dog's Name.

Kite. Look'e there—What I say is true—Things that are to come, must come to pass—Get you home, sell off your Stock, don't mind the Whining and the Snivelling of your Mother and your Sister—Women always hinder Preferment—make what Money you can, and follow that Gentleman, his Name begins with a *P*.—mind that—There will be the Barber's Daughter too, that you promis'd Marriage to—she will be pulling and hauling you to pieces.

But. What! know Sally too? He's the Devil, and he must needs go that the Devil drives. [*Going.*] The Tip of his Handkerchief out of his left Pocket.

Kite. No, no, his right Pocket; if it be the left, 'tis none of the Man.

But. Well, well, I'll mind him.

[*Exit.*]

Plume. The right Pocket, you say.

[*Behind with his Pocket-book.*]

Kite. I hear the rustling of Silks. [*Knocking.*] Fly, Sir, 'tis Madam Melinda.

Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Kite. Tycho, Chairs for the Ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble yourself, we sha'n't stay, Doctor.

Kite.

Kite. Your Ladyship is to stay much longer than you imagine.

Mel. For what?

Kite. For a Husband——For your part, Madam, you won't for a Husband. [To Lucy.]

Luc. Pray, Doctor, do you converse with the Stars, or the Devil?

Kite. With both; when I have the Destinies of Men in search, I consult the Stars; when the Affairs of Women come under my Hands, I advise with my t'other Friend.

Mel. And have you rais'd the Devil upon my account?

Kite. Yes, Madam, and he's now under the Table.

Luc. Oh Heavens protect us! Dear Madam, let's be gone.

Kite. If you be afraid of him, why do you come to consult him?

Mel. Don't fear, Fool; do you think, Sir, that because I am a Woman, I'm to be fool'd out of my Reason, or frightened out of my Senses? Come, shew me this Devil.

Kite. He's a little busy at present; but when he has done, he shall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Kite. Writing your Name in his Pocket-book.

Mel. Ha, ha! my Name! Pray what have you or he to do with my Name?

Kite. Look'e, fair Lady—the Devil is a very modest Person, he seeks Nobody, unless they seek him first; he's chain'd up like a Mastiff, and can't stir, unless he be let loose—You come to me to have your Fortune told—Do you think, Madam, that I can answer you of my own Head? No, Madam, the Affairs of Women are so irregular, that nothing less than the Devil can give any Account of 'em. Now to convince you of your Incredulity, I'll shew you a Trial of my Skill—Here, you *Cacademo del Plumo*——exert your Power, draw me this Lady's Name, the Word *Melinda*, in proper Letters and Characters of her own Hand-writing—do it at three Motions—one—two—three—'tis done—Now, Madam, will you please to send your Maid to fetch it?

Luc. I fetch it! the Devil fetch me if I do.

Mel. My Name in my own Hand-writing ! that would be convincing indeed.

Kite. Seeing's believing. [*Goes to the Table, lifts up the Carpet.*] Here, *Tre, Tre*, poor *Tre*, give me the Bone, *Sirrah*. There's your Name upon that square piece of of Paper, behold——

Mel. 'Tis wonderful, my very Letters to a tittle.

Luc. 'Tis like your Hand, Madam, but not so like your Hand neither ; and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your Hand at all.

Kite. Here's a Chamber-maid now will out-lie the Devil !

Luc. Look'e, Madam, they sha'n't impose upon us ; People can't remember their Hands, no more than they can their Faces—Come, Madam, let us be certain, write your Name upon this Paper ; then we'll compare 'em.

[*Takes out a Paper and folds it.*]

Kite. Any thing for your Satisfaction, Madam—here's Pen and Ink. [*Melinda writes, Lucy holds the Paper.*]

Luc. Let me see it, Madam : 'tis the same—the very same——But I'll secure one Copy for my own Affairs.

[*Aside.*]

Mel. This is Demonstration.

Kite. 'Tis so, Madam——The Word Demonstration comes from *Demon* the Father of Lies.

Mel. Well, Doctor, I am convinc'd ; and now, pray, what Account can you give of my future Fortune ?

Kite. Before the Sun has made one Course round this earthly Globe, your Fortune will be fix'd for Happiness or Misery.

Mel. What so near the Crisis of my Fate !

Kite. Let me see—About the Hour of Ten to-morrow Morning you will saluted by a Gentleman, who will come to take his Leave of you, being designed for Travel ; his Intention of going abroad is sudden, and the Occasion a Woman. Your Fortune and his are like the Bullet and the Barrel, one runs plump into the other——In short, if the Gentleman travels, he will die abroad ; and if he does, you will die before he comes home.

Mel. What sort of a Man is he ?

Kite. Madam, he's a fine Gentleman, and a Lover ; that is, a Man of very good Sense, and a very great Fool.

Mel.

Mel. How is that possible, Doctor?

Kite. Because, Madam——because it is so——A Woman's Reason is the best for a Man's being a Fool.

Mel. Ten o'Clock, you say?

Kite. Ten——about the Hour of Tea-drinking throughout the Kingdom.

Mel. Here, Doctor. [*Gives Money.*] Lucy, have you any questions to ask?

Luc. Oh, Madam! a thousand.

Kite. I must beg your Patience till another Time; for I expect more Company this Minute; besides, I must discharge the Gentleman under the Table.

Luc. O pray, Sir, discharge us first!

Kite. Tycho, wait on the Ladies down Stairs.

[*Exeunt Melinda and Lucy.*]

Enter Worthy and Plume.

Kite. Mr. Worthy, you were pleas'd to wish me Joy to-day, I hope to be able to return the Compliment to-morrow.

Wor. I'll make it the best Compliment to you that ever I made in my Life, if you do; but I must be a Traveller, you say?

Kite. No farther than the Chops of the Channel, I presume, Sir.

Plume. That we have concerted already. [*Knocking hard.*] Hey day! you don't profess Midwifry, Doctor?

Kite. Away to your Ambuscade.

[*Exeunt Plume and Worthy.*]

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Your Servant, Servant, my Dear.

Kite. Stand off, I have my Familiar already.

Braz. Are you bewitch'd, my Dear?

Kite. Yes, my Dear: but mine is a peaceable Spirit, and hates Gunpowder. Thus I fortify myself; [*Draws a Circle round him*] and now, Captain, have a care how you force my Lines.

Braz. Lines! What dost talk of Lines! You have something like a Fishing-rod there, indeed; but I come to be acquainted with you, Man,—What's your Name, my Dear?

Kite. Conundrum.

K 4

Braz.

Braz. *Conundrum!* Rat me, I knew a famous Doctor in *London* of your Name—Where were you born?

Kite. I was born in *Algebra*.

Braz. *Algebra!* 'Tis no Country in *Christendom*, I'm sure, unless it be some Place in the Highlands of *Scotland*.

Kite. Right—I told you I was bewitch'd.

Braz. So am I, my Dear; I am going to be married—I have had two Letters from a Lady of Fortune that loves me to Madness, Fits, Cholick, Spleen, and Vapours—shall I marry her in four-and-twenty Hours, ay, or no?

Kite. Certainly.

Braz. I shall!

Kite. Certainly: Ay, or no. But I must have the Year and the Day of the Month when these Letters were dated.

Braz. Why, you old Bitch, did you ever hear of Love-letters dated with the Year and Day of the Month? Do you think *Billet-deux* are like Bank-bills?

Kite. They are not so good, my Dear—but if they bear no Date, I must examine the Contents.

Braz. Contents! That you shall, old Boy, here they be both.

Kite. Only the last you receiv'd, if you please. [*Takes the Letter.*] Now, Sir, if you please to let me consult my Books for a Minute, I'll send this Letter inclos'd to you with the Determination of the Stars upon it to your Lodgings.

Braz. With all my Heart—I must give him [*Put's his Hands in his Pocket.*] *Algebra!* I fancy, Doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the Place of your Nativity—Here:—[*Gives him Money.*] And if I succeed, I'll build a Watch-tower on the Top of the highest Mountain in *Wales* for the Study of Astrology, and the Benefit of the *Conundrums*.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Wor. O Doctor! That Letter's worth a Million, let me see it; and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Plume. Pho! let me see it; [*Opening the Letter.*] If she be a Jilt—Damn her, she is one—There's her Name at the Bottom on't.

Wor.

Wor. How ! Then I'll travel in good earnest——
By all my Hopes, 'tis *Lucy's* Hand.

Plumè. *Lucy's* !

Wor. Certainly—'tis no more like *Melinda's* Character than black is to white.

Plume. Then 'tis certainly *Lucy's* Contrivance to draw in *Brazen* for a Husband——But are you sure 'tis not *Melinda's* Hand ?

Wor. You shall see ; where's the bit of Paper I gave you just now that the Devil writ *Melinda* upon ?

Kite. Here, Sir.

Plume. 'Tis plain they're not the same ; and is this the malicious Name that was subscribed to the Letter, which made Mr. *Ballance* send his Daughter into the Country ?

Wor. The very same, the other Fragments I shew'd you just now. I once intended it for another Use, but I think I have turn'd it now to a better Advantage.

Plume. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this so long, and to continue me so many Hours in the pernicious Heresy of believing that Angelic Creature could change : Poor *Sylvia* !

Wor. Rich *Sylvia* you mean, and poor Captain, ha, ha, ha !——Come, come, Friend, *Melinda* is true, and shall be mine ; *Sylvia* is constant, and may be yours.

Plume. No, she's above my Hopes——But for her sake I'll recant my Opinion of her Sex.

*By some the Sex is blam'd without Design,
Light harmless Censure, such as your's and mine,
Sallies of Wit, and Vapours of our Wine.*

*Others the Justice of the Sex condemn,
And wanting Merit to create Esteem,
Wou'd hide their own Defects by cens'ring them.*

*But they secure in their all conqu'ring Charms,
Laugh at the vain Efforts of false Alarms ;*

He magnifies their Conquests who complains,

For none would struggle were they not in Chains. [Exeunt.]

The End of the Fourth ACT.

K

ACT

Wor.

A C T V.

SCENE, *Justice Ballance's House.**Enter Ballance and Scale.**Scale.* I Say, 'tis not to be borne, Mr. *Ballance*.*Bal.* Look'e, Mr. *Scale*, for my own part, I shall be very tender in what regards the Officers of the Army; they expose their Lives to so many Dangers for us abroad, that we may give them some Grains of Allowance at home.*Scale.* Allowance! This poor Girl's Father is my Tenant; and if I mistake not, her Mother nurs'd a Child for you—Shall they debauch our Daughters to our Faces?*Bal.* Consider, Mr. *Scale*, that were it not for the Bravery of these Officers, we should have *French Dragoons* among us, that would leave us neither Liberty, Property, Wives, nor Daughters—Come, Mr. *Scale*, the Gentlemen are vigorous and warm, and may they continue so; the same Heat that stirs them up to Love, spurs them on to Battle. You never knew a great General in your Life, that did not love a Whore. This I only speak in Reference to Captain *Plume*——for the other Spark I know nothing of.*Scale.* Nor can I hear of any body that does——Oh, here they come.*Enter Sylvia, Bullock, Rose, Prisoners; Constable and Mob.**Const.* May it please your Worships, we took them in the very Act, *re infecta*, Sir——The Gentleman, indeed, behav'd himself like a Gentleman; for he drew his Sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down and said nothing.*Bal.* Give the Gentleman his Sword again——Wait you without, [*Exeunt Constable and Watch*] I'm sorry, Sir, [*To Sylvia.*] to know a Gentleman upon such Terms, that the Occasion of our meeting should prevent the Satisfaction of an Acquaintance.*Syl.* Sir, you need make no Apology for your Warrant,

no more than I shall do for my Behaviour—My Innocence is upon an equal Footing with your Authority.

Scale. Innocence! Have not you seduc'd that young Maid?

Syl. No, Mr. Goosecap, she seduc'd me.

Bul. So she did, I'll swear—for she propos'd Marriage first.

Bal. What, then you are married, Child! [*To Rose.*]

Rose. Yes, Sir, to my Sorrow.

Bal. Who was Witness?

Bul. That was I—I danc'd, threw the Stocking, and spoke Jokes by their Bedside, I'm sure.

Bal. Who was the Minister?

Bul. Minister! We are Soldiers, and want no Minister—they were married by the Articles of War.

Bal. Hold thy prating, Fool—Your Appearance, Sir, promises some Understanding; pray what does this Fellow mean?

Syl. He means Marriage, I think—but that you know is so odd a thing, that hardly any two People under the Sun agree in the Ceremony; some make it a Sacrament, others a Convenience, and others make it a Jest; but among Soldiers 'tis most sacred—Our Sword, you know, is our Honour, that we lay down—The Hero jumps over it first, and the Amazon after—Leap Rogue, follow Whore—The Drum beats a Ruff, and so to bed; that's all; the Ceremony is concise.

Bul. And the prettiest Ceremony, so full of Pastime and Prodigality—

Bal. What! Are you a Soldier?

Bul. Ay, that I am—Will your Worship lend me your Cane, and I'll shew you how I can exercise.

Bal. Take it. [*Strikes him over the head.*] Pray, Sir, what Commission may you bear? [*To Sylvia.*]

Syl. I am call'd Captain, Sir, by all the Coffee-men, Drawers, Whores, and Groom-porters in London; for I wear a red Coat, a Sword, a Hat *bien trouffée*, a Martial Twist in my Cravat, a fierce Knot in my Periwig, a Cane upon my Button, Piquet in my Head, and Dice in my Pocket.

Scale. Your Name, pray Sir?

Syl. Captain *Pinch*: I cock my Hat with a Pinch; I take

take Snuff with a Pinch, pay my Whores with a Pinch; in short, I can do any thing at a Pinch, but fight and fill my Belly.

Ball. And pray, Sir, what brought you into *Shropshire*?

Syl. A Pinch, Sir: I knew you Country Gentlemen want Wit, and you know that we Town Gentlemen want Money, and so——

Bal. I understand you, Sir—Here, Constable——
Enter Constable.

Take this Gentleman into Custody till farther Orders.

Rose. Pray, your Worshipp don't be uncivil to him, for he did me no hurt; he's the most harmless Man in the World, for all he talks so.

Scale. Come, come, Child, I'll take care of you.

Syl. What, Gentlemen, rob me of my Freedom and my Wife at once! 'Tis the first time they ever went together.

Bal. Heark'e, Constable. *[Whispers him.]*

Const. It shall be done, Sir,—Come along, Sir.

[Exeunt Constable, Bullock, and Sylvia.]

Bal. Come, Mr. *Scale*, we'll manage the Spark presently. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, *Melinda's Apartment.*

Enter Melinda and Worthy.

Mel. So far the Prediction is right,—'tis ten exactly. *[Aside.]* And pray, Sir, how long have you been in this travelling Humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, Madam, for us to avoid what disturbs our Quiet.

Mel. Rather the Love of Change, which is more natural, may be the occasion of it.

Wor. To be sure, Madam, there must be Charms in Variety, else neither you nor I should be so fond of it.

Mel. You mistake, Mr. *Worthy*; I am not so fond of Variety as to travel for't, nor do I think it Prudence in you to run yourself into a certain Expence and Danger, in hopes of precarious Pleasure, which at best never answers Expectation; as 'tis evident from the Example of most Travellers, that long more to return to their own Country, than they did to go abroad.

Wor.

Wor. What Pleasures I may receive abroad are indeed uncertain ; but this I am sure of, I shall meet with less Cruelty among the most barbarous of Nations, than I have found at home.

Mel. Come Sir, you and I have been jangling a great while ; I fancy if we made up our Accounts, we should the sooner come to an Agreement.

Wor. Sure, Madam, you won't dispute your being in my Debt—My Fears, Sighs, Vows, Promises, Affiduities, Anxieties, Jealousies, have run on for a whole Year without any Payment.

Mel. A Year ! Oh, Mr. *Worthy* ! What you owe to me is not to be paid under a seven Years Servitude : How did you use me the Year before ? when taking the Advantage of my Innocence and Necessity, you would have made me your Mistress, that is your Slave—Remember the wicked Insinuations, artful Baits, deceitful Arguments, cunning Pretences ; then your impudent Behaviour, loose Expressions, familiar Letters, rude Visits ; remember those, those, Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. I do remember, and am sorry I made no better use of 'em. [*Aside.*] But you may remember, Madam, that—

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing—'Tis your Interest that I should forget : You have been barbarous to me, I have been cruel to you ; put that and that together, and let one balance the other—Now if you will begin upon a new Score, lay aside your adventuring Airs, and behave yourself handsomely till *Lent* be over ; here's my Hand, I'll use you as a Gentleman should be.

Wor. And if I don't use you as a Gentlewoman should be, may this be my Poison. [*Kissing her Hand.*]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the Coach is at the Door.

Mel. I am going to Mr. *Ballance's* Country-house to see my Cousin *Sylvia* ; I have done her an Injury, and can't be easy till I have ask'd her Pardon.

Wor. I dare not hope for the Honour of waiting on you.

Mel. My Coach is full ; but if you will be so gallant as to mount your own Horses and follow us, we shall be glad

glad

Wor.

glad to be overtaken; and if you bring Captain *Plume* with you, we shan't have the worse Reception.

Wor. I'll endeavour it. [Exit, leading *Melinda*,

SCENE, *The Market-place.*

Enter Plume and Kite.

Plume. A Baker, a Taylor, a Smith, Butcher, Carpenters, and Journeyman Shoemakers, in all Thirty-nine—I believe the first Colony planted in *Virginia* had not more Trades in their Company than I have in mine.

Kite. The Butcher, Sir, will have his Hands full; for we have two Sheep-stealers among us—I hear of a Fellow too committed just now for stealing of Horses.

Plume. We'll dispose of him among the Dragoons—Have we never a *Poulterer* among us?

Kite. Yes, Sir, the King of the Gipsies is a very good one, he has an excellent Hand at a Goose or a Turkey—Here's Captain *Brazen*, Sir; I must go look after the Men. [Exit.

Enter Brazen, reading a Letter.

Braz. Um, um, um, the Canonical Hour—Um, um, very well—My dear *Plume*! Give me a Buff.

Plume. Half a score, if you will, my Dear: What hast got in thy Hand, Child?

Braz. 'Tis a Project for laying out a thousand Pound.

Plume. Were it not requisite to project first how to get it in?

Braz. You can't imagine, my Dear, that I want twenty thousand Pounds; I have spent twenty times as much in the Service—Now, my Dear, pray advise me, my Head runs much upon Architecture, shall I build a Privateer or a Play-house?

Plume. An odd Question—a Privateer or a Play-house! 'Twill require some Consideration—Faith, I'm for a Privateer.

Braz. I'm not of your Opinion, my Dear—for in the first Place a Privateer may be ill built.

Plume. And so may a Play-house.

Braz. But a Privateer may be ill-mann'd?

Plume. And so may a Play-house.

Braz. But a Privateer may run upon the Shallows.

Plume. Not so often as a Play-house.

Braz. But you know a Privateer may spring a Leak.

Plume. And I know a Play-house may spring a great many.

Braz. But suppose the Privateer come home with a rich Booty, we should never agree about our Shares.

Plume. 'Tis just so in a Play-house—So, by my Advice, you shall fix upon a Privateer.

Braz. Agreed—But if this twenty thousand Pounds should not be in Specie—

Plume. What twenty thousand?

Braz. Hark'e.

[*Whispers.*]

Plume. Married!

Braz. Presently, we're to meet about half a Mile out of Town at the Water-side—and so forth—[*Reads.*] *For fear I should be known, by any of Worthy's Friends, you must give me leave to wear my Mask till after the Ceremony, which will make me forever yours—*—Look'e there, my dear Dog.

[*Shows the bottom of the Letter to Plume.*]

Plume. *Melinda!* And by this Light, her own Hand! Once more, if you please, my Dear—Her Hand exactly? Just now, you say?

Braz. This Minute I must be gone.

Plume. Have a little Patience, and I'll go with you.

Braz. No, no, I see a Gentleman coming this way, that may be inquisitive; 'tis *Worthy*, do you know him?

Plume. By sight only.

Braz. Have a care, the very Eyes discover Secrets.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Worthy.

Wor. To Boot and Saddle, Captain; you must mount.

Plume. Whip and Spur, *Worthy*, or you won't mount.

Wor. But I shall: *Melinda* and I are agreed; she's gone to visit *Sylvia*, we are to mount and follow; and could we carry a Parson with us, who knows what might be done for us both?

Plume. Don't trouble your Head, *Melinda* has secur'd a Parson already.

Wor. Already! Do you know more than I?

Plume. Yes, I saw it under her Hand—*Braxen* and she are to meet half a Mile hence at the Water-side, there to take Boat, I suppose to be ferried over to the *Elysian* Fields, if there be any such Thing in Matrimony.

Wor.

Wor. I parted with *Melinda* just now, she assur'd me she hated *Braxen*, and that she resolv'd to discard *Lucy* for daring to write Letters to him in her Name.

Plume. Nay, nay, there's nothing of *Lucy* in this—I tell ye, I saw *Melinda's* Hand, as surely as this is mine.

Wor. But I tell you she's gone this Minute to Justice *Ballance's* Country-house.

Plume. But I tell you, she's gone this Minute to the Water-side.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam *Melinda* has sent word, that you need not trouble yourself to follow her, because her Journey to Justice *Ballance's* is put off, and she's gone to take the Air another way. [To *Worthy*.

Wor. How! her Journey put off!

Plume. That is, her Journey was a put off to you.

Wor. 'Tis plain, plain—But how, where, when is she to meet *Braxen*?

Plume. Just now, I tell you, half a Mile hence, at the Water-side.

Wor. Up or down the Water?

Plume. That I don't know.

Wor. I'm glad my Horses are ready—*Jack*, get 'em out.

Plume. Shall I go with you?

Wor. Not an Inch—I shall return presently. [Exit.

Plume. You'll find me at the Hall; the Justices are sitting by this time, and I must attend them.

SCENE, A Court of Justice: *Ballance*, *Scale*, and *Scruple* upon the Bench: *Constable*, *Kite*, *Mob*.

Kite and *Constable* advance forward.

Kite. Pray, who are those honourable Gentlemen upon the Bench?

Const. He in the middle is Justice *Ballance*, he on the right is Justice *Scales*, and he on the left is Justice *Scruple*, and I am Mr. *Constable*; four very honest Gentlemen.

Kite. O, dear Sir! I am your most obedient Servant: [Saluting the *Constable*.] I fancy, Sir, that your Employment and mine are much the same; for my Business is to keep People in order, and if they disobey, to knock 'em down; and then we are both Staff-officers.

Const.

Const. Nay, I'm a Serjeant myself—of the Militia—Come, Brother, you shall see me exercise; suppose this a Musket: Now I am shoulder'd

[*Puts his Staff on his right Shoulder.*]

Kite. Ay, you are shoulder'd pretty well for a Constable's Staff; but for a Musket, you must put it on the other Shoulder, my Dear.

Const. Adso! that's true—Come, now give the Word of Command.

Kite. Silence.

Const. Ay, ay, so we will—We shall be silent.

Kite. Silence you Dog. Silence!

[*Strikes him over his Head with his Halberd.*]

Const. That's the way to silence a Man with a witness—What d'ye mean, Friend?

Kite. Only to exercise you, Sir.

Const. Your Exercise differs so much from ours, that we shall ne'er agree about it; if my own Captain had given me such a Rap, I had taken the Law of him.

Enter Plume.

Bal. Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Scrup. Come, honest Captain, sit by me. [*Plume ascends, and sits upon the Bench.*] Now produce your Prisoners—Here, that Fellow there—set him up.—Mr. Constable, what have you to say against this Man?

Const. I have nothing to say against him, an please you.

Bal. No! what made you bring him hither?

Const. I don't know, an please your Worship.

Scale. Did not the Contents of your Warrant direct you what sort of Men to take up?

Const. I can't tell, an please ye; I can't read.

Scru. A very pretty Constable truly—I find we have no Business here.

Kite. May it please the Worshipful Bench, I desire to be heard in this Case, as being Counsel for the Queen.

Bal. Come, Serjeant, you shall be heard, since no Body else will speak; we won't come here for nothing.

Kite. This Man is but one Man, the Country may spare him, and the Army wants him; besides, he's cut out by Nature for a Grenadier; he's five Foot ten Inches high;

high; he shall box, wrestle, or dance the *Cheshire* Round with any Man in the Country; he gets drunk every Sabbath-day, and he beats his Wife.

Wife. You lie, Sirrah, you lie; an please your Worship, he's the best natur'd, pains-taking'st Man in the Parish, witness my five poor Children.

Scru. A Wife! and five Children! You Constable, you Rogue, how durst you impress a Man that has a Wife and five Children?

Scale. Discharge him, discharge him.

Bal. Hold, Gentlemen——Heark'e, Friend, how do you maintain your Wife and five Children?

Plume. They live upon Wild-fowl and Venison, Sir; the Husband keeps a Gun, and kills all the Hares and Partridges within five Miles round.

Bal. A Gun! nay, if he be so good at Gunning, he shall have enough on't.——He may be of use against the *French*, for he shoots flying to be sure.

Scru. But his Wife and Children, Mr. *Ballance*!

Wife. Ay, ay, that's the Reason you would send him away, you know I have a Child every Year, and you are afraid they should come upon the Parish at last.

Plume. Look'e there, Gentlemen, the honest Woman has spoke it at once, the Parish had better maintain five Children this Year, than six or seven the next: That Fellow, upon this high Feeding, may get you two or three Beggars at a Birth.

Wife. Look'e, Mr. Captain, the Parish shall get nothing by sending him away, for I won't lose my Teeming-time, if there be a Man left in the Parish.

Bal. Send that Woman to the House of Correction,——and the Man——

Kite. I'll take care of him, if you please.

[*Takes him down.*]

Scale. Here you Constable, the next——Set up that black-fac'd Fellow, he has a Gun-powder Look; what can you say against this Man, Constable?

Const. Nothing, but that he is a very honest Man.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, let me have one honest Man in my Company, for the Novelty's sake.

Bal. What are you, Friend?

Mob. A Collier, I work in the Cole-pits.

Scru.

Scru. Look'e, Gentlemen, this Fellow has a Trade, and the Act of Parliament here expresses, that we are to impress no Man that has any visible Means of a Livelihood.

Kite. May it please your Worships, this Man has no visible Means of a Livelihood, for he works under Ground.

Plume. Well said, *Kite*; besides the Army wants Miners.

Bal. Right, and had we an Order of Government for't, we could raise you in this and the neighbouring County of *Stafford*, five hundred Colliers that would run you under-ground like Moles, and do more Service in a Siege than all the Miners in the Army.

Scru. Well, Friend, what have you to say for yourself?

Mob. I'm married.

Kite. Lack-a-day, so am I.

Mob. Here's my Wife, poor Woman.

Bal. Are you married, good Woman?

Wom. I'm married in Conscience.

Kite. May it please your Worship, she's with Child in Conscience.

Sca'e. Who married you, Mistress?

Wom. My Husband—we agreed that I should call him Husband, to avoid passing for a Whore; and that he should call me Wife, to shun going for a Soldier.

Scru. A very pretty Couple! pray, Captain, will you take 'em both?

Plume. What say you, Mr. *Kite*, will you take care of the Woman?

Kite. Yes, Sir, she shall go with us to the Sea-side, and there, if she has a Mind to drown herself, we'll take care that Nobody shall hinder her.

Bal. Here, Constable, bring in my Man. [*Exit.* Constable.] Now, Captain, I'll fit you with a Man, such as you ne'er list'd in your Life. [*Enter* Constable and *Sylvia*.] O! my Friend *Pinch*, I'm very glad to see you.

Syl. Well, Sir, and what then?

Scale. What then! Is that your Respect to the Bench?

Syl. Sir, I don't care a Farthing for you nor your Bench neither.

Scru. Look'e, Gentlemen, that's enough, he's a very impudent Fellow, and fit for a Soldier.

Scale.

Scale. A notorious Rogue, I say, and very fit for a Soldier.

Const. A Whore-master, I say, and therefore fit to go.

Bal. What think you, Captain?

Plume. I think he's a very pretty Fellow, and therefore fit to serve.

Syl. Me for a Soldier! send your own lazy, lubberly Sons at home; Fellows that hazard their Necks every Day in the Pursuit of a Fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an Enemy in the Face.

Const. May it please your Worships, I have a Woman at the Door to swear a Rape against this Rogue.

Syl. Is it your Wife, or Daughter, Booby? I ravish'd 'em both yesterday.

Bal. Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War, we'll see him list'd immediately.

Plume. [*Reads.*] Articles of War against Mutiny and Desertion—&c.

Syl. Hold, Sir—Once more, Gentlemen, have a care what you do, for you shall severely smart for any Violence you offer to me; and you, Mr. *Ballance*, I speak to you particularly, you shall heartily repent it.

Plume. Look'e, young Spark, say but one Word more, and I'll build a Horse for you as high as the Ceiling, and make you ride the most tiresome Journey that ever you made in your Life.

Syl. You have made a fine Speech, good Captain *Huffcap*; but you had better be quiet, I shall find a Way to cool your Courage.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, don't mind him, he's distracted.

Syl. 'Tis false—I am descended of as good a Family as any in your County; my Father is as good a Man as any upon your Bench, and I am Heir to twelve Hundred Pounds a-Year.

Bal. He's certainly mad—Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War.

Syl. Hold once more—Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, to you I speak, suppose I were your Child, would you use me at this rate?

Bal. No, 'faith, were you mine, I would send you to *Bedlam*, first, and into the Army afterwards.

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Syl. But consider my Father Sir, he's as good, as generous, as brave, as just a Man as ever serv'd his Country; I'm his only Child, perhaps the Loss of me may break his Heart.

Bal. He's a very great Fool if it does; Captain, if you don't list him this Minute, I'll leave the Court.

Plume. *Kite*, do you distribute the Levy-money to the Men while I read.

Kite. Ay, Sir——Silence, Gentlemen.

[*Plume reads the Articles of War.*]

Bal. Very well; now, Captain, let me beg the Favour of you, not to discharge this Fellow upon any account whatsoever. Bring in the rest.

Const. There are no more, an't please your Worship.

Bal. No more! there were five two Hours ago.

Syl. 'Tis true, Sir, but this Rogue of a Constable let the rest escape for a Bribe of eleven Shillings a Man, because, he said, the Act allow'd him but ten, so the odd Shilling was clear Gains.

All Just. How!

Syl. Gentlemen, he offer'd to let me go away for two Guineas, but I had not so much about me; this is Truth, and I'm ready to swear it.

Kite. And I'll swear it; give me the Book, 'tis for the good of the Service.

Mob. May it please your Worship, I gave him half a Crown to say that I was an honest Man; but now, since that your Worships have made me a Rogue, I hope I shall have my Money again.

Bal. 'Tis my Opinion, that this Constable be put into the Captain's Hands, and if his Friends don't bring four good Men for his Ransom by To-morrow Night,—Captain, you shall carry him to *Flanders*.

Scale. *Scruple.* Agreed, agreed!

Plume. Mr. *Kite*, take the Constable into Custody.

Kite. Ay, ay,—Sir, [*To the Constable.*] will you please to have your Office taken from you? Or will you handsomely lay down your Staff, as your Betters have done before you? [*Constable drops his Staff.*]

Bal. Come, Gentlemen, there needs no great Ceremony in adjourning this Court——Captain, you shall dine with me.

Kite. Come, Mr. Militia Serjeant, I shall silence you now, I believe, without your taking the Law of me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE, *The Fields.*

Enter Brazen, leading in Lucy mask'd.

Braz. The Boat is just below here.

Enter Worthy with a Case of Pistols under his Arm.

Wor. Here, Sir, take your Choice.

[*Going between 'em, and offering them.*]

Braz. What! Pistols! are they charg'd, my Dear?

Wor. With a Brace of Bullets each.

Braz. But I'm a Foot Officer, my Dear, and never use Pistols, the Sword is my Way—and I won't be put out of my Road to please any Man.

Wor. Nor I neither; so have at you. [*Cocks one Pistol.*]

Braz. Look'e, my Dear, I don't care for Pistols—Pray, oblige me, and let us have a Bout at Sharps; dam it, there's no parrying these Bullets.

Wor. Sir, if you ha'n't your Belly-full of these, the Swords shall come in for second Course.

Braz. Why then, Fire and Fury! I have eaten Smoak from the Mouth of a Cannon, Sir; don't think I fear Powder, for I live upon't. Let me see: [*Takes one.*] And now, Sir, how many Paces distant shall we fire?

Wor. Fire you when you please, I'll reserve my Shot till I am sure of you.

Braz. Come, where's your Cloak?

Wor. Cloak! what d'ye mean?

Braz. To fight upon; I always fight upon a Cloak, 'tis our way abroad.

Luc. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Strife. [*Unmasks.*]

Wor. *Lucy!* take her.

Braz. The Devil take me if I do—Huzza! [*Fires his Pistol.*] D'ye hear, d'ye hear, you plaguy Harradan, how those Bullets whistle; suppose they had been lodg'd in my Gizzard now!

Luc. Pray, Sir, pardon me.

Braz. I can't tell, Child, 'till I know whether my Money be safe. [*Searching his Pocket*] Yes, yes, I do pardon you, but if I had you in *Rose Tavern, Covent-Garden*, with three or four hearty Rakes, and three or four

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four smart Napkins, I would tell you another Story, my Dear. [Exit.

Wor. And was *Melinda* privy to this?

Luc. No, Sir, she wrote her Name upon a piece of Paper at the Fortune-teller's last Night, which I put in my Pocket, and so writ above it to the Captain.

Wor. And how came *Melinda's* Journey put off?

Luc. At the Town's-end she met Mr. *Ballance's* Steward, who told her, that Mrs. *Sylvia* was gone from her Father's, and Nobody could tell whither.

Wor. *Sylvia* gone from her Father's! This will be News to *Plume*. Go home, and tell your Lady how near I was being shot for her. [Exeunt.

Enter *Ballance* with a Napkin in his Hand, as risen from Dinner, and Steward.

Stew. We did not miss her till the Evening, Sir; and then searching for her in the Chamber that was my young Master's, we found her Cloaths there; but the Suit that your Son left in the Press, when he went to London, was gone.

Bal. The White trimm'd with Silver?

Stew. The same.

Bal. You ha'n't told that Circumstance to any body.

Stew. To none but your Worship.

Bal. And be sure you don't; go into the Dining-room, and tell Captain *Plume* that I beg to speak with him.

Stew. I shall—— [Exit.

Bal. Was ever Man so impos'd upon? I had her Promise, indeed, that she would never dispose of herself without my Consent. I have consented with a Witness, given her away as my Act and Deed—And this, I warrant, the Captain thinks will pass; no, I shall never pardon him the Villainy, first of robbing me of my Daughter, and then the mean Opinion he must have of me, to think that I could be so wretchedly impos'd upon; her extravagant Passion might encourage her in the Attempt, but the Contrivance must be his—I'll know the Truth presently.—

Enter

Enter Plume.

Pray, Captain what have you done with your young Gentleman Soldier?

Plume. He's at my Quarters I suppose, with the rest of my Men.

Bal. Does he keep Company with the common Soldiers?

Plume. No, he's generally with me?

Bal. He lies with you, I presume.

Plume. No, 'faith, I offer'd him a part of my Bed—but the young Rogue fell in Love with *Rose*, and has lain with her, I think, since she came to Town.

Bal. So that between you both, *Rose* has been finely manag'd.

Plume. Upon my Honour, Sir, she had no harm from me.

Bal. All's safe, I find——Now, Captain, you must know, that the young Fellow's Impudence in Court was well grounded; he said I should heartily repent his being lifted, and so I do from my Soul.

Plume. Ay! for what Reason?

Bal. Because he is no less than what he said he was, born of as good a Family as any in this Country, and he is Heir to twelve hundred Pounds a-Year.

Plume. I'm very glad to hear it——For I want but a Man of that Quality to make my Company a perfect Representative of the whole Commons of *England*.

Bal. Won't you discharge him?

Plume. Not under a hundred Pounds Sterling.

Bal. You shall have it, for his Father is my intimate Friend.

Plume. Then you shall have him for nothing.

Bal. Nay, Sir, you shall have your Price.

Plume. Not a Penny, Sir; I value an Obligation to you much above an hundred Pounds.

Bal. Perhaps, Sir, you sha'n't repent your Generosity——Will you please to write his Discharge in my Pocket-book? [*Gives his Book.*] In the mean time, we'll send for the Gentleman. Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Go to the Captain's Lodging, and enquire for Mr. *Wilful*, tell him his Captain wants him here immediately.

Ser.

Ser. Sir, the Gentleman's below at the Door, enquiring for the Captain.

Plume. Bid him come up—Here's the Discharge, Sir.

Bal. Sir, I thank you——'Tis plain he had no hand in't.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. I think, Captain, you might have us'd me better than to leave me yonder among your swearing, drunken Crew; and you, Mr. Justice, might have been so civil as to have invited me to Dinner, for I have eaten with as good a Man as your Worship.

Plume. Sir, you must charge our want of Respect upon our Ignorance of your Quality—but now you are at Liberty—I have discharg'd you.

Syl. Discharg'd me!

Bal. Yes, Sir, and you must once more go home to your Father.

Syl. My Father! Then I am discover'd——Oh, Sir, [*Kneeling.*] I expect no Pardon.

Bal. Pardon! No, no, Child, your Crime shall be your Punishment; here, Captain, I deliver her over to the Conjugal Power for her Chastisement: Since she will be a Wife, be you a Husband, a very Husband—when she tells you of her Love, upbraid her with her Folly; be modishly ungrateful, because she has been unfashionably kind, and use her worse than you would any Body else, because you can't use her so well as she deserves.

Plume. And are you *Sylvia* in good earnest?

Syl. Earnest! I have gone too far to make it a Jest, Sir?—

Plume. And do you give her to me in good earnest?

Bal. If you please to take her, Sir.

Plume. Why then I have sav'd my Legs and Arms, and lost my Liberty; secure from Wounds, I am prepar'd for the Gout; farewell Subsistence, and welcome Taxes—Sir, my Liberty, and hopes of being a General, are much dearer to me than your twelve hundred Pounds a-Year—But to your Love, Madam, I resign my Freedom, and to your Beauty my Ambition——greater in obeying at your Feet, than commanding at the Head of an Army.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. I am sorry to hear, Mr. *Ballance*, that your Daughter is lost.

Bal. So am not I, Sir, since an honest Gentleman has found her.

Enter Melinda.

Mel. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, what's become of my Cousin *Sylvia*?

Bal. Your Cousin *Sylvia* is talking yonder with your Cousin *Plume*.

Mel. and *Wor.* How !

Syl. Do you think it strange, Cousin, that a Woman should change ; but, I hope, you'll excuse a Change that has proceeded from Constancy ; I alter'd my outside, because I was the same within ; and only laid by the Woman to make sure of my Man ; that's my History.

Mel. Your History is a little Romantic, Cousin ; but since Success has crown'd your Adventures, you will have the World o' your Side, and I shall be willing to go with the Tide, provided you'll pardon an Injury I offer'd you in the Letter to your Father.

Plume. That Injury, Madam, was done to me, and the Reparation I expect shall be made to my Friend ; make Mr. *Worthy* happy, and I shall be satisfied.

Mel. A good Example, Sir, will go a great way—when my Cousin is pleas'd to surrender, 'tis probable I sha'n't hold out much longer.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Gentlemen, I am yours—Madam, I am not yours.

Mel. I'm glad on't, Sir.

Braz. So am I—You have got a pretty House here, Mr. *Laconic*.

Bal. 'Tis time to right all Mistakes.—My Name, Sir, is *Ballance*.

Braz. *Ballance* ! Sir, I am your most obedient.—I know your whole Generation——had not you an Uncle that was Governor of the *Leeward* Islands some Years ago ?

Bal. Did you know him ?

Braz. Intimately, Sir——He play'd at *Billiards* to a Miracle—You had a Brother too that was a Captain of a Fire-

The Recruiting Officer.

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a Fireship—poor *Dick*—he had the most engaging way with him—of making Punch.—And then his Cabbin was so neat—but his poor Boy, *Jack*, was the most comical Bastard—Ha, ha, ha, ha! a pickled Dog, I shall never forget him.

Plume. Well, Captain, are you fix'd in your Project yet? Are you still for the Privateer?

Braz. No, no, I had enough of a Privateer just now; I had like to have been pick'd up by a Cruiser under false Colours, and a *French* Pickaroon for ought I know.

Plume. But have you got your Recruits, my Dear?

Braz. Not a Stick, my Dear.

Plume. Probably, I shall furnish you.

Enter Rose and Bullock.

Rose. Captain, Captain, I have got loose once more, and have persuaded my Sweetheart, *Cartwheel*, to go with us; but you must promise not to part with me again.

Syl. I find, Mrs. *Rose* has not been pleas'd with her Bedfellow.

Rose. Bedfellow! I don't know whether I had a Bedfellow or not.

Rose. Don't be in a Passion, Child, I was as little pleas'd with your Company, as you could be with mine.

Bul. Pray, Sir, donna be offended at my Sister, she's something under bred, but if you please, I'll lie with you in her stead.

Plume. I have promis'd, Madam, to provide for this Girl; now will you be pleased to let her wait upon you? or shall I take care of her?

Syl. She shall be my Charge, Sir; you may find it Business enough to take care of me.

Bul. Ay, and of me, Captain; for wauns! if ever you lift your Hand against me, I'll desert.——

Plume. Captain *Brazen* shall take care o'that: My Dear, instead of the twenty thousand Pounds you talk'd of, you shall have the twenty brave Recruits that I have rais'd at the rate they cost me.—My Commission I lay down, to be taken up by some braver Fellow, that has more Merit, and less good Fortune—whilst I endeavour, by the Example of this worthy Gentleman, to serve my Queen and Country at home.

The Recruiting Officer.

*With some Regret I quit the active Field,
 Where Glory full Reward for Life does yield;
 But the Recruiting Trade, with all its Train
 Of endless Plague, Fatigue, and endless Pain,
 I gladly quit, with my fair Spouse to stay,
 And raise Recruits the matrimonial way.*

[Exeunt]



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EPILOGUE.

ALL Ladies and Gentlemen, that are willing to see the Comedy, call'd the *Recruiting Officer*, let them repair To-morrow Night, by six o'Clock, to the Sign of the *Theatre-Royal*, in *Drury-Lane*, and they shall be kindly entertain'd.

*We scorn the vulgar Ways to bid you come,
Whole Europe now obeys the Call of Drum.
The Soldier, not the Poet, here appears,
And beats up for a Corps of Volunteers :
He finds that Music chiefly does delight ye,
And therefore chuses Music to invite ye.*

Beat the Grenadier March—Row, row, row,——
Gentlemen, this Piece of Music, call'd, *An Overture to a Battle*, was compos'd by a famous *Italian* Master, and was perform'd with wonderful Success, at the great Operas of *Vigo*, *Schellenbergh* and *Blenheim*; it came off with the Applause of all *Europe*, excepting *France*; the *French* found it a little too rough for their *Delicateſſe*.

*Some that have acted on those glorious Stages,
Are here to witness to succeeding Ages,
That no Music like the Grenadier's engages.*

}

Ladies, we must own that this Music of ours is not altogether so soft as *Bononcini's*; yet we dare affirm, that it has laid more People asleep than all the *Camillas* in the World; and you'll condescend to own, that it keeps one awake, beter than any *Opera* that ever was acted.

The Grenadier March seems to be a Composure excellently adapted to the *Genius* of the *English*, for no Music was ever follow'd so far by us, nor with so much Alacrity; and with all Deference to the present Subscription, We must say, that the Grenadier March has been subscrib'd for by the whole Grand Alliance: And we presume to inform the Ladies, that it always has the Pre-eminence abroad, and is constantly heard by the tallest, handsomest Men in the whole Army. In short, to gratify the present Taste, our Author is now adapting some Words to the Grenadier March, which he intends to have perform'd to morrow, if the Lady, who is to sing it, should not happen to be sick.

*This he concludes to be the surest way
To draw you hither; for you'll all obey
Soft Music's Call, tho' you should damn his Play.*



T H E

Beaux Stratagem:

A

C O M E D Y.

As it is ActED at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. CASLON, and T. LOWNDES.

M,DCC,LXXII.



Advertisement.

THE Reader may find some Faults in this PLAY, which my Illness prevented the amending of; but there is great Amends made in the Representation, which cannot be match'd, no more than the friendly and indefatigable Care of Mr. *Wilks*, to whom I chiefly owe the Success of the Play.

G. FARQUHAR.



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P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

WHEN Strife disturbs, or Sloth corrupt an Age,
 Keen Satire is the Business of the Stage.
When the Plain Dealer writ, he lash'd these Crimes
 Which then infested most—the modish Times :
But now when Faction sleeps, and Sloth is fled,
 And all our Youth in active Fields are bred ;
When thro' GREAT BRITAIN's fair extensive Round,
 The Trumps of Fame, the Notes of UNION sound ;
When ANNA's Sceptre points the Laws their Course,
 And her Example gives her Precepts Force ;
 There scarce is room for Satire ; all our Lays
 Must be, or Songs of Triumph, or of Praise.
But as in Grounds best cultivated, Tares
 And Poppies rise among the Golden Ears ;
 Our Product so, fit for the Field or School,
 Must mix with Nature's Favourite Plant——a Fool.
A Weed that has to twenty Summers ran,
 Shoots up in Stalk, and Vegetates to Man.
Simpling our Author goes from Field to Field ;
 And culls such Fools as may Diversion yield ;
 And, thanks to Nature, there's no want of those,
 For Rain or Shine, the thriving Coxcomb grows.
Follies to-night we shew ne'er lash'd before,
 Yet such as Nature shews you ev'ry Hour ;
 Nor can the Pictures give a just Offence,
 For Fools are made for Jest to Men of Sense.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE, 1772.

M E N.

<i>Archer,</i>	<i>Mr. Garrick.</i>
<i>Aimwell,</i>	<i>Mr. Packer.</i>
<i>Sullen,</i>	<i>Mr. Bannister.</i>
<i>Boniface,</i>	<i>Mr. Ackman.</i>
<i>Foigard,</i>	<i>Mr. Moody.</i>
<i>Gibbet,</i>	<i>Mr. Bransby.</i>
<i>Sir Charles Freeman,</i>	<i>Mr. J. Aikin.</i>
<i>Scrub,</i>	<i>Mr. Weston.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Dorinda,</i>	<i>Mrs. Reddish.</i>
<i>Lady Bountiful,</i>	<i>Miss Cross,</i>
<i>Cherry,</i>	<i>Mrs. Pope.</i>
<i>Mrs. Sullen,</i>	<i>Mrs. Barry.</i>

S_C E N E, LITCHFIELD.



T H E

BEAUX-STRATAGEM.

+++++

A C T I.

S C E N E, *An Inn.*

Enter Boniface running.

Bon. Hamberlain, Maid, *Cherry*, Daughter
Cherry; all asleep? all dead?



Enter Cherry running.

Cher Here, here. Why d'ye bawl so,
 Father? D'ye think we have no Ears?

Bon. You deserve to have none, you young Minx:—
 The Company of the *Warrington* Coach has flood in the
 Hall this Hour, and Nobody to shew them to their
 Chambers.

Cher. And let 'em wait, Father; there's neither Red-
 coat in the Coach, nor Footman behind it.

Bon. But they threaten to go to another Inn to-night.

Cher. That they dare not, for fear the Coachman
 should overturn them to-morrow,—Coming, coming:
 Here's the *London* Coach arriv'd.

Enter

Enter several People with Trunks, Band-boxes, with other Luggage, and cross the Stage.

Bon. Welcome, Ladies.

Cher. Very welcome, Gentlemen—Chamberlain, shew the *Lion* and the *Rose*. [Exit with the Company.]

Enter Aimwell in a Riding Habit, Archer as Footman carrying a Portmanteau.

Bon. This way, this way, Gentlemen.

Aim. Set down the Things; go to the Stable, and see my Horses well rubb'd.

Arch. I shall, Sir.

[Exit.]

Aim. You're my Landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old *Will. Boniface*, pretty well known upon this Road, as the Saying is.

Aim. O! Mr. *Boniface*, your Servant.

Bon. O! Sir—What will your Honour please to drink, as the Saying is?

Aim. I have heard your Town of *Litchfield* much fam'd for Ale, I think; I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my Cellar ten Tun of the best Ale in *Staffordshire*; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as Milk, clear as Amber, and strong as Brandy, and will be just fourteen Years old the fifth Day of next *March*, Old Style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the Age of your Ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the Age of my Children: I'll shew you such Ale—Here, Tapster, broach Number 1706, as the Saying is;—Sir, you shall taste my *Anno Domini*—I have liv'd in *Litchfield*, Man and Boy, above eight and fifty Years, and, I believe, have not consum'd eight and fifty Ounces of Meat.

Aim. At a Meal, you mean, if one may guess your Sense by your Bulk.

Bon. Not in my Life, Sir: I have fed purely upon Ale; I have eat my Ale, drank my Ale, and I always sleep upon Ale.

Enter Tapster with a Bottle and Glass.

Now, Sir, you shall see [Filling it out.] Your Worship's Health:

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Health : Ha ! delicious, delicious——fancy it *Burgundy*, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten Shillings a Quart.

Aim. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong ! It must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it ?

Aim. And have you liv'd so long upon this Ale, Landlord ?

Bon. Eight and fifty Years, upon my Credit, Sir ; but it kill'd my Wife, poor Woman, as the Saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass ?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir ; she would not let the Ale take its natural Course, Sir ; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a Dram, as the Saying is ; and an honest Gentleman that came this way from *Ireland*, made her a Present of a dozen Bottles of *Usquebaugh*——the poor Woman was never well after : But, howe'er, I was oblig'd to the Gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the *Usquebaugh* that kill'd her ?

Bon. My Lady *Bountiful* said so——She, good Lady, did what could be done ; she cur'd her of three Tympanies, but the fourth carried her off ; but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the Saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady *Bountiful*, you mention'd ?

Bon. 'Odds my Life, Sir, we'll drink her Health. [*Drinks.*] my Lady *Bountiful* is one of the best of Women : Her last Husband, Sir *Charles Bountiful* left her worth a thousand Pounds a-Year ; and, I believe, she lays out one half on't in charitable Uses for the good of her Neighbours ; she cures Rheumatisms, Ruptures, and broken Shins in Men ; Green-sickness, Obstructions, and Fits of the Mother in Women :——The King's Evil, Chin-cough, and Chilblains in Children : In short, she has cured more People in and about *Litchfield* within ten Years, than the Doctors have kill'd in twenty, and that's a bold Word.

Aim. Has the Lady been any other way useful in her Generation ?

Bon. Yes, Sir, she has a Daughter by Sir *Charles*, the finest Woman in all our Country, and the greatest Fortune : She has a Son too, by her first Husband, 'Squire *Sullen*, who married a fine Lady from *London* t'other Day ; if you please, Sir, we'll drink his Health.

Aim. What sort of a Man is he?

Bon. Why, Sir, the Man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, 'faith: But he's a Man of great Estate, and values Nobody.

Aim. A Sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, he's a Man of Pleasure; he plays at Whisk, and smoaks his Pipe eight and forty Hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine Sportsman, truly! And married, you say?

Bon. Ay, and to a curious Woman, Sir—But he's a—He wants it here, Sir. *[Pointing to his Forehead.]*

Aim. He has it there, you mean.

Bon. That's none of my Business; he's my Landlord, and so a Man, you know, would not—But I-cod, he's no better than—Sir, my humble Service to you. *[Drinks.]* Tho' I value not a Farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his Rent at Quarter-day; I have a good Running-trade; I have but one Daughter, and I can give her—But no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. *Boniface*; pray, what other Company have you in Town?

Bon. A power of fine Ladies; and then we have the *French Officers*.

Aim. O that's right, you have a good many of those Gentlemen. Pray, how do you like their Company?

Bon. So well, as the Saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em; they're full of Money, and pay double for every thing they have; they know, Sir, that we paid good round Taxes for the taking of 'em, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little: One of 'em lodges in my House.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Landlord, there are some *French Gentlemen* below, that ask for you.

Bon. I'll wait on 'em—Does your Master stay long in Town, as the Saying is. *[To Archer.]*

Arch. I can't tell, as the Saying is.

Bon. Come from London?

Arch. No!

Bon. Going to London, may hap!

Arch. No!

Bon.

Bon. An odd Fellow this: I beg your Worship's Pardon, I'll wait on you in half a Minute. [Exit.

Aim. The Coast's clear, I see—Now, my dear *Archer*, welcome to *Litchfield*.

Arch. I thank thee, my dear Brother in Iniquity.

Aim. Iniquity! prithee, leave Canting; you need not change your Stile with your Dress.

Arch. Don't mistake me, *Aimwell*, for 'tis still my Maxim, that there's no Scandal like Rags, nor any Crime so shameful as Poverty.

Aim. The World confesses it every Day in its Practice, though Men won't own it for their Opinion: Who did that worthy Lord, my Brother, single out of the Side-box to sup with him t'other Night?

Arch. *Jack Handicraft*, a handsome, well-dress'd, mannerly, sharpening Rogue, who keeps the best Company in Town.

Aim. Right; and pray who married my Lady *Man-slaughter* t'other Day, the great Fortune?

Arch. Why, *Nick Marrabone*, a profess'd Pick-pocket, and a good Bowler; but he makes a handsome Figure; and rides in his Coach that he formerly used to ride behind.

Aim. But did you observe poor *Jack Generous* in the Park last Week?

Arch. Yes, with his Autumnal Periwig, shading his melancholy Face, his Coat older than any thing but its Fashion, with one Hand idle in his Pocket, and with the other picking his uselefs Teeth; and tho' the Mall was crouded with Company, yet was poor *Jack* as single and solitary as a Lion in a Desert.

Aim. And as much avoided, for no Crime upon Earth but the want of Money.

Arch. And that's enough; Men must not be poor; Idleness is the Root of all Evil; the World's wide enough, let 'em bustle: Fortune has taken the Weak under her Protection, but Men of Sense are left to their Industry.

Aim. Upon which Topic we proceed, and, I think, luckily hitherto. Would not any Man swear now that I am a Man of Quality, and you my Servant, when if our intrinsic Value were known——

Arch.

Arch. Come, come, we are the Men of intrinsic Value, who can strike our Fortunes out of ourselves, whose Worth is independent of Accidents in Life, or Revolutions in Government: We have Heads to get Money, and Hearts to spend it.

Aim. As to our Hearts, I grant ye, they are as willing Tits as any within twenty Degrees; but I can have no great Opinion of our Heads from the Service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they brought us from London hither to *Litchfield*, made me a Lord, and you my Servant.

Arch. That's more than you could expect already. But what Money have we left?

Aim. But two hundred Pound.

Arch. And our Horses, Cloaths, Rings, &c. why, we have very good Fortunes now for moderate People; and let me tell you, that this two hundred Pounds, with the Experience that we are now Masters of, is a better Estate than the ten thousand we have spent—Our Friends indeed, began to suspect that our Pockets were low, but we came off with flying Colours, shew'd no signs of Want either in Word or Deed.

Aim. Ay, and our going to *Brussels* was a good pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and, I warrant you, our Friends imagine, that we are gone a Volunteering.

Arch. Why, 'faith if this Project fails, it must e'en come to that, I am for venturing one of the Hundreds, if you will, upon this Knight Errantry; but in case it should fail, we'll reserve the other to carry us to some Counterscarp, where we may die as we liv'd, in a Blaze.

Aim. With all my Heart, and we have liv'd justly, *Archer*; we can't say that we have spent our Fortunes, but that we have enjoy'd 'em.

Arch. Right; so much Pleasure for so much Money; we have had our Penny-worths; and had I Millions, I would go to the same Market again, O *London, London!* well, we have had our Share, and let us be thankful: Past Pleasures, for ought I know, are best, such we are sure of; those to come may disappoint us.

Aim. It has often griev'd the Heart of me, to see how some inhuman Wretches murder their kind Fortunes; those.

those that by sacrificing all to one Appetite, shall starve all the rest—You shall have some that live only in their Palates, and in their Sense of Tasting shall drown the other Four: Others are only Epicures in Appearances, such who shall starve their Nights to make a Figure a Days, and furnish their own, to feed the Eyes of others: A contrary sort confine their Pleasures to the dark, and contract their spacious Acres to the Circuit of a Muff-String.

Arch. Right; but they find the *Indies* in that Spot where they consume 'em, and, I think, your kind Keepers have much the best on't; for they indulge the most Senses by one Expence, there's the Seeing, Hearing, and Feeling, amply gratified; and some Philosophers will tell you, that from such a Commerce, there arises a sixth Sense, that gives infinitely more Pleasure than the other five put together.

Aim. And to pass to the other Extremity, of all Keepers, I think those the worst that keep their Money.

Arch. Those are the most miserable Wights in Being: they destroy the Rights of Nature, and disappoint the Blessings of Providence: Give me a Man that keeps his Five Senses keen and bright as his Sword, that has 'em always drawn out in their just Order and Strength, with his Reason, as Commander at the Head of 'em, that detaches 'em by turns upon whatever Party of Pleasure agreeably offers, and commands 'em to retreat upon the least Appearance of Disadvantage, or Danger:—For my part, I can stick to my Bottle, while my Wine, my Company, and my Reason, holds good; I can be charm'd with *Sappho's* Singing, without falling in Love with her Face: I love Hunting, but would not, like *Aëdon*, be eaten up by my own Dogs; I love a fine House, but let another keep it; and just so I love a fine Woman.

Aim. In that last Particular you have the better of me.

Arch. Ay, you're such an amorous Puppy, that I'm afraid you'll spoil our Sport; you can't counterfeit the Passion without feeling it.

Aim. Tho' the whining part be out of Doors in Town, 'tis still in force with the Country Ladies:—And let me tell you, *Frank*, the Fool in that Passion shall outdo the Knave at any time.

Arch

Arch. Well, I won't dispute it now; you command for the Day, and so I submit: At *Nottingham*, you know, I am to be Master.

Aim. And at *Lincoln*, I again.

Arch. Then, at *Norwich* I mount, which, I think, shall be our last Stage; for, if we fail there, we'll embark for *Holland*, bid adieu to *Venus*, and welcome *Mars*.

Aim. A Match! [*Enter Boniface.*] Mum.

Bon. What will your Worship please to have for Supper?

Aim. What have you got?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piece of Beef in the Pot, and a Pig at the Fire.

Aim. Good Supper-meat, I must confess—I can't eat Beef, Landlord.

Arch. And I hate Pig.

Aim. Hold your prating, Sirrah! Do you know who you are?

Bon. Please to bespeak something else; I have every thing in the House. [*Aside.*]

Aim. Have you any Veal?

Bon. Veal! Sir, we had a delicate Loin of Veal on Wednesday last.

Aim. Have you got any Fish, or Wild-fowl?

Bon. As for Fish, truly, Sir, we are an inland Town, and indifferently provided with Fish, that's the truth on't; but then for Wild-fowl!—We have a delicate Couple of Rabbets.

Aim. Get me the Rabbets fricasséed.

Bon. Fricasséed! Lard, Sir, they eat much better smother'd with Onions.

Arch. Pshaw! Rot your Onions.

Aim. Again, Sirrah!—Well, Landlord, what you please; but hold, I have a small Charge of Money, and your House is so full of Strangers, that I believe it may be safer in your Custody than mine; for when this Fellow of mine gets drunk, he minds nothing—Here, Sirrah, reach me the strong Box.

Arch. Yes, Sir,—this will give us Reputation.

[*Aside. Brings the Box.*]

Aim. Here, Landlord, the Locks are sealed down both for your Security and mine; it holds somewhat above

Two

Two hundred Pounds ; if you doubt it, I'll count it to you after Supper : But be sure you lay it where I may have it at a Minute's warning ; for my Affairs are a little dubious at present ; perhaps I may be gone in half an Hour, perhaps I may be your Guest till the best part of that be spent ; and pray order your Ostler to keep my Horses ready saddled : But one thing above the rest I must beg, that you would let this Fellow have none of your *Anno Domini*, as you call it ;—for he's the most insufferable Sot—Here, Sirrah, light me to my Chamber.

Arch. Yes, Sir !

[Exit, lighted by Archer.]

Bon. Cherry, Daughter Cherry.

Enter Cherry.

Cher. D'ye call, Father ?

Bon. Ay, Child, you must lay by this Box for the Gentleman, 'tis full of Money.

Cher. Money ! all that Money ! why sure, Father, the Gentleman comes to be chosen Parliament-man. Who is he ?

Bon. I don't know what to make of him ; he talks of keeping his Horses ready saddled, and of going perhaps at a Minute's warning, or of staying perhaps till the best part of this be spent.

Cher. Ay ! ten to one, Father, he's a Highway-man.

Bon. A Highway-man ! upon my Life, Girl, you have hit it, and this Box is some new-purchased Booty.—Now, could we find him out, the Money were ours.

Cher. He don't belong to our Gang.

Bon. What Horses have they ?

Cher. The Master rides upon a Black.

Bon. A Black ! ten to one the Man upon the black Mare ; and since he don't belong to our Fraternity, we may betray him with a safe Conscience : I don't think it lawful to harbour any Rogues but my own. Look'e, Child, as the Saying is, we must go cunningly to work ; Proofs we must have ; the Gentleman's Servant loves Drink, I'll ply him that way, and ten to one he loves a Wench ; you must work him t'other way.

Cher. Father, would you have me give my Secret for his ?

Bon. Consider, Child, there's Two hundred Pounds

to boot [*Ringings without.*] Coming, coming.—Child, mind your Business.

Cher. What a Rogue is my Father! my Father! I deny it.—My Mother was a good, generous, free-hearted Woman, and I can't tell how far her Good-nature might have extended for the good of her Children. This Landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his Guest, and debauch his Daughter into the Bargain,—by a Footman too!

Enter Archer.

Arch. What Footman, pray, Mistress, is so happy as to be the Subject of your Contemplation?

Cher. Whoever he is, Friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

Arch. I hope so, for, I'm sure, you did not think of me.

Cher. Suppose I had?

Arch. Why then you're but even with me; for the Minute I came in, I was considering in what manner I should make Love to you.

Cher. Love to me, Friend!

Arch. Yes, Child.

Cher. Child! Manners; if you kept a little more distance, Friend, it would become you much better.

Arch. Distance! good Night, Saucebox. [*Going.*]

Cher. A pretty Fellow; I like his Pride.—Sir, pray, Sir, you see, Sir, [*Archer returns*] I have the Credit to be intrusted with your Master's Fortune here, which sets me a degree above his Footman; I hope, Sir, you a'n't affronted.

Arch. Let me look you full in the Face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no.—'Sdeath, Child, you have a pair of delicate Eyes, and you don't know what to do with 'em.

Cher. Why, Sir, don't I see every Body?

Arch. Ay, but if some Women had 'em, they would kill every Body.—Prithee, instruct me, I would fain make Love to you, but I don't know what to say.

Cher. Why, did you never make Love to any Body before?

Arch. Never to a Person of your Figure, I can assure you, Madam, my Addresses have been always confin'd to People

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People within my own Sphere, I never aspir'd so high
before. [Archer sings.

*But you look so bright,
And are dress'd so tight,
That a Man wou'd swear you're Right,
As Arm was e'er laid over.*

*Such an Air
You freely wear
To ensnare,
'As makes each Guest a Lover :*

*Since then, my Dear, I'm your Guest,
Prithce give me of the Best
Of what is ready Dress'd :
Since then, my Dear, &c.*

Cher. What can I think of this Man? [*Afide.*] Will
you give me that Song, Sir?

Arch. Ay, my Dear, take it while it is warm. [*Kisses
her.*] Death and Fire! her Lips are Honey-combs.

Cher. And I wish there had been a Swarm of Bees too,
to have stung you for your Impudence.

Arch. There's a Swarm of *Cupids*, my little *Venus*, that
has done the Business much better.

Cher. This Fellow is milbegotten as well as I. [*Afide.*]
What's your Name, Sir?

Arch. Name! I gad I have forgot it. [*Afide.*] Oh?
Martin.

Cher. Where were you born?

Arch. In St. Martin's Parish.

Cher. What was your Father?

Arch. Of—of—St. Martin's Parish;

Cher. Then, Friend, good-night.

Arch. I hope not.

Cher. You may depend upon't.

Arch. Upon what?

Cher. That you're very impudent.

Arch. That you're very handsome!

Cher. That you're a Footman.

Arch. That you're an Angel.

Cher. I shall be rude.

Arch. So shall I.

Cher.

Cher. Let go my Hand.

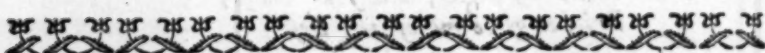
Arch. Give me a Kiss.

[*Kisses her.* Boniface calls without Cherry, Cherry.

Cher. I'm—My Father calls; you plaguy Devil, how durst you stop my Breath so?—Offer to follow me one step, if you dare.

Arch. A fair Challenge, by this Light; this is a pretty fair Opening of an Adventure; but we are Knights-errants, and so Fortune be our Guide. [Exit.

The End of the First ACT.



A C T II.

SCENE, *A Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.*

Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda meeting.

Dor. **M**orrow, my dear Sister; are you for Church this Morning?

Mrs. Sul. Any where to pray; for Heaven alone can help me: But I think, *Dorinda*, there's no Form of Prayer in the Liturgy against bad Husbands.

Dor. But there's a Form of Law at *Doctors Commons*; and I swear, Sister *Sullen*, rather than see you thus continually discontented, I would advise you to apply to that: For besides the part that I bear in your vexatious Broils, as being Sister to the Husband, and Friend to the Wife, your Examples give me such an Impression of Matrimony, that I shall be apt to condemn my Person to a long Vacation all its Life—But supposing, Madam, that you brought it to a Case of Separation, what can you urge against your Husband? My Brother is, first, the most constant Man alive.

Mrs. Sul. The most constant Husband, I grant ye.

Dor. He never sleeps from you.

Mrs. Sul. No, he always sleeps with me.

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Mrs. Sul.

Dor. He allows you a Maintenance suitable to your Quality.

Mrs. Sul. A Maintenance! do you take me, Madam, for an Hospital Child, that I must sit down, and bless my Benefactors, for Meat, Drink, and Clothes? As I take it, Madam, I brought your Brother Ten thousand Pounds, out of which I might expect some pretty Things, call'd Pleasures.

Dor. You share in all the Pleasures that the Country affords.

Mrs. Sul. Country Pleasures! Racks and Torments! Dost think, Child, that my Limbs were made for leaping of Ditches, and clambring over Stiles; or that my Parents wisely foreseeing my future Happiness in Country Pleasures, had early instructed me in the rural Accomplishments of drinking fat Ale, playing at Whist, and smoaking Tobacco with my Husband; or of spreading of Plaisters, brewing of Diet-drinks, and distilling Rosemary-water, with the good old Gentlewoman my Mother-in-law?

Dor. I'm sorry, Madam, that it is not more in our Power to divert you; I could wish, indeed, that our Entertainments were a little more polite, or your Taste a little less refin'd: But pray, Madam, how came the Poets and Philosophers, that labour'd so much in hunting after Pleasure, to place it at last in a Country-life?

Mrs. Sul. Because they wanted Money, Child, to find out the Pleasures of the Town: Did you ever hear of a Poet or Philosopher worth Ten thousand Pounds? If you can shew me such a Man, I'll lay you fifty Pounds, you'll find him somewhere within the weekly Bills. Not that I disapprove rural Pleasures, as the Poets have painted them in their Landscapes; every *Phylis* has her *Corydon*, every murmuring Stream, and every flow'ry Mead gives fresh Alarms to Love——Besides, you'll find that their Couples were never married:—But yonder, I see my *Corydon*, and a sweet Swain it is, Heaven knows—Come, *Dorinda*, don't be angry, he's my Husband, and your Brother, and between both, is he not a sad Brute?

Dor. I have nothing to say to your part of him, you're the best Judge.

Mrs. Sul. O Sister, Sister! if ever you marry, beware
of

of a sullen, silent Sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks.—There's some Diversion in a talking Block-head; and since a Woman must wear Chains, I would have the Pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little.—Now, you shall see; but take this by the way, he came Home this Morning at his usual Hour of Four, waken'd me out of a sweet Dream of something else, by tumbling over the Tea table, which he broke all to Pieces; after his Man and he had rowl'd about the Room like sick Passengers in a Storm, he comes flounce into Bed, dead as a Salmon into a Fishmonger's Basket; his Feet cold as Ice, his Breath hot as a Furnace, and his Hands and his Face as greasy as his Flannel Night-cap—Oh Matrimony! Matrimony!—He tosses up the Clothes with a barbarous swing over his Shoulders, disorders the whole Oeconomy of my Bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole Night's Comfort is the tuneable Serenade of that wakeful Nightingale, his Nose——O the Pleasure of counting the melancholy Clock by a snoring Husband!—But now, Sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred Man, he will beg my Pardon.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. My Head akes consumedly.

Mrs. Sul. Will you be pleased, my Dear, to drink Tea with us this Morning? it may do your Head good.

Sul. No.

Dor. Coffee, Brother?

Sul. Pshaw!

Mrs. Sul. Will you please to dress, and go to Church with me? the Air may help you.

Sul. Scrub!

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. What Day o'th' Week is this?

Scrub. Sunday, a'n't please your Worship.

Sul. Sunday! bring me a Dram; and d'ye hear, set out the Venison-pasty, and a Tankard of strong Beer upon the Hall-table, I'll go to Breakfast. *[Going.]*

Dor. Stay, stay, Brother, you sha'n't get off so; you were very naught last Night, and must make your Wife Reparation: Come, come, Brother won't you ask Pardon?

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VOL. II.

Sul. For what?

Dor. For being drunk last Night.

Sul. I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. Sul. But I can't, Sir.

Sul. Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. Sul. But I must tell you, Sir, that this is not to be borne.

Sul. I'm glad on't.

Mrs. Sul. What is the Reason, Sir, that you use me thus inhumanly?

Sul. Scrub!

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. Get things ready to shave my Head. [Exit.]

Mrs. Sul. Have a care of coming near his Temples, *Scrub*, for fear you meet something there that may turn the Edge of your Razor [Exit. *Scrub.*] Inveterate Stupidity! Did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a Spleen as his? O Sister, Sister! I shall never ha' good of the Beast till I get him to Town; *London*, dear *London* is the Place for managing and breaking a Husband.

Dor. And has not a Husband the same Opportunities there for humbling a Wife?

Mrs. Sul. No, no, Child, 'tis a standing Maxim in Conjugal Discipline that when a Man would enslave his Wife, he hurries her into the Country; and when a Lady would be arbitrary with her Husband, she wheedles her Booby up to Town—A Man dare not play the Tyrant in *London*, because there are so many Examples to encourage the Subject to rebel. O *Dorinda*, *Dorinda*! a fine Woman may do any thing in *London*: O' my Conscience, she may raise an Army of Forty thousand Men.

Dor. I fancy, Sister, you have a mind to be trying your Power that way here in *Litchfield*; you have drawn the *French* Count to your Colours already.

Mrs. Sul. The *French* are a People that can't live without their Gallantries.

Dor. And some *English* that I know, Sister, are not averse to such Amusements.

Mrs. Sul. Well, Sister, since the Truth must out, it may do as well now as hereafter; I think, one way to rouse my lethargic, sottish Husband, is to give him a Rival; Security begets Negligence in all People, and

Men must be alarm'd to make 'em alert in their Duty :
Women are like Pictures, of no value in the Hands of a
Fool, till he hears Men of Sense bid high for the Pur-
chase.

Dor. This might do, Sister, if my Brother's Under-
standing were to be convinc'd into a Passion for you ; but,
I believe, there's a natural Aversion of his Side, and I
fancy, Sister, that you don't come much behind him, if
you dealt fairly.

Mrs. Sul. I own it ; we are united Contradictions,
Fire and Water. But I could be contented with a great
many other Wives, to humour the censorious Vulgar,
and give the World an Appearance of living well with
my Husband, could I bring him but to dissemble a little
Kindness to keep me in Countenance.

Dor. But how do you know, Sister, but that instead of
rousing your Husband by this Artifice to a counterfeit
Kindness, he should awake in a real Fury ?

Mrs. Sul. Let him :—If I can't entice him to the
one, I would provoke him to the other.

Dor. But how must I behave myself between ye ?

Mrs. Sul. You must assist me.

Dor. What ! against my own Brother ?

Mrs. Sul. He is but half a Brother, and, I'm your en-
tire Friend : If I go a Step beyond the Bounds of Ho-
nour, leave me ; till then, I expect you should go along
with me in every thing ; while I trust my Honour in your
Hands, you may trust your Brother's in mine——The
Count is to dine here to-day.

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing, Sister, that I can't like that
Man.

Mrs. Sul. You like nothing, your Time is not come ;
Love and Death have their Fatalities, and strike home
one time or other ;—You'll pay for all one Day, I war-
rant ye——But come, my Lady's Tea is ready, and 'tis
almost Church-time. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, *The Inn.*

Enter Aimwell dress'd, and Archer.

Aim. And was she the Daughter of the House ?

Arch. The Landlord is so blind as to think so ; but I
dare swear she has better Blood in her Veins.

Aim.

Aim.
Arch.
she read
Vapours
Aim.
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Fortune.

Aim. Why dost thiak so?

Arch. Because the Baggage has a pert *Je-ne-sçai-qu'y*, she reads Plays, keeps a Monkey, and is troubled with Vapours.

Aim. By which discoveries, I guess that you know more of her.

Arch. Not yet, 'faith; the Lady gives herself Airs, forsooth, nothing under a Gentleman.

Aim. Let me take her in hand.

Arch. Say one Word more o'that, and I'll declare myself, spoil your Sport there, and every where else; look ye, *Aimwill*, every Man in his own Sphere.

Aim. Right, and therefore you must pimp for your Master.

Arch. In the usual Forms, good Sir, after I have serv'd myself—But to our Business—You are so well dress'd, *Tom*, and make so handsome a Figure, that I fancy you may do Execution in a Country Church; the exterior Part strikes first, and you're in the right to make that Impression favourable.

Aim. There's something in that which may turn to Advantage: The Appearance of a stranger in a Country Church, draws as many Gazers as a Blazing Star; no sooner he comes into the Cathedral, but a Train of Whispers runs buzzing round the Congregation in a Moment:—Who is he? Whence comes he? Do you know him—Then, I, Sir, tips me the Verger Half a Crown; he pockets the Simony, and inducts me into the best Pew in the Church, I pull out my Snuff-box, turn myself round, bow to the Bishop, or the Dean, if he be the commanding Officer; single out a Beauty, rivet both my Eyes to hers, set my Nose a bleeding by the Strength of Imagination, and shew the whole Church my Concern, by my endeavouring to hide it: After the Sermon, the whole Town gives me to her for a Lover, and by persuading the Lady that I am a dying for her, the Tables are turn'd, and she in good earnest falls in Love with me.

Arch. There's nothing in this, *Tom*, without a Precedent; but instead of riveting your Eyes to a Beauty, try to fix 'em upon a Fortune; that's our Business at present.

Aim. Pshaw, no Woman can be a Beauty without a Fortune.—Let me alone for a Mark's-man.

Arch. Tom!

Aim. Ay!

Arch. When were you at Church before, pray?

Aim. Um—I was there at the Coronation.

Arch. And how can you expect a Blessing by going to Church now?

Aim. Blessing? nay, *Frank*, I ask but for a Wife! [*Exit.*]

Arch. Truly, the Man is not very unreasonable in his Demands. [*Exit at the opposite Door.*]

Enter Boniface and Cherry.

Bon. Well, Daughter, as the Saying is, have you brought *Martin* to confess?

Cher. Pray, Father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a Man; I'm but young, you know, Father, and don't understand Wheedling.

Bon. Young! why you Jade, as the Saying is, can any Woman wheedle that is not young? Your Mother was useless at five and twenty! Would you make your Mother a Whore, and me a Cuckold, as the Saying is? I tell you, his Silence confesses it, and his Master spends his Money so freely, and is so much a Gentleman every Manner of Way, that he must be a Highway-man.

Enter Gibbet in a Cloak.

Gib. Landlord, Landlord, is the Coast clear?

Bon. O, Mr. *Gibbet*, what's the News?

Gib. No matter, ask no Questions, all fair and honourable; here, my dear *Cherry*, [*Gives her a Bag.*] Two hundred Sterling Pounds, as good as ever hang'd or sav'd a Rogue; lay 'em by with the rest, and here—Three Wedding—or Mourning Rings, 'tis much the same you know——Here, two Silver-hilted Swords; I took those from Fellows that never shew any Part of their Swords but the Hilt; Here is a Diamond Necklace which the Lady hid in the privatest Place in the Coach, but I found it out: This Gold Watch I took from a Pawnbroker's Wife, it was left in her Hands by Person of Quality, there's the Arms upon the Case.

Cher. But who had you the Money from?

Gib. Ah! poor Woman! I pitied her;—From a poor Lady just eloped from her Husband, she had made up her Cargo, and was bound for *Ireland*, as hard as she could

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Gib.

drive; she told me of her Husband's barbarous Usage, and so Faith I left her Half a Crown. But I had almost forgot, my dear *Cherry*, I have a Present for you.

Cher. What is't?

Gib. A Pot of Ceruse, my Child, that I took out of a Lady's under Petticoat Pocket.

Cher. What, Mr *Gibbet*, do you think that I paint!

Gib. Why, you Jade, your Betters do; I'm sure the Lady that I took it from had a Coronet upon her Handkerchief——Here, take my Cloak, and go, secure the Premises.

Cher. I will secure 'em. [Exit.]

Bon. But heark'e, where's *Hounslow* and *Bagshot*?

Gib. They'll be here to-night.

Bon. D'ye know of any other Gentlemen o' the Pad on this Road?

Gib. No.

Bon. I fancy that I have two that lodge in the House just now.

Gib. The Devil! how d'ye smook 'em?

Bon. Why, the one is gone to Church.

Gib. To Church! That's suspicious, I must confess.

Bon. And the other is now in his Master's Chamber; he pretends to be a Servant to the other, we'll call him out and pump him a little.

Gib. With all my Heart.

Bon. Mr. *Martin*! Mr. *Martin*!

Enter Archer combing a Periwig, and singing.

Gib. The Roads are consumed deep, I'm as dirty as *Old Brentford* at *Christmas*—A good pretty Fellow that; who's Servant are you, Friend?

Arch. My Master's.

Gib. Really?

Arch. Really.

Gib. That's much——The Fellow has been at the Bar by his Evasions:—But, pray Sir, what is your Master's Name?

Arch. Tall, all, dall; [Sings and combs the Periwig.]
This is the most obstinate Cui——

Gib. I ask you his Name?

Arch. Name, Sir—Tall, all, dall—I never ask'd him his Name in my Life. Tall, all, dall.

Bon. What think you now?

Gib. Plain, plain, he talks now as if he were before a Judge: But pray, Friend, which Way does your Master travel?

Arch. A Horseback.

Gib. Very well again, an old Offender, right—But, I mean, does he go upwards or downwards?

Arch. Downwards, I fear, Sir! Tall, all.

Gib. I'm afraid thy Fate will be a contrary way.

Bon. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Martin*, you're very arch—This Gentleman is only travelling towards *Chester*, and would be glad of your Company, that's all—Come, Captain, you'll stay to-night, I suppose; I'll shew you a Chamber—Come, Captain.

Gib. Farewel, Friend—

[*Exit.*

Arch. Captain, your Servant——Captain! a pretty Fellow! 'Sdeath, I wonder that the Officers of the Army don't conspire to beat all Scoundrels in Red but their own.

Enter Cherry.

Cher. Gone, and *Martin* here! I hope he did not listen; I would have the Merit of the Discovery all my own, because I would oblige him to love me. [*Aside.*] Mr. *Martin*, who was that Man with my Father?

Arch. Some Recruiting Serjeant, or whipp'd out Trooper, I suppose.

Cher. All's safe, I find.

[*Aside.*

Arch. Come, my Dear, have you conn'd over the Catalogue I taught you last Night?

Cher. Come, question me.

Arch. What is Love?

Cher. Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, and goes I know not when.

Arch. Very well, an apt Scholar. [*Chucks her under the Chin.*] Where does Love enter?

Cher. Into the Eyes.

Arch. And where go out?

Cher. I won't tell you.

Arch. What are the Objects of that Passion?

Cher. Youth, Beauty, and clean Linen.

Arch.

Arch. The Reason?

Cher. The two first are fashionable in Nature, and the third at Court.

Arch. That's my Dear: What are the Signs and Tokens of that Passion?

Cher. A stealing Look, a stammering Tongue, Words improbable, Designs impossible, and Actions impracticable.

Arch. That's my good Child, kiss me.—What must a Lover do to obtain his Mistress?

Cher. He must adore the Person that disdains him, he must bribe the Chambermaid that betrays him, and court the Footman that laughs at him!—He must, he must——

Arch. Nay, Child, I must whip you if you don't mind your Lesson; he must treat his——

Cher. O! ay, He must treat his Enemies with Respect, his Friends with Indifference, and all the World with Contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more; he must desire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his Ruin, and throw himself away.

Arch. Had ever Man so hopeful a Pupil as mine?——Come, my Dear, why is Love call'd a Riddle?

Cher. Because being blind, he leads those that see; and tho' a Child, he governs a Man.

Arch. Mighty well——And why is Love pictur'd blind?

Cher. Because the Painters out of their Weakness, or Privilege of their Art, chose to hide those Eyes they could not draw.

Arch. That's my dear little Scholar, kiss me again.—And why should Love, that's a Child, govern a Man?

Cher. Because that a Child is the End of Love.

Arch. And so ends Love's Catechism—And now, my Dear, we'll go in and make my Master's Bed.

Cher. Hold, hold, Mr. Martin——You have taken a great deal of Pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think I have learn'd by it?

Arch. What?

Cher. That your Discourse and your Habit are Contradictions, and it would be Nonsense in me to believe you a Footman any longer.

Arch. 'Oons, what a Witch it is!

Cher. Depend upon this, Sir, nothing in that Garb shall ever tempt me; for tho' I was born to Servitude, I hate it:—Own your Condition, swear you love me, and then——

Arch. And then we shall go make my Master's Bed?

Cher. Yes.

Arch. You must know, then, that I am born a Gentleman, my Education was liberal; but I went to London a younger Brother, fell into the Hands of Sharpers, who stripped me of my Money, my Friends disown'd me, and now my Necessity brings me to what you see.

Cher. Then take my Hand—promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you Master of two thousand Pounds.

Arch. How!

Cher. Two thousand Pounds that I have this Minute in my own Custody; so throw off your Livery this Instant, and I'll go find a Parson,

Arch. What said you? a Parson.

Cher. What! Do you scruple?

Arch. Scruple! No, no, but——two thousand Pounds you say?

Cher. And better.

Arch. 'Sdeath, what shall I do?—But heark'e, Child, what need you make me Master of yourself and Money, when you may have the same Pleasure out of me, and still keep your Fortune in your own Hands?

Cher. Then you won't marry me?

Arch. I would marry you, but——

Cher. O sweet Sir, I'm your humble Servant, you're fairly caught: Would you persuade me that any Gentleman who could bear the Scandal of wearing a Livery, would refuse two thousand Pounds, let the Conditions be what it would——no, no, Sir—but I hope you'll pardon the Freedom I have taken, since it was only to inform myself of the Respect that I ought to pay you, [Going.]

Arch. Fairly bit, by *Jupiter*—Hold, hold! and have you actually two thousand Pounds?

Cher. Sir, I have my Secrets as well as you——when you please to be more open, I shall be more free, and be assur'd that I have Discoveries that will match yours,
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be they what they will——In the mean while be satisfied that no Discovery I make shall ever hurt you, but beware of my Father—— [Exit.

Arch. So——we're like to have as many Adventures in our Inn, as *Don Quixote* had in his——Let me see——two thousand Pounds! If the Wench would promise to die when the Money were spent, I-gad, one would marry her; but the Fortune may go off in a Year or two, and the Wife may live——Lord knows how long! Then an Inn-keeper's Daughter; ay, that's the Devil——there my Pride brings me off.

*For whatso'er the Sages charge on Pride,
The Angels Fall, and twenty Faults beside,
On Earth, I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal Calling,
Pride saves Man oft, and Woman too from falling.*

[Exit.

The End of the Second ACT.



A C T III.

SCENE, *Lady Bountiful's House.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda.

Mrs. Sul. **H**A. ha, ha, my dear Sister, let me embrace thee, now we are Friends indeed; for I shall have a Secret of yours, as a Pledge for mine——now you'll be good for something, I shall have you conversable in the Subjects of the Sex.

Dor. But do you think that I am so weak as to fall in Love with a Fellow at first Sight?

Mrs. Sul. Pshaw! now you spoil all, why should not we be as free in our Friendships as the Men? I warrant you the Gentleman has got to his Confident already, has avowed his Passion, toasted your Health, call'd you ten thousand Angels, has run over your Lips, Eyes, Neck, Shape, Air, and every Thing, in a Description that warms their Mirth to a second Enjoyment.

Dor. Your Hand, Sister, I a'n't well.

M. 5

Mrs.

Mrs. Sul. So—she's breeding already—come, Child, up with it—hem a little—so—now tell me, don't you like the Gentleman that we saw at Church just now?

Dor. The Man's well enough.

Mrs. Sul. Well enough! Is he not a Demi-god, a *Narcissus*, a Star, the Man i' the Moon?

Dor. O Sister, I'm extremely ill.

Mrs. Sul. Shall I send to your Mother, Child, for a little of her Cephalic Plaister to put to the Soles of your Feet? or shall I send to the Gentleman for something for you.—Come, unlace your Stays, unbosom yourself—the Man is perfectly a pretty Fellow, I saw him when he first came into Church.

Dor. I saw him too, Sister, and with an Air that shone, methought, like Rays about his Person.

Mrs. Sul. Well said, up with it.

Dor. No forward Coquet Behaviour, no Airs to set him off, no studied Looks, nor artful Posture,—but Nature did it all—

Mrs. Sul. Better and better—One Touch more—come—

Dor. But then his Looks—did you observe his Eyes?

Mrs. Sul. Yes, yes, I did—his Eyes; well, what of his Eyes?

Dor. Sprightly, but not wandering: they seem'd to view, but never gaz'd on any Thing but me—and then his Looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aim'd to tell me that he could with Pride die at my Feet, tho' he scorn'd Slavery any where else.

Mrs. Sul. The Physic works purely—How d'ye find yourself now, my Dear?

Dor. Hem! much better, my Dear—O here comes our *Mercury*! [*Enter Scrub.*] Well, *Scrub*, what News of the Gentleman?

Scrub. Madam, I have brought you a whole Packet of News.

Dor. Open it quickly, come.

Scrub. In the first Place I enquir'd who the Gentleman was? They told me he was a Stranger. *Secondly*, I ask'd what the Gentleman was? They answer'd and said, That they never saw him before. *Thirdly*, I enquir'd what Countryman he was? They replied, 'twas more than they

knew. *Fourthly*, I demanded whence he came? Their Answer was, they could not tell. And *fifthly*, I ask'd whither he went? And they replied, they knew nothing of the Matter.—And this is all I could learn.

Mrs. Sul. But what do the People say? Can't they guess?

Scrub. Why some think he's a Spy, some guess he's a Mountebank, some say one Thing, some another; but for my own part, I believe he's a Jesuit?

Dor. A Jesuit! Why a Jesuit?

Scrub. Because he keeps his Horses always ready saddled, and his Footman talks *French*.

Mrs. Sul. His Footman!

Scrub. Ay, he and the Count's Footman were gabbering *French* like two intriguing Ducks in a Mill-pond;—and I believe they talk'd of me, for they laugh'd consumedly.

Dor. What sort of Livery has the Footman?

Scrub. Livery! Lord, Madam, I took him for a Captain, he's so bedizen'd with Lace, and then he has Tops to his Shoes, up to his mid Leg, a silver-headed Cane dangling at his Knuckles—he carries his Hands in his Pockets, and walks just so—[*Walks in a French Air.*] and has a fine long Periwig tied up in a Bag—Lord, Madam, he's clear another sort of Man than I.

Mrs. Sul. That may easily be—but what shall we do now, Sister?

Dor. I have it—This Fellow has a World of Simplicity, and some Cunning, the first hides the latter by abundance—Scrub.

Scrub. Madam.

Dor. We have a great Mind to know who this Gentleman is, only for our Satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, it would be a Satisfaction, no doubt.

Dor. You must go and get acquainted with his Footman, and invite him hither to drink a Bottle of your Ale, because you're Butler to-day.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, I am Butler every Sunday.

Mrs. Sul. O brave Sister! o' my Conscience, you understand the Mathematics already—'Tis the best Plot in the World; your Mother, you know, will be gone to Church,

Church, my Spouse will be got to the Ale-house with his Scoundrels, and the House will be our own—so we drop in by accident, and ask the Fellow some Questions ourselves. In the Country, you know, any Stranger is Company, and we're glad to take up with the Butler in a Country-dance, and happy if he'll do us the Favour.

Scrub. Oh! Madam, you wrong me; I never refus'd your Ladyship the Favour in my Life.

Enter Gipsy.

Gip. Ladies, Dinner's upon Table.

Dor. *Scrub*, we'll excuse your Waiting——Go where we order'd you.

Scrub. I shall.

SCENE, *changes to the Inn.*

Enter Aimwell and Archer.

Arch. Well, *Tom*, I find you're a Marksman.

Aim. A Marksman! who so blind could be as not discern a Swan among the Ravens?

Arch. Well, but heark'e, *Aimwell*.

Aim. *Aimwell*! call me *Oroondates*, *Cesario*, *Amadis*, all that Romance can in a Lover paint, and then I'll answer. O *Archer*, I read her thousands in her Looks, she look'd like *Ceres* in her Harvest, Corn, Wine and Oil, Milk and Honey, Gardens, Groves and purling Streams, play'd on her plenteous Face.

Arch. Her Face! her Pocket, you mean: the Corn, Wine and Oil, lies there. In short, she has ten thousand Pound, that's the *Eng'ish* on't.

Aim. Her Eyes——

Arch. Are Demi-cannons, to be sure; so I won't stand their Battery. [Going.]

Aim. Pray excuse me, my Passion must have vent.

Arch. Passion! what a plague, d'ye think these Romantic Airs will do our Business? Were my Temper as extravagant as yours, my Adventures have something more romantic by half.

Aim. Your Adventures?

Arch. Yes.

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*The Nymph, that with her twice ten hundred Pounds,
With brazen Engine hot, and Quoit clear starch'd,
Can fire the Guest in warming of the Bed——*

There's a Touch of sublime *Milton* for you, and the Subject but an Inn-keeper's Daughter: I can play with a Girl as an Angler does with his Fish; he keeps it at the end of his Line, runs it up the Stream, and down the Stream, till at last, he brings it to hand; tickles the Trout, and so whips it into his Basket.

Enter Boniface.

Bon. Mr. Martin, as the saying is—yonder's an honest Fellow below, my Lady *Bountiful's* Butler, who begs the Honour that you would go home with him and see his Cellar.

Arch. Do my *Baisemains* to the Gentleman, and tell him I will do myself the Honour to wait on him immediately, as the saying is.

Bon. I shall do your Worship's Commands, as the saying is.

[Exit, bowing obsequiously.]

Aim. What do I hear? soft *Orpheus* play, and fair *Testido* sing?

Arch. Pshaw! Damn your Raptures; I tell you here's a Pump going to be put into the Vessel, and the Ship will get into Harbour, my Life on't. You say, there's another Lady very handsome there.

Aim. Yes, faith.

Arch. I'm in Love with her already.

Aim. Can't you give me a Bill upon *Cherry* in the meantime.

Arch. No, no, Friend, all her Corn, Wine, and Oil, is ingross'd in my Market——And once more I warn you, to keep your Anchorage clear of mine; for if you fall foul on me, by this Light, you shall go to the bottom.——What! make Prize of my little Frigate, while I am upon the Cruise for you.

[Exit.]

Enter Boniface.

Aim. Well, well, I won't—Landlord; have you any tolerable Company in the House? I don't care for dining alone.

Bon. Yes, Sir, there's a Captain below, as the saying is, that arriv'd about an Hour ago,

i. Am.

Aim. Gentlemen of his Coat are welcome every where; will you make him a Compliment from me, and tell him I should be glad of his Company?

Bon. Who shall I tell him, Sir, would——

Aim. Ha! that Stroke was well thrown in—I'm only a Traveller, like himself, and would be glad of his Company, that's all.

Bon. I obey your Commands, as the saying is. [*Exit.*
Enter Archer.

Arch. 'Sdeath! I had forgot; what Title will you give yourself?

Aim. My Brother's, to be sure: he would never give me any thing else, so I'll make bold with his Honour this bout—you know the rest of your Cue.

Arch. Ay, ay. [*Exit.*

Enter Gibbet.

Gib. Sir, I'm yours.

Aim. 'Tis more than I deserve, Sir, for I don't know you.

Gib. I don't wonder at that, Sir, for you never saw me before——I hope, [*Aside.*

Aim. And pray, Sir, how came I by the Honour of seeing you now?

Gib. Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any Gentleman——but my Landlord——

Aim. O, Sir, I ask you're pardon, you're the Captain he told me of.

Gib. At your Service, Sir.

Aim. What Regiment? may I be so bold?

Gib. A marching Regiment, Sir, an old Corps.

Aim. Very old, if your Coat be Regimental. [*Aside.*] You have serv'd abroad, Sir?

Gib. Yes, Sir, in the Plantations, 'was my Lot to be sent into the worst Service; I would have quitted it indeed, but a Man of Honour, you know——Besides, 'twas for the good of my Country that I should be abroad——Any thing for the good of one's Country——I'm a Roman for that.

Aim. One of the first, I'll lay my Life [*Aside.*] You found the *West-Indies* very hot, Sir.

Gib. Ay, Sir, too hot for me.

Aim.

Aim. Pray, Sir, ha'n't I seen your Face at *Will's* Coffee-house?

Gib. Yes, Sir, and at *White's* too.

Aim. And where is your Company now, Captain?

Gib. They a'n't come yet.

Aim. Why, d'ye expect 'em here?

Gib. They'll be here to-night, Sir.

Aim. Which way do they march?

Gib. A-cro'ss the Country—The Devil's in't, if I han't said enough to encourage him to declare—but I'm afraid he's not right, I must tack about.

[*Aside.*]

Aim. Is your Company to Quarter at *Litchfield*?

Gib. In this House, Sir.

Aim. What! all?

Gib. My Company's but thin, ha, ha, ha, we are but three, ha, ha, ha.

Aim. You're merry, Sir.

Gib. Ay, Sir, you must excuse me, Sir, I understand the World, especially the Art of Travelling: I don't care, Sir, for answering Questions directly upon the Road—for I generally ride with a Charge about me.

Aim. Three or four, I believe.

[*Aside.*]

Gib. I am credibly inform'd that there are Highway-men upon this Quarter; not, Sir, that I could suspect a Gentleman of your Figure—But truly, Sir, I have got such a way of Evasion upon the Road, that I don't care for speaking Truth to any Man.

Aim. Your Caution may be necessary—Then I presume you're no Captain.

Gib. Not I, Sir; Captain is a good travelling Name, and so I take it; it stops a great many foolish Inquiries that are generally made about Gentlemen that travel; it gives a Man an Air of something, and makes the Drawers obedient—And thus far I am a Captain, and no farther.

Aim. And pray, Sir, what is your true Profession?

Gib. O, Sir, you must excuse me—upon my Word, Sir, I don't think it safe to tell ye.

Aim. Ha, ha, ha, upon my word, I commend you.

Enter Boniface.

Well, Mr. *Boniface*, what's the News?

Bon. There's another Gentleman below, as the saying is,

is,

is, that hearing you were but two, would be glad to make the third Man, if you'd give him leave.

Aim. What is he?

Bon. A Clergyman, as the Saying is.

Aim. A Clergyman! is he really a Clergyman? or is it only his travelling Name, as my Friend the Captain has it?

Bon. O, Sir, he's a Priest, and Chaplain to the *French* Officers in Town.

Aim. Is he a *Frenchman*?

Bon. Yes, Sir, born at *Prusse's*.

Gib. A *Frenchman*, and a Priest! I won't be seen in his Company, Sir; I have a Value for my Reputation, S.r.—

Aim. Nay, but Captain, since we are by ourselves—Can he speak *English*, Landlord?

Bon. Very well, Sir; you may know him, as the Saying is, to be a Foreigner by his Accent, and that's all.

Aim. Then he has been in *England* before?

Bon. Never, Sir; but he's a Master of Languages, as the Saying is; he talks *Latin*, it does me good to hear him talk *Latin*.

Aim. Then you understand *Latin*, Mr. *Boniface*.

Bon. Not I, Sir, as the Saying is; but he talks it so very fast, that I'm sure it must be good.

Aim. Pray, desire him to walk up.

Bon. Here he is, as the Saying is.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Save you, Gentlemens bote.

Aim. A *Frenchman*! Sir, your most humble Servant.

Foig. Och, dear Joy, I am your most faithful Sher-
vant, and yours alsho.

Gib. Doctor, you talk very good *English*, but you have a mighty Twang of the Foreigner.

Foig. My *English* is very well for the vords, but we Foreigners, you know, cannot bring our Tongues about the Pronunciation so soon.

Aim. A Foreigner! a downright Teague, by this Light. [*Aside.*] Were you born in *France*, Doctor?

Foig. I was educated in *France*, but I was borned t
Brussels: I am a Subject of the King of *Spain*, Joy.

Gib. What King of *Spain*, Sir? speak.

Foig.

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Foig. Upon my Shoul, Joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

Aim. Nay, Captain, that was too hard upon the Doctor, he's a Stranger.

Foig. O let him alone, dear Joy, I am of a Nation that is not easily put out of Countenance.

Aim. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Dispute——
Here, Landlord, is Dinner ready?

Bon. Upon the Table, as the Saying is.

Aim. Gentlemen—pray—that Door.——

Foig. No, no, fait, the Captain must lead.

Aim. No, Doctor, the Church is our Guide.

Gib. Ay, ay, so it is ——

[*Exit foremost, they follow.*]

SCENE changes to a Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.

Enter Archer and Scrub singing, and hugging one another ; Scrub with a Tankard in his Hand, Gipsy list'ning at a distance.

Scrub. Tal, all, Dall—Come, my dear Boy—let us have that Song once more.

Arch. No, no, we shall disturb the Family :—But will you be sure to keep the Secret?

Scrub. Pho! upon my Honour, as I'm a Gentleman.

Arch. 'Tis enough——You must know then, that my Master is the Lord Viscount *Aimwell*; he fought a Duel t'other Day in *London*, wounded his Man so dangerously, that he thinks fit to withdraw till he hears whether the Gentleman's Wounds be mortal or not: He never was in this part of *England* before, so he chose to retire to this Place, that's all.

Gip. And that's enough for me. [Exit.]

Scrub. And where were you when your Master fought?

Arch. We never know of our Masters Quarrels.

Scrub. No! if our Masters in the Country here receive a Challenge, the first Thing they do, is to tell their Wives; the Wife tells the Servants, the Servants alarm the Tenants, and in half an Hour, you shall have the whole Country up in Arms.

Arch. To hinder two Men from doing what they have no mind for—But if you should chance to talk now of this Business?

Scrub. Talk! ah, Sir, had I not learn'd the knack of holding

holding my Tongue, I had never liv'd so long in a great Family.

Arch. Ay, ay, to be sure, there are Secrets in all Families.

Scrub. Secrets, O Lud!—but I'll say no more—Come, sit down, we'll make an end of our Tankard: Here——

Arch. With all my Heart; who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh——Here's your Ladies Health; you have three, I think, and to be sure there must be Secrets among 'em.

Scrub. Secrets! Ah! Friend, Friend, I wish I had a Friend.——

Arch. Am not I your Friend? Come, you and I will be sworn Brothers.

Scrub. Shall we?

Arch. From this Minute—Give me a Kiss—And now, Brother *Scrub.*——

Scrub. And now, Brother *Martin*, I will tell you a Secret that will make your Hair stand an end:—You must know, that I am consumedly in Love.

Arch. That's a terrible Secret, that's the truth on't.

Scrub. That Jade, *Gipsy*, that was with us just now in the Cellar, is the arrantest Whore that ever wore a Petticoat, and I'm dying for Love of her.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha—Are you in Love with her Person, or her Virtue, Brother *Scrub*?

Scrub. I should like Virtue best, because it is more durable than Beauty; for Virtue holds good with some Women long, and many a Day after they have lost it.

Arch. In the Country, I grant ye, where no Woman's Virtue is lost, till a Bastard be found.

Scrub. Ay, could I bring her to a Bastard, I should have her all to myself; but I dare not put it upon that Lay, for fear of being sent for a Soldier.—Pray, Brother, how do you Gentlemen in *London* like that same Pressing-act?

Arch. Very ill, Brother *Scrub*:——'Tis the worst that ever was made for us:—Formerly I remember the good Days when we could dun our Masters for our Wages, and if they refused to pay us, we could have a Warrant to carry 'em before a Justice; but now if we talk of eat-

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ing, they have a Warrant for us, and carry us before three Justices.

Scrub. And to be sure we go, if we talk of eating; for the Justices won't give their own Servants a bad Example. Now this is my Misfortune——I dare not speak in the House, while that Jade, *Gipsy*, dings about like a Fury—Once I had the better end of the Staff.

Arch. And how comes the Change now?

Scrub. Why, the Mother of all this Mischief is a Priest.

Arch. A Priest!

Scrub. Ay, a damn'd Son of a Whore of *Babylon*, that came over hither to say Grace to the *French* Officers, and eat up our Provisions——There's not a day goes over his Head without a Dinner or Supper in this House.

Arch. How came he so familiar in the Family?

Scrub. Because he speaks *English* as if he had liv'd here all his Life, and tells Lies as if he had been a Traveller from his Cradle.

Arch. And this Priest, I'm afraid, has converted the Affections of your *Gipsy*.

Scrub. Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear Friend—For, I'm afraid, he has made her a Whore and a Papist——But this is not all; there's the *French* Count and Mrs. *Sullen*, they're in the Confederacy, and for some private Ends of their own too, to be sure.

Arch. A very hopeful Family yours, Brother *Scrub*; I suppose the Maiden Lady has her Lover too.

Scrub. Not that I know—She's the best on 'em, that's the Truth on't: But they take care to prevent my Curiosity, by giving me so much Business, that I'm a perfect Slave—What d'ye think is my Place in this Family?

Arch. Butler, I suppose.

Scrub. Ah, Lord help you—I'll tell you—Of a *Monday* I drive the Coach, of a *Tuesday* I drive the Plough, on *Wednesday* I follow the Hounds, a *Thursday* I dun the Tenants, on *Friday* I go to Market, on *Saturday* I draw Warrants, and a *Sunday* I draw Beer.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha! if Variety be a Pleasure in Life, you have enough on't, my dear Brother—But what Ladies are those?

Scrub. Ours, ours; that upon the Right-hand is Mrs. *Sullen*,

Sullen, and the other *Mrs. Dorinda*——Don't mind 'em, sit still, Man——

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda.

Mrs. Sul. I have heard my Brother talk of my Lord *Aimwell*, but they say that his Brother is the finer Gentleman.

Dor. That's impossible, Sister.

Mrs. Sul. He's vastly rich, and very close they say.

Dor. No matter for that ; if I can creep into his Heart, I'll open his Breast, I warrant him : I have heard say, that People may be guess'd at by the Behaviour of their Servants ; I could wish we might talk to that Fellow.

Mrs. Sul. So do I ; for I think he's a very pretty Fellow :——Come this Way, I'll throw out a Lure for him presently.

[They walk a Turn towards the opposite Side of the Stage, Stage. Mrs Sullen drops her Fan, Archer runs, takes it up, and gives it to her.]

Arch. Corn, Wine, and Oil, indeed——But, I think, the Wife has the greatest Plenty of Flesh and Blood ; she should be my Choice——Ay, ay, say you so——Madam——Your Ladyship's Fan.

Mrs. Sul. O Sir, I thank you——What a handsome Bow the Fellow made !

Dor. Bow ! Why I have known several Footmen come down from *London* set up here for Dancing-masters, and carry off the best Fortunes in the Country.

Arch. *[Aside.]* That Project, for ought I know, had been better than ours——Brother *Scrub*, why don't you introduce me ?

Scrub. Ladies, this is the strange Gentleman's Servant that you saw at Church to-day ; I understood he came from *London*, and so I invited him to the Cellar, that he might shew me the newest Flourish in whetting my Knives.

Dor. And I hope you have made much of him ?

Arch. O yes, Madam, but the Strength of your Ladyship's Liquor is a little too potent for the Constitution of your humble Servant.

Mrs. Sul. What, then you don't usually drink Ale.

Arch. No, Madam, my constant Drink is Tea, or a little

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little Wine and Water; 'tis prescribed me by the Physician for a Remedy against the Spleen.

Scrub. O, la! O, la!—A Footman have the Spleen—

Mrs. Sul. I thought that Diltemper had been only proper to People of Quality.

Arch. Madam, like all other Fashions it wears out, and so descends to their Servants; tho' in a great many of us, I believe, it proceeds from some melancholy Particles in the Blood, occasioned by the Stagnation of Wages.

Dor. How affectedly the Fellow talks—How long, pray, have you serv'd your present Master?

Arch. Not long; my Life has been mostly spent in the Service of the Ladies.

Mrs. Sul. And pray, which Service do you like best?

Arch. Madam, the Ladies pay best; the Honour of serving them is sufficient Wages; there is a Charm in their Looks that delivers a Pleasure with their Commands, and gives our Duty the Wings of Inclination.

Mrs. Sul. That Flight was above the Pitch of a Livery; and, Sir, would not you be satisfied to serve a Lady again?

Arch. As Groom of the Chambers, Madam, but not as a Footman.

Mrs. Sul. I suppose you serv'd as a Footman before?

Arch. For that Reason I would not serve in that Post again; for my Memory is too weak for the Load of Messages that the Ladies lay upon their Servants in London: My Lady Howd'ye, the last Mistress I serv'd, call'd me up one Morning, and told me, *Martin*, go to my Lady *Allnight* with my humble Service; tell her I was to wait on her Ladyship yesterday, and left Word with Mrs. *Rebecca*, that the Preliminaries of the Affair she knows of, are stopt 'till we know the Concurrence of the Person that I know of, for which there are Circumstances wanting which we shall accommodate at the old Place; but that in the mean time there is a Person about her Ladyship, that from several Hints and Surmises, was necessary at a certain Time to the Disappointments that naturally attend Things, that to her Knowledge are of no more Importance—

Mrs.

Mr. Sul. } Ha, ha, where are you going, Sir?
 Dor.

Arch. Why, I ha'n't half done.——The whole How-d'ye was about Half-an-hour long; so happen'd to misplace two Syllables, and was turn'd off, and render'd incapable——

Dor. The pleasanterest Fellow, Sister, I ever saw.——But, Friend, if your Master be married——I presume you still serve a Lady.

Arch. No, Madam, I take care never to come into a married Family; the Commands of the Master and Mistress are always so contrary, that 'tis impossible to please both.

Dor. There's a main Point gain'd.——My Lord is not married, I find. *[Aside.]*

Mrs. Sul. But I wonder, Friend, that in so many good Services, you had not a better Provision made for you.

Arch. I don't know how, Madam.——I had a Lieutenancy offer'd me three or four times; but that is not Bread, Madam—I live much better as I do.

Scrub. Madam, he sings rarely—I was thought to do pretty well here in the Country till he came; but, alack-a-day, I'm nothing to my Brother Martin.

Dor. Does he? Pray, Sir, will you oblige us with a Song?

Arch. Are you for Passion or Humour?

Scrub. O, la! He has the purest Ballad about a Trifle——

Mrs. Sul. A Trifle! Pray, Sir, let's have it.

Arch. I'm agham'd to offer you a Trifle, Madam: But since you command me——

[Sings to the Tune of Sir Simon the King.]

A Trifling Song you shall hear,

Begun with a Trifle and ended, &c.

Mrs. Sul. Very well, Sir, we're oblig'd to you——Something for a Pair of Gloves. *[Offering him Money.]*

Arch. I humbly beg leave to be excus'd: My Master, Madam, pays me; nor dare I take Money from any other Hand, without injuring his Honour, and disobeying his Commands.

[Exit.]
 Dor.

Dor. This is surprising: Did you ever see so pretty a well-bred Fellow?

Mrs. Sul. The Devil take him for wearing that Li-very.

Dor. I fancy, Sister, he may be some Gentleman, a Friend of my Lord's, that his Lordship has pitch'd upon for his Courage, Fidelity, and Discretion, to bear him Company in this Dress, and, who, ten to one was his Second.

Mrs. Sul. It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so—— For I like him.

Dor. What! better than the Count?

Mrs. Sul. The Count happen'd to be the most agreeable Man upon the Place; and so I chose him to serve me in my Design upon my Husband—But I should like this Fellow better in a Design upon myself.

Dor. But now, Sister, for an Interview with this Lord, and this Gentleman; how shall we bring that about?

Mrs. Sul. Patience! you Country Ladies give no Quarter, if once you be enter'd——Would you prevent their Desires, and give the Fellows no wishing time.—Look'e, *Dorinda*, if my Lord *Aimwell* loves you or deserves you, he'll find a Way to see you, and there we must leave it.—My Business comes now upon the *Tapis*—Have you prepar'd your Brother?

Dor. Yes, yes.

Mrs. Sul. And how did he relish it?

Dor. He said little, mumbled something to himself, and promis'd to be guided by me: But here he comes.—

Enter Sullen.

Sul. What singing was that I heard just now?

Mrs. Sul. The Singing in your Head, my Dear, you complain'd of it all Day.

Sul. You're impertinent.

Mrs. Sul. I was ever so, since I became one Flesh with you.

Sul. One Flesh! rather two Carcasses join'd unnaturally together.

Mrs. Sul. Or rather a living Soul coupled to a dead Body.

Dor. So, this is fine Encouragement for me!

Sul. Yes, my Wife shews you what you must do!

Mrs.

Mrs. Sul. And my Husband shews you what you must suffer.

Sul. 'Sdeath, why can't you be silent?

Mrs. Sul. 'Sdeath, why can't you talk?

Sul. Do you talk to any purpose?

Mrs. Sul. Do you think to any purpose?

Sul. Sister, heark'e—*[Whispers.]* I shan't be home till it be late.

Mrs. Sul. What did he whisper to ye?

Dor. That he would go round the back-way, come into the Closet, and listen as I directed him.—But let me beg once more, dear Sister, to drop this Project; for, as I told you before, instead of awaking him to Kindness, you may provoke him to Rage; and then who knows how far his Brutality may carry him?

Mrs. Sul. I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you. But here comes the Count, vanish. *[Exit. Dorinda.]*

* Enter Count Bellair.

Don't you wonder, Monsieur le Count, that I was not at Church this Afternoon?

Count. *I more wonder, Madam, that you go dere at all, or how you dare lift these Eyes to Heaven that are guilty of so much killing.*

Mrs. Sul. *If Heaven, Sir, has given to my Eyes, with the Power of killing, the Virtue of making a Cure, I hope the one may atone for the other.*

Count. *O largely, Madam, would your Ladyship be as ready to apply the Remedy, at to give the Wound—Consider, Madam, I am doubly a Prisoner; first to the Arms of your General, then to your more conquering Eyes; my first Chains are easy, there a Ransom may redeem me, but from your Fetters I never shall get free.*

Mrs. Sul. *Alas, Sir! Why should you complain to me of your Captivity, who am in Chains myself? You know, Sir, that I am bound, nay, must be tied up in that Particular*

* This Scene printed in *Italic*, with the entire part of the Count, was cut out by the Author after the first Night's Representation; and where he should enter in the last Scene of the fifth Act, it is added to the Part of Foigard.

that might give you Ease: I am like you, a Prisoner of War—of War, indeed—I have given my Parole of Honour; would you break your's to gain your Liberty?

Count. Most certainly I would, were I a Prisoner among the Turks; dis is your Case, you're a Slave, Madam, Slave to the worst of Turks; a Husband.

Mrs. Sul. There lies my Foib'e, I confess; no Fortifications, no Courage, Conduct nor Vigilancy, can pretend to defend a Place, where the Cruelty of the Governor forces the Garrison to Mutiny.

Count. And where de Besieger is resolv'd to die before de Place—Here will I fix; [Kneels.] with Tears, Vows, and Prayers, assau't y ur Heart, and never rise till you surrender; or if I must storm—Love and St. Michael!—And so I begin the Attack—

Mrs. Sul. Stand off;—Sure he hears me not—And I could almost wish—he did not—the Fellow makes Love very prettily. [Aside.] But, Sir, why should you put such a Value upon my Person, when you see it despis'd by one that knows it so much better?

Count. He knows it not, tho' he possesses it; if he but knew the Value of the Jewel he is Master of, he would always wear it next his Heart, and sleep with it in his Arms.

Mrs. Sul. But since he throws me unregarded from him.

Count. And one that knows your Value well, comes by and takes you up, is it not Justice?

[Goes to lay hold of her.

Enter Sullen with his Sword drawn.

Sul. Hold, Villain, hold.

Mrs. Sul. [Presenting a Pistol.] Do you hold?

Sul. What! Murder your Husband, to defend your Bully?

Mrs. Sul. Bully! For shame, Mr Sullen, Bullies wear long Swords, the Gentleman has none; he's a Prisoner, you know—I was aware of your Outrage, and prepar'd this to receive your Violence; and, if Ocasion were, to preserve myself against the Force of this other Gentleman.

Count. O Madam, your Eyes be better Fire-arms than your Pistol, they never miss.

Sul. What! court my Wife to my Face!

Mrs. Sul. Pray, Mr. Sullen, put up, suspend your Fury for a Minute.

Sul. *To give time to invent an Excuse.*

Mrs. Sul. *I need none.*

Sul. *No, for I heard every Syllable of your Discourse.*

Count. *Ah! And begar, I tink de Dialogue was very pretty.*

Mrs. Sul. *Then, I suppose, Sir, you heard something of your own Barbarity?*

Sul. *Barbarity! Oons what does the Woman call Barbarity? Do I ever meddle with you?*

Mrs. Sul. *No.*

Sul. *As for you, Sir, I shall take another time.*

Count. *Ah, begar, so must I.*

Sul. *Look'e, Madam, don't think that my Anger proceeds from any Concern I have for your Honour, but for my own; and if you can contrive any way of being a Whore without making me a Cuckold, do it and welcome*

Mrs. Sul. *Sir, I thank you kindly, you would allow me the Sin, but rob me of the Pleasure—No, no, I'm resolv'd never to venture upon the Crime, without the Satisfaction of seeing you punish'd for't.*

Sul. *Then will you grant me this, my Dear? Let any Body else do you the Favour but that Frenchman, for I mortally hate his whole Generation.* [Exit.

Count. *Ah, Sir, that be ungrateful, for, begar, I love some of yours; Madam—* [Approaching her.

Mrs. Sul. *No, Sir—*

Count. *No, Sir!—Garzoon, Madam, I am not your Husband.*

Mrs. Sul. *'Tis time to undeceive you, Sir;—I believ'd your Addresses to me were no more than an Amusement, and I hope you will think the same of my Complaisance; and to convince you that you ought, you must know, that I brought you hither only to make you instrumental in setting me right with my Husband, for he was planted to listen by my appointment.*

Count. *By your Appointment?*

Mrs. Sul. *Certainly!*

Count. *And so, Madam, while I was telling twenty Stories to part you from your Husband, begar, I was bringing you together all the while*

Mrs. Sul. *I ask your Pardon, Sir, but I hope this will give you a Taste of the Virtue of the English Ladies.*

Count.

Count. *Begar, Madam, your Virtue be vera great, but Garzoon, your Honeffy be vera little.*

Enter Dorinda.

Mrs. Sul. *Nay, now you're angry, Sir.*

Count. *Angry! Fair Dorinda [Sings Fair Dorinda the Opera Tune, and addresses to Dorinda.] Madam, when your Ladyship wants a Fool, send for me, "Fair Dorinda Revenge", &c.* [Exit.

Mrs. Sul. *There goes the true Humour of his Nation, Resentment with good Manners, and the height of Anger in a Song——Well, Sister, you must be Judge, for you have heard the Trial.*

Dor. *And I bring in my Brother guilty.*

Mrs. Sul. *But I must bear the Punishment—'Tis hard, Sister.*

Dor. *I own it—but you must have Patience.*

Mrs. Sul. *Patience! The Cant of Custom—Providence sends no Evil without a Remedy——should I lie groaning under a Yoke I can shake off, I were accessory to my Ruin, and my Patience were no better than Self-murder.*

Dor. *But how can you shake off the Yoke —— Your Divisions don't come within the Reach of the Law, for a Divorce.*

Mrs. Sul. *Law! What Law can search into the remote Abyss of Nature, what Evidence can prove the unaccountable Disaffections of Wedlock?—Can a Jury sum up the endless Aversions that are rooted in our Souls, or can a Bench give Judgment upon Antipathies?*

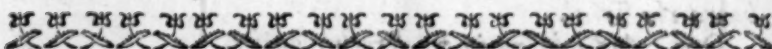
Dor. *They never pretended, Sister; they never meddle, but in case of Uncleanness.*

Mrs. Sul. *Uncleanness! O Sister! Casual Violation is a transient Injury, and may possibly be repair'd, but can radical Hatreds be ever reconcil'd?—No, no, Sister, Nature is the first Lawgiver, and when she has set Tempers opposite, not all the golden Links of Wedlock, nor Iron Manacles of Law can keep 'em fast.*

Wedlock we own ordain'd by Heaven's Decree,
But such as Heaven ordain'd it first to be;
Concurring Tempers in the Man and Wife,
As mutual Helps to draw the Load of Life.

View all the Works of Providence above,
 The Stars with Harmony and Concord move ;
 View all the Works of Providence below,
 The Fire, the Water, Earth and Air we know,
 All in one Plant agree to make it grow.
 Must Man, the chiefest Work of Art Divine,
 Be doom'd in endless Discord to repine ?
 No, we should injure Heaven by that Surmise,
 Omnipotence is just, were Man but wise.

The End of the Third ACT.



A C T IV.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen.

Mrs. Sul. **W**ERE I born an humble *Turk*, where
 Women have no Soul nor Property,
 there I must sit contented—But in *England*, a Country
 whose Women are its Glory, must Women be abus'd ?
 Where Women rule, must Women be enslav'd ? Nay,
 cheated into Slavery ? mock'd by a Promise of comfort-
 able Society into a Wilderness of Solitude ?—I dare not
 keep the Thought about me—O ! here comes something
 to divert me—

Enter a Country Woman.

Wom. I come, a'nt please your Ladyship—you're my
 Lady *Bountiful*, a'n't ye ?

Mrs. Sul. Well, good Woman, go on.

Wom. I come seventeen long Miles to have a Cure for
 my Husband's fore Leg.

Mrs. Sul. Your Husband ! What, Woman, cure your
 Husband !

Wom. Ay, poor Man, for his fore Leg won't let him
 stir from Home.

Mrs. Sul. There, I confess, you have given me a Reason.—Well, good Woman, I'll tell you what you must
 do—You must lay your Husband's Leg upon a Table,
 and with a Chopping-knife you must lay it open as broad

as you can, then you must take out the Bone, and beat the Flesh soundly with a Rowling-pin, then take Salt, Pepper, Cloves, Mace, and Ginger, some Sweet-herbs, and season it very well, then roll it up like Brawn, and put it into the Oven for two Hours.

Wom. Heaven reward your Ladyship—I have two little Babies too that are pitious bad with the Graips, a'n't please ye.

Mrs. Sul. Put a little Pepper and Salt in their Bellies, good Woman. [*Enter Lady Bountiful.*] I beg your Ladyship's Pardon for taking your Business out of your Hands, I have been a tampering heré a little with one of your Patients.

L. Boun. Come, good Woman, don't mind this mad Creature; I am the Person that you want, I suppose—What would you have, Woman?

Mrs. Sul. She wants something for her Husband's fore Leg.

L. Boun. What's the matter with his Leg, Goody?

Wom. It come first, as one might say, with a sort of Dizziness in his Foot, then he had a kind of Laziness in his Joints, and then his Leg broke out, and then it swell'd, and then it closed again, and then it broke out again, and then it fester'd, and then it grew better, and then it grew worse again.

Mrs. Sul. Ha, ha, ha.

L. Boun. How can you be merry with the Misfortunes of other People?

Mrs. Sul. Because my own make me sad, Madam.

L. Boun. The worst Reason in the World, Daughter; your own Misfortunes should teach you to pity others.

Mrs. Sul. But the Woman's Misfortunes and mine are nothing alike; her Husband is sick, and mine, alas! is in Health.

L. Boun. What! would you wish your Husband sick?

Mrs. Sul. Not of a sore Leg of all Things.

L. Boun. Well, good Woman, go to the Pantry, get your Belly full of Victuals, then I'll give you a Receipt of Diet-drink for your Husband—But d'ye hear, Goody, you must not let your Husband move too much.

Wom. No, no, Madam, the poor Man's inclinable enough to lie still.

[*Exit.*]

L. Boun.

L. Boun. Well, Daughter *Sullen*, tho' you laugh, I have done Miracles about the Country here with my Receipts.

Mrs. Sul. Miracles indeed, if they have cur'd any Body; but I believe, Madam, the Patient's Faith goes farther towards the Miracle than your Prescription.

L. Boun. Fancy helps in some Cases; but there's your Husband, who has as little Fancy as any Body, I brought him from Death's Door.

Mrs. Sul. I suppose, Madam, you made him drink plentifully of Afs's Milk.

Enter Dorinda, runs to Mrs. Sullen.

Dor. News, dear Sister, News, News.

Enter Archer running.

Arch. Where, where is my Lady *Bountiful*?—Pray, which is the old Lady of you three?

L. Boun. I am.

Arch. O Madam, the Fame of your Ladyship's Charity, Goodness, Benevolence, Skill and Ability, have drawn me hither to implore your Ladyship's Help in behalf of my unfortunate Master, who is this Moment breathing his last.

L. Boun. Your Master! where is he?

Arch. At your Gate, Madam, drawn by the Appearance of your handsome House to view it nearer, and walking up the Avenue within five Paces of the Courtyard, he was taken ill of a sudden with a sort of I know not what; but down he fell, and there he lies.

L. Boun. Here *Scrub*, *Gipsy*, all run, get my Easy-chair down Stairs, put the Gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

Arch. Heaven will reward your Ladyship for this charitable Act.

L. Boun. Is your Master us'd to these Fits?

Arch. O yes, Madam, frequently—I have known him have five or six of a Night.

L. Boun. What's his Name?

Arch. Lord, Madam, he's a dying; a Minute's Care or Neglect may save or destroy his Life.

L. Boun. Ah, poor Gentleman! Come, Friend, shew me the way; I'll see him brought in myself.

[Exit with Archer.

Dor.

Dor. O, Sister, my Heart flutters about strangely, I can hardly forbear running to his Assistance.

Mrs. Sul. And I'll lay my Life he deserves your Assistance more than he wants it: Did not I tell you that my Lord would find a way to come at you? Love's his Distemper, and you must be the Physician; put on all your Charms, summon all your Fire into your Eyes, plant the whole Artillery of your Looks against his Breast, and down with him.

Dor. O, Sister, I'm but a young Gunner, I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the Piece should recoil, and hurt myself.

Mrs. Sul. Never fear, you shall see me shoot before you, if you will.

Dor. No, no, dear Sister, you have miss'd your Mark so unfortunately, that I shan't care for being instructed by you.

Enter Aimwell in a Chair, carried by Archer and Scrub, Lady Bountiful, Gipsy. Aimwell counterfeiting a Swoon.

L. Boun. Here, here, let's see the Hartshorn Drops—*Gipsy*, a Glass of fair Water, his Fit's very strong.—Bless me, how his Hands are clinch'd.

Arch. For shame, Ladies, what d'ye do? why don't you help us?—Pray, Madam, [*To Dorinda.*] take his Hand, and open it, if you can, whilst I hold his Head.

[*Dorinda takes his Hand.*]

Dor. Poor Gentleman—Oh—he has got my Hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully—

L. Boun. 'Tis the Violence of his Convulsion, Child.

Arch. O, Madam, he's perfectly possess'd in these Cases—he'll bite you if you don't have a care.

Dor. Oh, my Hand! my Hand!

L. Boun. What's the matter with the foolish Girl? I have got this Hand open you see with a great deal of Ease.

Arch. Ay, but, Madam, your Daughter's Hand is somewhat warmer than your Ladyship's, and the Heat of it draws the Force of the Spirits that Way.

Mrs. Sul. I find, Friend, you're very learned in these sort of Fits.

Arch. 'Tis no wonder, Madam, for I'm often troubled with them myself; I find myself extremely ill at this Minute.

[*Looking hard at Mrs. Sullen.*]

Mrs. Sul. [*Aside*] I fancy I could find a Way to cure you.

L. Boun. His Fit holds him very long.

Arch. Longer than usual, Madam.—Pray, young Lady, open his Breast and give him Air.

L. Boun. Where did his Illness take him first, pray?

Arch. To-day at Church, Madam.

L. Boun. In what manner was he taken?

Arch. Very strangely, my Lady. He was of a sudden touch'd with something in his Eyes, which at the first he only felt, but could not tell whether 'twas Pain or Pleasure.

L. Boun. Wind, nothing but Wind.

Arch. By soft Degrees it grew and mounted to his Brain, there his Fancy caught it; there form'd it so beautiful, and dress'd it up in such gay, pleasing Colours, that his transported Appetite seized the fair Idea, and straight convey'd it to his Heart. That Hospitable Seat of Life sent all its sanguine Spirits forth to meet it, and open'd all its sluicy Gates to take the Stranger in.

L. Boun. Your Master should never go without a Bottle to smell to——Oh!——he recovers——the Lavender water——some Feathers to burn under his Nose——Hungry-water to rub his Temples——O, he comes to himself. Hem a little, Sir, hem—*Gipsy*, bring the Cordial-water.

[*Aimwell seems to awake in amaze.*]

Dor. How do you, Sir?

Aim. Where am I?

[*Rising.*]

Sure I have pass'd the Gulph of silent Death,
And now am landed on the *Elysian* Shore—
Behold the Goddess of those happy Plains,
Fair *Proserpine*—let me adore thy bright Divinity.

[*Kneels to Dorinda, and kisses her Hand.*]

Mrs. Sul. So, so, so, I knew where the Fit would end.

Aim. *Eurydice* perhaps——

How could thy *Orpheus* keep his Word,
And not look back upon thee;
No Treasure but thyself could sure have brib'd him
To look one Minute off thee.

L. Boun.

L. Boun. Delirious, poor Gentleman.

Arch. Very delirious, Madam, very delirious.

Aim. Martin's Voice, I think.

Arch. Yes, my Lord—How does your Lordship?

L. Boun. Lord! did you mind that, Girls?

Aim. Where am I?

Arch. In very good Hands, Sir—You were taken just now with one of your old Fits, under the Trees, just by this good Lady's House; her Ladyship had you taken in, and has miraculously brought you to yourself, as you see——

Aim. I am so confounded with Shame, Madam, that I can now only beg Pardon——And refer my Acknowledgments for your Ladyship's Care, till an Opportunity offers of making some amends——I dare be no longer troublesome——*Martin*, give two Guineas to the Servants.

[*Going*

Dor. Sir, you may catch Cold by going so soon into the Air; you don't look, Sir, as if you were perfectly recover'd.

[*Here Archer talks to Lady Bountiful in dumb shew.*

Aim. That I shall never be, Madam; my present Illness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry it to my Grave.

Mrs. Sul. Don't despair, Sir; I have known several in your Distemper shake it off, with a Fortnight's Physic.

L. Boun. Come, Sir, your Servant has been telling me that you're apt to relapse, if you go into the Air—Your good Manners shan't get the better of ours—You shall sit down again, Sir:——Come, Sir, we don't mind Ceremonies in the Country—Here, Sir, my Service t'ye—You shall taste my Water; 'tis a Cordial I can assure you, and of my own making———Drink it off, Sir: [*Aimwell drinks.*] And how d'ye find yourself now, Sir?

Aim. Somewhat better—tho' very faint still.

L. Boun. Ay, ay, People are always faint after these Fits. Come, Girls, you shall shew the Gentleman the House; 'tis but an old Family-building, Sir; but you had better walk about, and cool by degrees, than venture immediately into the Air——You'll find some tolerable Pictures——*Dorinda*, shew the Gentleman the Way. [*Exit.*] I must go to the poor Woman below.

Dor. This Way, Sir.

Aim. Ladies, shall I beg leave for my Servant to wait on you, for he understands Pictures very well.

Mrs Sul. Sir, we understand Originals, as well as he does Pictures, so he may come along.

[*Ex. Dor. Mrs. Sull. Aim. Arch. Aim. leads Dor.*

Enter Foigard and Scrub, meeting.

Foig. Save you, Master Scrub.

Scrub. Sir, I won't be sav'd your Way——I hate a Priest, I abhor the *French*, and I defy the Devil—Sir, I'm a bold *Briton*, and will spill the last Drop of my Blood to keep out Popery and Slavery.

Foig. Master Scrub, you would put me down in Politics, and so I would be speaking with Mrs. *Gipsy*.

Scrub. Good Mr. Priest, you can't speak with her; she's sick, Sir; she's gone abroad, Sir; she's—dead two Months ago, Sir.

Enter Gipsy.

Gip. How now, Impudence! How dare you talk so saucily to the Doctor? Pray, Sir, don't take it ill; for the common People of *England* are not so civil to Strangers, as ——

Scrub. You lie, you lie; ——'tis the common People, such as you are, that are civilest to Strangers.

Gip. Sirrah, I have a good mind to—Get you out, I say!

Scrub. I won't!

Gip. You won't, Sauce-box—Pray, Doctor, what is the Captain's Name that came to your Inn last Night?

Scrub. The Captain! ah, the Devil, there she hampers me again;—the Captain has me on one Side, and the Priest on t'other:—So between the Gown and Sword, I have a fine time on't—But, *Cedant Arma Togæ*. [*Going.*

Gip. What, Sirrah, won't you march?

Scrub. No, my dear, I won't march—but I'll walk:—And I'll make bold to listen a little too.

[*Goes behind the Side-scene, and listens.*

Gip. Indeed, Doctor, the Count has been barbarously treated, that's the Truth on't.

Foig. Ah, Mrs. *Gipsy*, upon my Shoul, now *Gra*, his Complaining's would mollify the Marrow in your Bones, and move the Bowels of your Commiseration; he
veeps,

veeps, and he dances, and he fistles, and he swears, and he laughs, and he sings: In Conclusion, Joy, he's afflicted, *a la François*, and a Stranger would not know whider to cry, or to laugh with him.

Gip. What would you have me do, Doctor?

Foig. Noting, Joy, but only hide the Count in Mrs. Sullen's Closet, when it is dark.

Gip. Nothing! Is that nothing? It would be both a Sin and a Shame, Doctor.

Foig. Here is twenty Lewis d'Ors, Joy, for your Shame; and I will give you an Absolution for the Shin.

Gip. But won't that Money look like a Bribe?

Foig. Dat is according as you shall tauk it—If you receive the Money before hand, 'twill be *Logicè*, a Bribe; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be only a Gratification.

Gip. Well, Doctor, I'll take it *Logicè*——But what must I do with my Conscience, Sir?

Foig. Leave dat wid me, Joy; I am your Priest, *Gra*; and your Conscience is under my Hands.

Gip. But should I put the Count into the Closet——

Foig. Vell, is dere any Shin for a Man's being in a Closet? one may go to Prayers in a Closet.

Gip. But if the Lady should come into her Chamber and go to Bed?

Foig. Vel, and is dere any Shin in going to Bed, Joy?

Gip. Ay, but if the Parties should meet, Doctor?

Foig. Vel den—the Parties must be responsible.——Do you be gone after putting the Count in the Closet; and leave the Shins wid themselves——I will come with the Count to instruct you in your Chamber.

Gip. Well, Doctor, your Religion is so pure——Me-thinks I'm so easy after an Absolution, and can sin afresh with so much Security, that I'm resolv'd to die a Martyr to't——Here's the Key of the Garden-door; come in the Back-way, when 'tis late——I'll be ready to receive you; but don't so much as whisper, only take hold of my hand; I'll lead you, and do you lead the Count, and follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. What Witchcraft now have these two Imps of the Devil been a hatching here?—There's twenty Lewis d'Ors;

d'Ors; I heard that, and saw the Purse:—But I must give room to my Betters.

Enter Aimwell leading Dorinda, and making Love in dumb Show—Mrs. Sull, and Archer.

Mrs. Sul. Pray, Sir, [*To Archer.*] how d'ye like that Piece?

Arch. O, 'tis *Leda*—You find, Madam, how *Jupiter* came disguis'd to make Love—

Mrs. Sul. But what think you there of *Alexander's Battles*?

Arch. We want only a *Le Brun*, Madam, to draw greater Battles, and a greater General of our own—The *Danube*, Madam, would make a greater Figure in a Picture than the *Granicus*; and we have our *Rome's* to match their *Arbela*.

Mrs. Sul. Pray, Sir, what Head is that in the Corner there?

Arch. O, Madam, 'tis poor *Ovid* in his Exile.

Mrs. Sul. What was he banish'd for?

Arch. His ambitious Love, Madam, [*Bowing.*] His Misfortune touches me.

Mrs. Sul. Was he successful in his Amours?

Arch. There he has left us in the dark—He was too much a Gentleman to tell.

Mrs. Sul. If he were secret, I pity him.

Arch. And if he were successful, I envy him.

Mrs. Sul. How d'ye like that *Venus* over the Chimney?

Arch. *Venus*! I protest, Madam, I took it for your Picture; but now I look again, 'tis not handsome enough.

Mrs. Sul. Oh, what a Charm is Flattery!—If you would see my Picture, there it is, over that Cabinet—How d'ye like it?

Arch. I must admire any thing, Madam, that has the least Resemblance of you—But methinks, Madam,—

[*He looks at the Picture and Mrs. Sullen three or four times, by turns.*] Pray, Madam, who drew it?

Mrs. Sul. A famous Hand, Sir.

[*Here Aimwell and Dorinda go off.*]

Arch. A famous Hand, Madam:—Your Eyes, indeed, are featur'd there; but where's the sparkling Moisture, glistening Fluid, in which they swim? The Picture, indeed,

deed, has your Dimples; but where's the Swarm of killing *Cupids* that should ambush there? The Lips too are fire figur'd out: But where's the Carnation Dew, the pouting Ripeness that tempts the Taste in the Original?

Mrs. Sul. Had it been my Lot to have match'd with such a Man!

Arch. Your Breasts too; presumptuous Man! what! paint Heaven! *Apropos*, Madam, in the very next Picture is *Salmones*, that was struck dead with Lightning, for offering to imitate *Jove's* Thunder; I hope you serv'd the Painter so, Madam.

Mrs. Sul. Had my Eyes the Power of Thunder, they should employ their Lightning better.

Arch. There's the finest Bed in that Room, Madam; I suppose 'tis your Ladyship's Bed-chamber?

Mrs. Sul. And what then, Sir?

Arch. I think the Quilt is the richest that I ever saw—I can't at this Distance, Madam, distinguish the Figures of the Embroidery: Will you give me leave, Madam?

Mrs. Sul. The Devil take his Impudence—Sure, if I gave him an Opportunity, he durst not offer it—I have a great mind to try.—[*Going. Returns.*] 'Sdeath! what am I doing?—And alone too!—Sister, Sister.

Arch. I'll follow her close—

*For where a Frenchman durst attempt to storm,
A Briton, sure, may well the Work perform.* [Going.]

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Martin, Brother Martin.

Arch. O, Brother Scrub, I beg your Pardon, I was not a going: Here's a Guinea my Master order'd you.

Scrub. A Guinea; hi, hi, hi, a Guinea! eh—by this Light it is a Guinea; but I suppose you expect one-and-twenty Shillings in change.

Arch. Not at all; I have another for *Gipsy*.

Scrub. A Guinea for her! Fire and Faggot for the Witch.—Sir, give me that Guinea, and I'll discover a Plot.

Arch. A Plot?

Scrub. Ay, Sir, a Plot, a horrid Plot—First, it must be a Plot, because there's a Woman in't: Secondly, it must be a Plot, because there's a Priest in't: Thirdly, it must

must be a Plot, because there's *French* Gold in't: And Fourthly, it must be a Plot, because I don't know what to make on't.

Arch. Nor any body else, I'm afraid, Brother *Scrub*.

Scrub. Truly I'm afraid so too; for where there's a Priest and a Woman, there's always a Mystery and a Ridd'e—This, I know, that here has been the Doctor with a Temptation in one Hand, and an Absolution in the other, and *Gipsy* has so'd herself to the Devil; I saw the Price paid down, my Eyes shall take their Oath on't.

Arch. And is all this Bustle about *Gipsy*?

Scrub. That's not all; I could hear but a Word here and there; but I remember they mentioned a Count, a Closet, a Back-door, and a Key.

Arch. The Count! Did you hear nothing of Mrs. *Sullen*?

Scrub. I did hear some Word that sounded that way; but whether it was *Sullen* or *Dorinda*, I could not distinguish.

Arch. You have told this Matter to Nobody, Brother?

Scrub. Told! No, Sir, I thank you for that; I'm resolv'd never to speak one Word, *pro nor con* till we have a Peace.

Arch. You're i'th' right, Brother *Scrub*; here's a Treaty a-foot between the Count and the Lady.—The Priest and the Chamber-maid are Plenipotentiaries——It shall go hard, but I'll find a Way to be included in the Treaty. Where's the Doctor, now?

Scrub. He and *Gipsy* are this Moment devouring my Lady's Marmalade in the Closet.

Alm. [From without.] *Martin, Martin!*

Arch. I come, Sir, I come.

Scrub. But you forget the other Guinea, Brother *Martin*.

Arch. Here I give it with all my Heart.

Scrub. And I take it with all my Soul. [Exeunt severally.] I'cod, I'll spoil your plotting, Mrs. *Gipsy*? and if you should set the Captain upon me, these two Guineas will buy me off.

[Exit.] Enter Mrs. *Sullen* and *Dorinda*, meeting.

Mrs. *Sul.* Well, Sister.

Dor. And well, Sister.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sul. What's become of my Lord?

Dor. What's become of his Servant?

Mrs. Sul. Servant! He's a prettier Fellow, and a finer Gentleman, by fifty Degrees than his Master.

Dor. O' my Conscience, I fancy you could beg that Fellow at the Gallows foot.

Mrs. Sul. O' my Conscience I could, provided I could put a Friend of yours in his room.

Dor. You desir'd me, Sister, to leave you, when you transgress'd the Bounds of Honour.

Mrs. Sul. Thou dear censorious Country Girl—What dost mean? You can't think of the Man without the Bed-fellow, I find.

Dor. I don't find any Thing unnatural in that Thought; while the Mind is conversant with Flesh and Blood, it must conform to the Humours of the Company.

Mrs. Sul. How a little Love and Conversation improve a Woman? Why, Child, you begin to live—you never spoke before.

Dor. Because I was never spoke to before: My Lord has told me, that I have more Wit and Beauty than any of my Sex; and truly I begin to think the Man is sincere.

Mrs. Sul. You're in the right, *Dorinda*; Pride is the Life of a Woman, and Flattery is our daily Bread; and she's a Fool that won't believe a Man there, as much as she that believes him in any Thing else—But I'll lay you a Guinea that I had finer Things said to me than you had.

Dor. Done—What did your Fellow say to ye?

Mrs. Sul. My Fellow took the Picture of *Venus* for mine.—

Dor. But my Lover took me for *Venus* herself.

Mrs. Sul. Common Cant! Had my Spark call'd me a *Venus* directly, I should have believ'd him a Footman in good Earnest.

Dor. But my Lover was upon his Knees to me.

Mrs. Sul. And mine was upon his Tiptoes to me.

Dor. Mine vow'd to die for me.

Mrs. Sul. Mine swore to die with me.

Dor. Mine spoke the softest moving Things.

Mrs. Sul. Ay, ay, mine had his moving Things too.

Dor. Mine kiss'd my Hand ten thousand Times.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Sul.* Mine has all that Pleasure to come.

Dor. Mine offer'd Marriage.

Mrs. *Sul.* O Lord! D'ye call that a moving Thing!

Dor. The sharpest Arrow in his Quiver, my dear Sister; —Why, my ten thousand Pounds may lie brooding here this seven Years, and hatch nothing at last but some ill-natur'd Clown like yours:—Whereas, if I marry my Lord *Aimwell*, there will be Title, Place, and Precedence, the Park, the Play, and the Drawing-room, Splendor, Equipage, Noise, and Flambeaux—Hey, my Lady *Aimwell's* Servants there—Lights, Lights to the Stairs—My Lady *Aimwell's* Coach, put forward—Stand by; make room for her Ladyship—Are not these Things moving? What! melancholy of a sudden?

Mrs. *Sul.* Happy, happy Sister! Your Angel has been watchful for your Happiness, whilst mine has slept regardless of his Charge—Long smiling Years of circling Joys for you, but not one Hour for me! [*Weeps.*]

Dor. Come, my Dear, we'll talk of something else.

Mrs. *Sul.* O *Dorinda*, I own myself a Woman, full of my Sex, a gentle, generous Soul,—easy and yielding to soft Desires, a spacious Heart, where Love and all his Train might lodge: And must the fair Apartment of my Breast be made a Stable for a Brute to lie in?

Dor. Meaning your Husband, I suppose?

Mrs. *Sul.* Husband! No—Even Husband is too soft a Name for him.—But come, I expect my Brother here To-night or To-morrow; he was abroad when my Father married me; perhaps he'll find a Way to make me easy.

Dor. Will you promise not to make yourself easy in the mean time with my Lord's Friend?

Mrs. *Sul.* You mistake me, Sister—It happens with us as among the Men, the greatest Talkers are the greatest Cowards: and there's a Reason for it; those Spirits evaporate in Prattle, which might do more Mischief if they took another Course——Tho', to confess the Truth, I do love that Fellow;——And if I met him dress'd as he should be, and I undress'd as I should be—Look'e, Sister, I have no supernatural Gifts;——I can't swear I could resist the Temptation,——though I can safely promise to avoid it; and that's as much as the best of us can do.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter Aimwell and Archer laughing.
Arch. And the awkward Kindness of the good motherly old Gentlewoman ———

Aim. And the coming Easiness of the young one —
 'Sdeath, 'tis pity to deceive her.

Arch. Nay, if you adhere to those Principles, stop where you are.

Aim. I can't stop; for I love her to Distraction.

Arch. 'Sdeath, if you love her a Hair's breadth beyond Discretion, you must go no farther.

Aim. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle Evenings at *White's*, *Tom's*, or *Will's*, and be flinted to bare looking at our old Acquaintance, the Cards, because our impotent Pockes can't afford us a Guinea for the mercenary Drabs.

Arch. Or be obliged to some Purse-proud Coxcomb for a scandalous Bottle, where we must not pretend to our share of the Discourse, because we can't pay our Club o'th' Reckoning:—Damn it, I had rather sponge upon *Morris*, and sup upon a Dish of Bohea scor'd behind the Door.

Aim. And there expose our want of Sense by talking Criticisms, as we should our want of Money by railing at the Government.

Arch. Or be oblig'd to sneak into the Side-box, and between both Houses steal two Acts of a Play; and because we ha'n't Money to see the other three, we come away discontented, and damn the whole five.

Aim. And ten thousand such rascally Tricks—had we out-liv'd our Fortunes among our Acquaintance.—But now ———

Arch. Ay, now is the time to prevent all this—Strike while the Iron is hot—This Priest is the luckiest part of our Adventure; he shall marry you, and pimp for me.

Aim. But I should not like a Woman that can be so fond of a *Frenchman*.

Arch. Alas, Sir, Necessity has no Law; the Lady may be in Distress; perhaps she has a confounded Husband, and her Revenge may carry her farther than her Love—Egad, I have so good an Opinion of her, and of myself, that I begin to fancy strange Things! and we must say this for the Honour of our Women, and indeed of ourselves,

selves, that they do stick to their Men, as they do to their *Magna Charta*.—If the Plot lies as I suspect—I must put on the Gentleman—But here comes the Doctor: I shall be ready. [Exit.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Saave you, noble Friend.

Aim. O Sir, your Servant: Pray, Doctor, may I crave your Name?

Foig. Fat Naam is upon me? My Naam is *Foigard*, Joy.

Aim. *Foigard*! A very good Name for a Clergyman: Pray, Doctor *Foigard*, were you ever in *Ireland*?

Foig. *Ireland*! No, Joy;—Fat sort of a Plaace is dat faam *Ireland*? Dey say de People are catch'd dere when dey are young.

Aim. And some of 'em here when they are old;—as for Example—[*Takes Foigard by the Shoulder.*] Sir, I arrest you as a Traitor against the Government; you're a Subject of *Eng'land*, and this Morning shew'd me a Commission by which you serv'd as Chaplain in the *French Army*: This is Death by our Law, and your Reverence must hang for't.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, noble Friend, dis is strange News you tell me, Fader *Foigard* a Subject of *England*! de Son of a *Burgo-master* of *Brussels* a Subject of *England*! Uboobo—

Aim. The Son of a Bog-trotter in *Ireland*; Sir, your Tongue will condemn you before any Bench in the Kingdom.

Foig. And is my Tongue all your Evidenst, Joy?

Aim. That's enough.

Foig. No, no, Joy, for I will never spake *English* no more.

Aim. Sir, I have other Evidence—Here, *Martin*, you know this Fellow.

Enter Archer.

Arch. [*In a Brogue*] Saave you my dear Cussen, how does your Health?

Foig. Ah! Upon my Shoul dere is my Countryman, and his *Brigue* will hang mine. [*Aside.*] *Mynbere*, Ick wet neat waitt hey nacht, Ick *Universton* ewe neat, *sacrament*.

Aim.

Aim. Altering your Language won't do, Sir, this Fellow knows your Person, and will swear to your Face.

Foig. Faash! Fey, is dere Brogue upon my Faash too?

Arch. Upon my Soulvation dere ish Joy ——— But, Cussen *Mackshane*, vil you not put a Remembrance upon me?

Foig. *Mackshane*! By St. *Patrick*, dat is my Naame shure enough. [Aside.]

Aim. I fancy *Archer* you have it.

Foig. The Devil hang you, Joy.—By fat Acquaintance are you my Cussen?

Arch. O, de Devil hang yourshelf, Joy; you know we were little Boys togeder upon de School, and your Foster-moder's Son was married upon my Nurse's Chister, Joy, and so we are *Irish* Cussens.

Foig. De Devil taake de Relation! Vel, Joy, and fat School was it?

Arch. I think it vas—Aay—'twas *Tipperary*.

Foig. Now, upon my Shoul, Joy, it was *Kilkenny*.

Aim. That's enough for us ——— Self-confession ——— Come, Sir, we must deliver you into the Hands of the next Magistrate.

Arch. He sends you to Gaol, you're tried next Assizes, and away you go swing into Purgatory.

Foig. And is it so wid you, Cussen?

Arch. It will be sho wid you, Cussen, if you don't immediately confess the Secret between you and Mrs. *Gipsy* ——— Look'e, Sir, the Gallows or the Secret, take your Choice.

Foig. The Gallows! Upon my Shoul I hate that shame Gallows, for it is a Diseath dat is fatal to our Family.—Vel, den, there is nothing, Shentlemens, but Mrs. *Sullen* would spaak wid the Count in her Chamber at Midnight, and dere is no harm, Joy, for I am to conduct the Count to the Plash myself.

Arch. As I guefs'd. ——— Have you communicated the Matter to the Count?

Foig. I have not sheen him since.

Arch. Right agen; why then, Doctor;—you shall conduct me to the Lady instead of the Count.

Foig. Fat my Cussen to the Lady! Upon my Shoul, gra, dat's too much upon the Brogue.

Arch.

Arch. Come, come, Doctor? consider we have got a Rope about our Neck, and if you offer to squeak, we'll stop your Wind-pipe, most certainly; we shall have another Job for you in a Day or two, I hope.

Aim. Here's Company coming this Way, let's into my Chamber, and there concert our Affairs farther.

Arch. Come, my dear Cussen, come along. [*Exeunt.*

Foig. Arra the Devil take our Relashion.

Enter Boniface, Hounslow, and Bagshot at one Door, Gibbet at the opposite.

Gib. Well, Gentlemen, 'tis a fine Night for our Enterprize.

Hounsf. Dark as Hell.

Bag. And Blows like the Devil; our Landlord, here, has shew'd us the Window where we must break in, and tells us the Plate stands in the Wainscot Cupboard in the Parlour.

Bon. Ay, ay, Mr. *Bagshot*, as the Saying is, Knives and Forks, Cups and Cans, Tumblers and Tankards.—There's one Tankard, as the Saying is, that's near upon as big as me; it was a Present to the 'Squire from his God-mother, and smells of Nutmeg and Toast, like an *East-India Ship*.

Hounsf. Then you say we must divide at the Stair-head.

Bon. Yes, Mr. *Hounslow*, as the Saying is——At one End of the Gallery lies my Lady *Bountiful* and her Daughter, and at the other, Mrs. *Sullen*——As for the 'Squire——

Gib. He's safe enough, I have fairly enter'd him, and he's more than half Seas over already—But such a Parcel of Scoundrels are got about him there, that, I-gad, I was aham'd to be seen in their Company.

Bon. 'Tis now Twelve, as the Saying is—Gentlemen, you must set out at One.

Gib. *Hounslow*, do you and *Bagshot* see our Arms fix'd, and I'll come to you presently.

Hounsf. and *Bag.* We will.

[*Exeunt.*

Gib. Well, my dear *Bonny*, you assure me that *Scrub* is a Coward.

Bon. A Chicken, as the Saying is——You'll have no Creature to deal with but the Ladies.

Gib.

Gib. And I can assure you, Friend, there's a great deal of Address and good Manners in robbing a Lady; I am the most a Gentleman that Way that ever travelled the Road—But, my dear *Bonny*, this Prize will be a Galleon, a *Vigo* Business—I warrant you we shall bring off three or four thousand Pounds.

Bon. In Plate, Jewels, and Money, as the Saying is, you may.

Gib. Why then, *Tyburn*, I defy thee; I'll get up to Town, sell off my Horse and Arms, buy myself some pretty Employment in the Law, and be as snug and as honest as e'er a long Gown of 'em all.

Bon. And what think you then of my Daughter *Cherry* for a Wife?

Gib. Look'e, my dear *Bonny*—*Cherry* is the Goddess I adore, as the Song goes; but it is a Maxim, that Man and Wife should never have it in their Power to hang one another; for if they should, the Lord have Mercy upon 'em both.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Fourth ACT.



ACT V.

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda.

SCENE continues. Knocking without.

Enter Boniface.

Bon. **C**oming, coming—A Coach and six foaming Horses at this time o' Night! Some great Man, as the saying is, for he scorns to travel with other People.

Enter Sir Charles Freeman.

Sir Ch. What, Fellow! A Public-house, and a-bed when other People sleep?

Bon. Sir, I an't a-bed, as the Saying is.

Sir Ch. I see that, as the Saying is! Is Mr. *Sullen's* Family a-bed, think'e?

Bon. All but the 'Squire himself, Sir, as the Saying is, he's in the House.

Sir Ch. What Company has he?

Bon. Why, Sir, there's the Constable, Mr. Gage the Exciseman, the hunch-back'd Barber, and two or three other Gentlemen.

Sir Ch. I find my Sister's Letters gave me the true Picture of her Spouse.

Enter Sullen drunk.

Bon. Sir, here's the 'Squire.

Sul. The Puppies left me asleep—Sir.

Sir Ch. Well, Sir.

Sul. Sir, I am an unfortunate Man—I have three thousand Pound a-Year, and I can't get a Man to drink a Cup of Ale with me.

Sir Ch. That's very hard.

Sul. Ay, Sir—And unless you have pity upon me, and smoke one Pipe with me, I must e'en go home to my Wife, and I had rather go to the Devil by half.

Sir Ch. But I presume, Sir, you won't see your Wife to-night, she'll be gone to bed—you don't use to lie with your Wife in that Pickle?

Sul. What! not lie with my Wife! Why, Sir, do you take me for an Atheist, or a Rake?

Sir Ch. If you hate her, Sir, I think you had better lie from her.

Sul. I think so too, Friend——But I am a Justice of Peace, and must do nothing against the Law.

Sir Ch. Law! As I take it, Mr. Justice, Nobody observes Law for Law's sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

Sul. But if the Law orders me to send you to Gaol, you must lie there, my Friend.

Sir Ch. Not unless I commit a Crime to deserve it.

Sul. A Crime! Oons, a'n't I married?

Sir Ch. Nay, Sir, if you call Marriage a Crime, you must disown it for a Law.

Sul. Eh!——I must be acquainted with you, Sir——But, Sir, I should be very glad to know the Truth of this Matter.

Sir Ch. Truth, Sir, is a profound Sea, and few there be that dare wade deep enough to find out the Bottom
on't.

on't. Besides, Sir, I'm afraid the Line of your Understanding mayn't be long enough.

Sul. Look'e, Sir, I have nothing to say to your Sea of Truth——but if a good Parcel of Land can entitle a Man to a little Truth, I have as much as any He in the County.

Bon. I never heard your Worship, as the Saying is, talk so much before.

Sul. Because I never met with a Man that I lik'd before.

Bon. Pray, Sir, as the Saying is, let me ask you one Question: Are not Man and Wife one Flesh?

Sir Ch. You and your Wife, Mr. *Guts*, may be one Flesh, because you are nothing else——But rational Creatures have Minds that must be united.

Sul. Minds!

Sir Ch. Ay, Minds, Sir; don't you think that the Mind takes place of the Body?

Sul. In some People.

Sir Ch. Then the Interest of the Master must be consulted before that of his Servant.

Sul. Sir, you shall dine with me To-morrow—Oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

Sir Ch. Sir, I know that my two Hands are naturally one, because they love one another, kiss one another, help one another in all the Actions of Life; but I could not say so much if they were always at Cuffs.

Sul. Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir Ch. Why don't you part with her, Sir?

Sul. Will you take her, Sir?

Sir Ch. With all my Heart.

Sul. You shall have her To-morrow Morning, and a Venison-pasty into the Bargain.

Sir Ch. You'll let me have her Fortune too?

Sul. Fortune! why, Sir, I have no Quarrel with her Fortune——I only hate the Woman, Sir, and none but the Woman shall go.

Sir Ch. But her Fortune, Sir——

Sul. Can you play at Whisk, Sir?

Sir Ch. No, truly, Sir.

Sul. Nor at All-fours?

Sir Ch. Neither.

Sul.

Sul. Oons! where was this Man bred? [*Afide.*] Burn me, Sir, I can't go home, 'Tis but two o'Clock.

Sir Ch. For Half an Hour, Sir, if you please—But you must consider 'tis late.

Sul. Late! that's the Reason I can't go to Bed—
Come, Sir— [Exeunt.]

Enter Cherry, runs across the Stage, and knocks at Aimwell's Chamber-door. Enter Aimwell in his Night-cap and Gown.

Aim. What's the Matter? You tremble Child, you're frightened!

Cher. No wonder, Sir—But in short, Sir, this very Minute a Gang of Rogues are gone to rob my Lady Bountiful's House.

Aim. How!

Cher. I dogg'd 'em to the very Door, and left 'em breaking in.

Aim. Have you alarm'd any Body else with the News?

Cher. No, no, Sir, I wanted to have discover'd the whole Plot, and twenty other Things, to your Man, *Martin*; but I have search'd the whole House, and can't find him; where is he?

Aim. No matter, Child; will you guide me immediately to the House?

Cher. With all my Heart, Sir; my Lady Bountiful is my Godmother, and I love Mrs. *Dorinda* so well—

Aim. *Dorinda*! The Name inspires me, the Glory and the Danger shall be all my own—Come, my Life, let me but get my Sword. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the Bed-chamber in Lady Bountiful's House.

Enter Mrs. Sullen, and Dorinda, undress'd; a Table and Lights.

Dor. 'Tis very late, Sister, no News of your Spouse yet?

Mrs. Sul. No, I'm condemn'd to be alone till towards Four, and then perhaps I may be executed with his Company.

Dor.

Dor. Well, my Dear, I'll leave you to your Rest; you'll go directly to Bed, I suppose.

Mrs. Sul. I don't know what to do; hey-ho!

Dor. That's a desiring Sigh, Sister.

Mrs. Sul. This is a languishing Hour, Sister.

Dor. And might prove a critical Minute if the pretty Fellow were here.

Mrs. Sul. Here? what in my Bed-chamber, at two o'Clock i'th' Morning, I undress'd, the Family asleep, my hated husband abroad, and my lovely Fellow at my Feet—O gad, Sister.

Dor. Thoughts are free, Sister, and them I allow you—So, my Dear, good Night. [Exit.]

Mrs. Sul. A good Rest to my dear *Dorinda*—Thoughts free! are they so? Why then suppose him here, dress'd like a youthful, gay, and burning Bridegroom, [*Here Archer steals out of the Closet*] with Tongue enchanting, Eyes bewitching, Knees imploring. [*Turns a little on one side, and sees Archer in the Posture she describes.*] Ah! [*Shrieks, and runs to the other side of the Stage.*] Have my Thoughts rais'd a Spirit?—What are you, Sir, a Man or a Devil?

Arch. A Man, a Man, Madam. [Rising.]

Mrs. Sul. How shall I be sure of it?

Arch. Madam, I'll give you Demonstration this Minute. [*Takes her Hand.*]

Mrs. Sul. What, Sir! do you intend to be rude?

Arch. Yes, Madam, if you please.

Mrs. Sul. In the Name of Wonder, whence came ye?

Arch. From the Skies, Madam—I'm a *Jupiter* in Love, and you shall be my *Alcmena*.

Mrs. Sul. How came you in?

Arch. I flew in at the Window, Madam: your Cousin *Cupid* lent me his Wings, and your Sister *Venus* has open'd the Casement.

Mrs. Sul. I'm struck dumb with Admiration.

Arch. And I with Wonder. [*Looks passionately at her.*]

Mrs. Sul. What will become of me?

Arch. How beautiful she looks!—the teeming jolly Spring smiles in her blooming Face, and when she was conceiv'd, her Mother smelt to Roses, look'd on Lillies—

*Lillies unfold their White, their fragrant Charms,
When the warm Sun thus darts into their Arms.*

[Runs to her.]

Mrs. Sul. Ah! *[Shrieks.]*

Arch. Oons, Madam, what do you mean? You'll raise the House.

Mrs. Sul. Sir, I'll wake the Dead before I bear this—What! Approach me with the Freedoms of a Keeper!—I'm glad on't, your Impudence has cur'd me.

Arch. If this be Impudence, *[Kneels]* I leave to your partial self; no panting Pilgrim, after a tedious, painful Voyage, e'er bow'd before his Saint with more Devotion.

Mrs. Sul. Now, now, I'm ruin'd if he kneels. *[Aside.]* Rise thou prostrate Engineer, not all thy undermining Skill shall reach my Heart. Rise, and know I am a Woman without my Sex; I can love to all the Tenderness of Wishes, Sighs, and Tears—But go no farther—Still to convince you that I'm more than Woman, I can speak my Frailty, confess my Weakness even for you—But—

Arch. For me! *[Going to lay hold on her.]*

Mrs. Sul. Hold, Sir, build not upon that—for my most mortal hatred follows, if you disobey what I command you now—leave me this Minute——If he denies, I'm lost. *[Aside.]*

Arch. Then you'll promise——

Mrs. Sul. Any thing another time.

Arch. When shall I come?

Mrs. Sul. To-morrow, when you will.

Arch. Your Lips must seal the Promise.

Mrs. Sul. Pshaw?

Arch. They must, they must, *[Kisses her.]* Raptures and Paradise! And why not now, my Angel? The Time, the Place, Silence and Secrecy, all conspire——And the now conscious Stars have pre-ordain'd this Moment for my Happiness. *[Takes her in his Arms.]*

Mrs. Sul. You will not, cannot, sure.

Arch. If the Sun rides fast, and disappoints not Mortals of To-morrow's Dawn, this Night shall crown my Joys.

Mrs. Sul. My Sex's Pride assist me.

Arch. My Sex's Strength help me

Mrs. Sul. You shall kill me first.

Arch.

Arch. I'll die with you. [Carrying her off.]

Mrs. Sul. Thieves, Thieves, Murder——

Enter Scrub in his Breeche, and one Shoe.

Scrub. Thieves, Thieves, Murder, Popery!

Arch. Ha! the very timorous Stag will kill in Rutting-time. [Draws and offers to stab Scrub.]

Scrub. [Kneeling.] O pray, Sir, spare all I have, and take my Life.

Mrs. Sul. [Holding Archer's Hand.] What does the Fellow mean?

Scrub. O, Madam, down upon your Knees, your Marrow-bones——he's one of them.

Arch. Of whom?

Scrub. One of the Rogues—I beg your Pardon, one of the honest Gentlemen that just now are broke into the House.

Arch. How!

Mrs. Sul. I hope you did not come to rob me?

Arch. Indeed I did, Madam, but I wou'd have taken nothing but what you might very well ha' spar'd; but your crying Thieves, has wak'd this dreaming Fool, and so he takes 'em for granted.

Scrub. Granted! 'tis granted, Sir; take all we have.

Mrs. Sul. The Fellow looks as if he were broke out of Bedlam.

Scrub. Oons, Madam, they're broke into the House with Fire and Sword; I saw them, heard them, they'll be here this Minute.

Arch. What, Thieves!

Scrub. Under Favour, Sir, I think so.

Mrs. Sul. What shall we do, Sir?

Arch. Madam, I wish your Ladyship a good Night.

Mrs. Sul. Will you leave me?

Arch. Leave you! Lord, Madam, did not you command me to be gone just now, upon pain of your immortal Hatred.

Mrs. Sul. Nay, but pray, Sir— [Takes hold of him.]

Arch. Ha, ha, ha, now comes my turn to be ravish'd You see now, Madam, you must use Men one way or other; but take this by the way, good Madam, that none but a Fool will give you the Benefit of his Courage, unless

unless you'll take his Love along with it—How are they arm'd, Friend?

Scrub. With Sword and Pistol, Sir.

Arch. Hush!—I see a dark Lanthorn coming thro' the Gallery—Madam, be assur'd I will protect you, or lose my Life.

Mrs. Sul. Your Life! no, Sir, they can rob me of Nothing that I value half so much; therefore now, Sir, let me intreat you to be gone.

Arch. No, Madam, I'll consult my own Safety, for the Sake of yours; I'll work by Stratagem: Have you Courage enough to stand the Appearance of 'em.

Mrs. Sul. Yes, yes, since I have 'scap'd your Hands, I can face any thing.

Arch. Come hither, Brother *Scrub*; don't you know me?

Scrub. Eh! my dear Brother, let me kiss thee.

[*Kisses Archer.*]

Arch. This way—Here——

[*Archer and Scrub bide behind the Bed.*]

Enter Gibbet, with a dark Lanthorn in one Hand, and a Pistol in t'other.

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the Chamber, and the Lady alone.

Mrs. Sul. Who are you, Sir? What wou'd you have? D'ye come to rob me?

Gib. Rob you! alack-a-day, Madam, I'm only a younger Brother, Madam; and so, Madam, if you make a Noise, I'll shoot you through the Head: But don't be afraid, Madam, [*Laying his Lanthorn and Pistol upon the Table*] These Rings, Madam; don't be concern'd, Madam; I have a profound Respect for you, Madam, your Keys, Madam; don't be frighted, Madam, I'm the most of a Gentleman: [*Searching her Pockets.*] This Necklace, Madam; I never was rude to any Lady! I have a Veneration—for this Necklace—[*Here Archer having come round, and seiz'd the Pistol, takes Gibbet by the Collar, trips up his Heels, and claps the Pistol to his Breast.*]

Arch. Hold, prophane Villain, and take the Reward of thy Sacrilege.

Gib. Oh! Pray, Sir, don't kill me; I an't prepar'd.

Arch. How many is there of 'em, *Scrub*?

Scrub. Five-and-forty, Sir.

Arch. Then I must kill the Villain, to have him out of the way.

Gib. Hold! hold! Sir; we are but three, upon my Honour.

Arch. *Scrub*, will you undertake to secure him?

Scrub. Not I, Sir; kill him, kill him.

Arch. Run to *Gipsy's* Chamber, there you'll find the Doctor; bring him hither presently.

[*Exit Scrub, running.*

Come, Rogue, if you have a short Prayer, say it.

Gib. Sir, I have no Prayer at all; the Government has provided a Chaplain to say Prayers for us on these Occasions.

Mrs. Sul. Pray, Sir, don't kill him:—You fright me as much as him.

Arch. The Dog shall die, Madam, for being the Occasion of my Disappointment——Sirrah, this Moment is your last.

Gib. Sir, I'll give you Two hundred Pounds to spare my Life.

Arch. Have you no more, Rascal?

Gib. Yes, Sir, I can command Four hundred; but I must reserve two of 'em to save my Life at the Sessions.

Enter Scrub and Foigard.

Arch. Here, Doctor: I suppose *Scrub* and you, between you, may manage him,—Lay hold of him.

[*Foigard lays hold of Gibbet.*

Gib. What! turn'd over to the Priest already——Look'e, Doctor, you come before your time; I a'n't condemn'd yet, I thank ye.

Foig. Come, my dear Joy, I vil secure your Body and your Shoul too; I will make you a good Catholic, and give you an Absolution.

Gib. Absolution! Can you procure me a Pardon, Doctor?

Foig. No, Joy——

Gib. Then you and your Absolution may go to the Devil.

Arch. Convey him into the Cellar, there bind him:—Take the Pistol, and if he offers to resist, shoot him thro' the

the Head, and come back to us with all the Speed you can.

Scrub. Ay, ay; come, Doctor, do you hold him fast, and I'll guard him.

Mrs. Sul. But how came the Doctor?

Arch. In short, Madam——— [*Shrieking without.*]
Sdeath! the Rogues are at work with the other Ladies:—I'm vex'd I parted with the Pistol; but I must fly to their Assistance—Will you stay here, Madam, or venture yourself with me?

Mrs. Sul. Oh, with you, dear Sir, with you.

[*Takes him by the Arm, and Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another Apartment in the same House.

Enter Hounslow dragging in Lady Bountiful, and Bagshot hauling in Dorinda; the Rogues with Swords drawn.

Houn. Come, come, your Jewels, Mistress.

Bag. Your Keys, your Keys, old Gentlewoman.

Enter Aimwell and Cherry.

Aim. Turn this way, Villains; I durst engage an Army in such a Cause. [*He engages 'em both.*]

Dor. O, Madam, had I but a Sword to help the brave Man!

L. Boun. There's three or four hanging up in the Hall; but they won't draw. I'll go fetch one however.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Archer and Mrs. Sullen.

Arch. Hold, hold, my Lord; every Man his Bird, pray. [*They engage Man to Man; the Rogues are thrown down and disarm'd.*]

Cher. What! the Rogues taken! then they'll impeach my Father! I must give him timely Notice. [*Runs out.*]

Arch. Shall we kill the Rogues?

Arch. No, no; we'll bind them.

Arch. Ay, ay; here, Madam, lend me your Garter.

[*To Mrs. Sullen, who stands by him.*]

Mrs. Sul. The Devil's in this Fellow; he fights, loves, and banters all in a Breath: Here's a Cord that the Rogues brought with 'em, I suppose.

Arch. Right, right, the Rogue's Destiny, a Rope to hang himself——Come, my Lord,—this is but a scandalous sort of an Office, [*Binding the Rogues together.*] if our Adventures should end in this sort of Hangman-work;

work; but I hope there is something in prospect that—
[Enter Scrub.] Well, *Scrub*, have you secur'd your *Tartar*?

Scrub. Yes, Sir, I left the Priest and him disputing about Religion.

Aim. And pray c rry these Gentlemen to reap the Benefit of the Controversy. [Delivers the Prisoners to Scrub, who leads 'em out.]

Mrs. Sul. Pray, Sister, how came my Lord here?

Dor. And pray, how came the Gentleman here?

Mrs. Sul. I'll tell you the greatest piece of Villainy—

[They talk in dumb Shew.]

Aim. I fancy, *Archer*, you have been more successful in your Adventures than the House-breakers,

Arch. No matter for my Adventure, yours is the principal.—Press her this Minute to marry you—now while she's hurried between the Palpitation of her Fear, and the Joy of her Deliverance, now while the Tide of her Spirits are at High-flood;——throw yourself at her Feet, speak some romantic Nonsense or other;——address her, like *Alexander*, in the height of his Victory, confound her Senses, bear down her Reason, and away with her:—The Priest is now in the Cellar, and dare not refuse to do the Work.

Enter Lady Bountiful.

Aim. But how shall I get off without being observ'd?

Arch. You a Lover! and not find a way to get off—
Let me see.

Aim. You bleed *Archer*.

Arch. 'Sdeath, I'm g'ad on't; this Wound will do the Business — I'll amuse the old Lady and *Mrs. Sullen* about dressing my Wound, while you carry off *Dorinda*.

L. Boun. Gentlemen, cou'd we understand how you wou'd be gratified for the Services——

Arch. Come, come, my Lady, this is no time for Compliments; I'm wounded, Madam.

L. Boun. and *Mrs. Sul*. How! wounded!

Dor. I hope, Sir, you have receiv'd no hurt?

Aim. None but what you may cure——

[Makes Love in dumb Shew.]

L. Boun. Let me see your Arm, Sir—I must have some Powder-sugar to stop the Blood——O me! an ugly Gash upon my Word, Sir, you must go into Bed.

Arch. Ay, my Lady, a Bed wou'd do very well——
Madam, [*To Mrs. Sullen*] will you do me the Favour to
conduct me to a Chamber?

L. Benn. Do, do, Daughter,——while I get the Lint,
and the Probe, and Plaister ready.

[*Runs out one way, Aimwell carries off Dorinda another.*]

Arch. Come, Madam, why don't you obey your Mo-
ther's Commands?

Mrs. Sul. How can you, after what is past, have the
confidence to ask me?

Arch. And if you go to that, how can you, after what
is past, have the Confidence to deny me?——Was not this
Blood shed in your Defence, and my Life expos'd for
your protection?—Look'e, Madam, I'm none of your
romantic fools, that fight Giants and Monsters for No-
thing; my Valour is downright *Swift*; I am a Soldier
of Fortune, and must be paid.

Mrs. Sul. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Sir, to upbraid me
with your Services.

Arch. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Madam, not to re-
ward 'em.

Mrs. Sul. How! at the Expence of my Honour.

Arch. Honour! Can Honour consist with Ingratitude?
If you would deal like a Woman of Honour, do like a
Man of Honour: D'ye think I would deny you in such
a Case?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Lady order'd me to tell you, that
your Brother is below at the Gate.

Mrs. Sul. My Brother! Heavens be prais'd—Sir, he
shall thank you for your Services; he has it in his Power.

Arch. Who is your Brother, Madam?

Mrs. Sul. Sir *Ch. Freeman*!——You'll excuse me, Sir;
I must go and receive him.

Arch. Sir *Charles Freeman*! 'Sdeath and Hell!——My
old Acquaintance. Now, unless *Aimwell* has made good
use of his Time, all our fair Machine goes souze into the
Sea, like an *Edystone*. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to the Gallery in the same House.

Enter Aimwell and Dorinda.

Der. Well, well, my Lord, you have conquer'd;
your

your late generous Action will, I hope, plead for my easy yielding; tho' I must own, your Lordship had a Friend in the Fort before

Aim. The Sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon her Tongue—
Here, Doctor—

Enter Foigard with a Book.

Foig. Are you prepar'd boat?

Dor. I'm ready: But first, my Lord, one Word—I have a frightful Example of a hasty Marriage in my own Family; when I reflect upon't, it shocks me. Pray, my Lord, consider a little—

Aim. Consider! Do you doubt my Honour, or my Love?

Dor. Neither: I do believe you equally Just as Brave—And were your whole Sex drawn out for me to chuse, I should not cast a Look upon the Multitude if you were absent—But, my Lord, I'm a Woman; Colours, Concealments may hide a thousand Faults in me—Therefore know me better first; I hardly dare affirm I knew myself in any thing except my Love.

Aim. Such Goodness who could injure! I find myself unequal to the Task of Villain; she has gain'd my Soul, and made it honest like her own—I cannot hurt her [*Afide.*] Doctor, retire. [*Exit. Foigard.*] Madam, behold your Lover and your Profelyte; and judge of my Passion by my Conversion—I'm all a Lie, nor dare I give a Fiction to your Arms; I'm all a Counterfeit, except my Passion.

Dor. Forbid it, Heaven? A Counterfeit!

Aim. I am no Lord, but a poor needy Man, come with a mean, a scandalous Design to prey upon your Fortune:—But the Beauties of your Mind and Person have so won me from myself, that, like a trusty Servant, I prefer the Interest of my Mistress to my own.

Dor. Sure, I have had the Dream of some poor Mariner, a sleeping Image of a welcome Port, and wake involv'd in Storms.—Pray, Sir, who are you?

Aim. Brother to the Man whose Title I usurp'd, but Stranger to his Honour or his Fortune.

Dor. Matchless Honesty!—Once I was proud, Sir, of your Wealth and Title, but now am prouder that you want it: Now I can shew, my Love was justly levell'd, and had no Aim but Love. Doctor, come in.

Enter Foigard at one Door, Gipsy at another, who whispers Dorinda.

Your Pardon, Sir; we sha'n't want you now, Sir.—
You must excuse me—I'll wait on you presently.

Exit with Gipsy.

Foig. Upon my Shoul; now, dis is foolish. [*Exit.*]

Aim. Gone! and bid the Priest depart—It has an ominous Look.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Courage, Tom——Shall I wish you Joy?

Aim. No.

Arch. Oons! Man, what ha' you been doing?

Aim. Oh, *Archer*, my Honesty, I fear, has ruin'd me.

Arch. How!

Aim. I have discover'd myself.

Arch. Discover'd! And without my Consent? What! Have I embark'd my small Remains in the same Bottom with yours, and you dispose of all without my Partnership?

Aim. O, *Archer*, I own my Fault.

Arch. After Conviction—'Tis then too late for Pardon——You may remember, Mr. *Aimwell*, that you propos'd this Folly—As you begun, so end it—Henceforth I'll hunt my Fortune single——So farewell.

Aim. Say, my dear *Archer*, but a Minute.

Arch. Stay! What, to be despis'd, expos'd, and laugh'd at!—No! I would sooner change Conditions with the worst of the Rogues we just now bound, than bear one scornful Smile from the proud Knight that once treated as my Equal.

Aim. What Knight!

Arch. Sir *Charles Freeman*, Brother to the Lady that I had alm-st—But no matter for that, 'tis a cursed Night's Work, and so I leave you to make the best on't.

Aim. *Freeman*!—One Word, *Archer*. Still I have Hopes; methought she receiv'd my Confession with pleasure.

Arch. 'Sdeath, who doubts it?

Aim. She consented after to the Match; and still I dare believe she will be just.

Arch.

Arch. To herself, I warrant her, as you should have been.

Aim. By all my Hopes she comes, and smiling comes.

Enter Dorinda mighty gay.

Dor. Come, my dear Lord—I fly with Impatience to your Arms.—The Minutes of my Absence was a tedious Year. Where's this Priest?

Enter Foigard.

Arch. Oons, A brave Girl!

Dor. I suppose, my Lord, this Gentleman is privy to our Affairs?

Arch. Yes, yes, Madam, I'm to be your Father.

Dor. Come, Priest, do your Office.

Arch. Make haste, make haste; couple 'em any way.
[*Takes Aimwell's Hand.*] Come, Madam, I'm to give you——

Dor. My Mind's alter'd; I won't.

Arch. Eh——

Aim. I'm confounded.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, and so is myshelf.

Arch. What's the Matter now, Madam,

Dor. Look'e, Sir, one generous Action deserves another.——This Gentleman's Honour oblig'd him to hide nothing from me; my Justice engages me to conceal nothing from him: In short, Sir, you are the Person that you thought you counterfeited; you are the Lord Viscount *Aimwell*, and I wish your Lordship Joy. Now, Priest, you may be gone; if my Lord is now pleas'd with the Match, let his Lordship marry me in the Face of the World.

Aim. Archer, What does she mean?

Dor. Here's a Witness for my Truth.

Enter Sir Charles and Mrs. Sullen.

Sir Ch. My dear Lord *Aimwell*, I wish you Joy.

Aim. Of what?

Sir. Ch. Of your Honour and Estate. Your Brother died the Day before I left *London*; and all your Friends have writ after you to *Brussels*; among the rest I did myself the Honour.

Arch. Heark'e, Sir Knight, don't you banter now?

Sir Ch. 'Tis Truth, upon my Honour.

Aim.

Aim. Thanks to the pregnant Stars that form'd this Accident.

Arch. Thanks to the Womb of Time that brought it forth ; away with it.

Aim. Thanks to my Guardian Angel that led me to the Prize—

[*Taking Dorinda's Hand.*

Arch. And double Thanks to the noble Sir *Charles Freeman*. My Lord, I wish you Joy. My Lady, I wish you Joy.—I gad, Sir *Freeman*, you're the honestest Fellow living—'Sdeath, I'm grown strangely airy upon this Matter—My Lord, how d'ye?—A Word, my Lord: Don't you remember something of a previous Agreement, that entitles me to the Moiety of this Lady's Fortune, which, I think, will amount to five thousand Pounds?

Aim. Not a Penny, *Archer*: You would ha' cut my Throat just now, because I would not deceive this Lady.

Arch. Ay, and I'll cut your Throat still, if you should deceive her now.

Aim. That's what I expect; and to end the Dispute, the Lady's Fortune is Ten thousand Pounds, we'll divide Stakes; take the Ten thousand Pounds, or the Lady.

Dor. How! is your Lordship so indifferent?

Arch. No, no, no, Madam, his Lordship knows very well, that I'll take the Money; I leave you to his Lordship, so we're both provided for.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Arah fait, de People do say you be all robb'd, Joy.

Aim. The Ladies have been in some Danger, Sir, as you saw.

Foig. Upon my Shoul our Inn be rob too.

Aim. Our Inn! By whom?

Foig. Upon my Shalwation, our Landlord has robb'd himself, and run away wid da Money.

Arch. Robb'd himself!

Foig. A fait! and me too of a hundred Pounds.

Arch. Robb'd you of a hundred Pounds!

Foig. Yes fait Honey, that I did owe to him.

Aim. Our Money's gone, *Frank*.

Arch.

The Beaux Stratagem.

79

Arch. Rot the Money, my Wench is gone —
Scavez vous quelque chose de Mademoiselle Cherry ?

Enter a Fellow with a strong Box and a Letter.

Fel. Is there one Martin here ?

Arch. Ay, ay,—who wants him ?

Fel. I have a Box here and a Letter for him.

Arch. [*Taking the Box.*] Ha, ha, ha, what's here ?
Legerdemain ! By this Light, my Lord, our Money again—
—But this unfolds the Riddle. [*Opening the Letter, reads.*]
Hum, hum, hum—O, 'tis for the public Good, and
must be communicated to the Company.

Mr. Martin,

MY Father being afraid of an Impeachment by the Rogues
that are taken to-night, is gone off; but if you can
procure him a Pardon, he'll make great Discoveries that may
be useful to the Country: Could I have met you instead of
your Master to night, I would have deliver'd myself into
your Hands, with a Sum that much exceeds that in your
strong Box, which I have sent you, with an Assurance to
my dear Martin, that I shall ever be his most faithful Friend:
till Death,

Cherry Boniface.

There's a Billet-doux for you—As for the Father, I think
he ought to be encouraged, and for the Daughter—
Pray, my Lord, persuade your Bride to take her into her
Service instead of Gipsy.

Aim. I can assure you, Madam, your Deliverance was
owing to her Discovery.

Dor. Your Command, my Lord, will do without the
Obligation. I'll take care of her.

Sir Cb. This good Company meets opportunely in fa-
vour of a Design I have in behalf of my unfortunate
Sister: I intend to part her from her Husband—Gentle-
men, will you assist me ?

Arch. Assist you ! 'Sdeath, who would not ?

Felig. Ay, upon my Shoul, we'll all assist.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. What's all this ?—They tell me, Spouse, that
you had like to have been robb'd.

Mrs. Sul. Truly, Spouse, I was pretty near it—Had
not these two Gentlemen interpos'd.

Sul. How came these Gentlemen here ?

Mrs. Sul.

Mrs. Sul. That's his way of returning Thanks, you must know.

Foig. Ay, but upon my Conscience de Question be apropos for all dat.

Sir Ch. You promis'd last Night, Sir, that you would deliver your Lady to me this Morning.

Sul. Humph.

Arch. Humph! What do you mean by Humph?—Sir, you shall deliver her:—In short, Sir, we have sav'd you and your Family; and if you are not civil, we'll unbind the Rogues, join with 'em, and set Fire to your House—What does the Man mean? Not part with his Wife!

Foig. Arah, not part wid your Wife! Upon my Shoul de Man dosh not understand common Shivility.

Mrs. Sul. Hold, Gentlemen, all Things here must move by Consent; Compulsion would spoil us: Let my Dear and I talk the Matter over, and you shall judge it between us.

Sul. Let me know first who are to be our Judges:—Pray, Sir, who are you?

Sir Ch. I am *Sir Charles Freeman* come to take away your Wife.

Sul. And you, good Sir?

Aim. *Charles Viscount Aimwell*, come to take away your Sister.

Sul. And you, pray Sir?

Arch. *Francis Archer, Esq;* come——

Sul. To take away my Mother, I hope—Gentlemen, you are heartily welcome: I never met with three more obliging People since I was born—And now, my Dear, if you please, you shall have the first Word.

Arch. And the last, for five Pounds. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Sul. Spouse.

Sul. Rib.

Mrs. Sul. How long have you been married?

Sul. By the Almanack, fourteen Months;—but by my Account, fourteen Years.

Mrs. Sul. 'Tis thereabout by my Reckoning.

Foig. Upon my Conscience dere Accounts vil agree.

Mrs. Sul. Pray, Spouse, what did you marry for?

Sul. To get an Heir to my Estate.

Sir Ch. And have you succeeded?

Sul.

Sul. No.

Arch. The Condition fails of his Side.—Pray, Madam, what did you marry for?

Mrs. Sul. To support the Weakness of my Sex by the Strength of his, and to enjoy the Pleasures of an agreeable Society.

Sir Ch. Are your Expectations answer'd?

Mrs. Sul. No.

Foig. Arah, Honeys, a clear Cause, a clear Cause!

Sir Ch. What are the Bars to your mutual Contentment?

Mrs. Sul. In the first place, I can't drink Ale with him.

Sul. Nor can I drink Tea with her.

Mrs. Sul. I can't hunt with you.

Sul. Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs. Sul. I hate Cocking and Racing.

Sul. And I abhor Ombre and Picquet.

Mrs. Sul. Your Silence is intolerable.

Sul. Your Prating is worse.

Mrs. Sul. Have we not been a perpetual Offence to each other—A gnawing Vulture at the Heart?

Sul. A frightful Gobling to the Sight.

Mrs. Sul. A Porcupine to the Feeling.

Sul. Perpetual Wormwood to the Taste.

Mrs. Sul. Is there on Earth a Thing we can agree in?

Sul. Yes—to part.

Mrs. Sul. With all my Heart.

Sul. Your Hand.

Mrs. Sul. Here.

Sul. These Hands join'd us, these shall part us—
Away——

Mrs. Sul. North.

Sul. South.

Mrs. Sul. East.

Sul. West; far as the Poles asunder.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, a very pretty Sheremony.

Sir Ch. Now, Mr. Sullen, there wants only my Sister's Fortune to make us easy.

Sul. Sir Charles, you love your Sister, and I love her Fortune; every one to his Fancy.

Arch. Then you won't refund?

Sul. Not a Stiver.

Arch. What is her Portion?

Sir Ch. Ten thousand Pounds, Sir.

Arch. I'll pay it: my Lord, I thank him, has enabled me, and if the Lady pleases, she shall go home with me. This Night's Adventure has prov'd strangely lucky to us all—For Captain *Gibbet*, in his Walk, has made bold, Mr. *Sullen*, with your Study and Escri:ore, and has taken out all the Writings of your Estate, all the Articles of Marriage with your Lady, Bills, Bonds, Leases, Receipts, to an infinite Value; I took 'em from him, and I deliver them to Sir *Charles*.

[*Gives him a Parcel of Papers and Parchments.*]

Sul. How, my Writings! my Head akes consumedly.—Well, Gentlemen, you shall have her Fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, Sir *Charles*, to be merry, and celebrate my Sister's Wedding and my Divorce, you may command my House! but my Head akes consumedly:—*Scrub*, bring me a Dram.

Arch. Madam [*To Mrs. Sul*] there's a Country-dance to the Trifle that I sung to-day; your Hand, and we'll lead it up.

Here a Dance.

Arch. 'Twou'd be hard to guess which of these Parties is the better pleas'd, the Couple join'd, or the Couple parted; the one rejoicing in hopes of an untasted Happiness, and the other in their Deliverance from an experienc'd Misery.

*Both happy in their several States, we find:
Those parted by Consent, and those conjoin'd.
Consent, if mutual, saves the Lawyer's Fee;
Consent is Law enough to set you free.*

The End of the Fifth ACT.



A N

EPILOGUE.

Design'd to be spoke in the *Beaux Stratagem*.

*IF to our Play your Judgment can't be kind,
 Let its expiring Author Pity find:
 Survey its mournful Case with melting Eyes,
 Nor let the Bard be damn'd before he dies.
 Forbear you Fair, on his last Scene to frown,
 But his true Exit with a Plaudis crown;
 Then shall the dying Poet cease to fear
 The dreadful Knell, while your applause he hears.
 At Leuctra so the Conqu'ring Theban dy'd,
 Claim'd his Friends Praises, but their Tears deny'd:
 Pleas'd in the Pangs of Death, he greatly thought
 Conquest with Loss of Life but cheaply bought.
 The Difference this, the Greek was one wou'd fight,
 As brave, tho' not so gay, as Serjeant Kite:
 Ye Sons of Will's, what's that to those who write!
 To Thebes alone the Grecian ow'd his Bays,
 You may the Bard above the Hero raise,
 Since yours is greater than Athenian Praise.*

SONG



SONG of a TRIFLE.

Sung by Archer in the Third Act.

A Trifling Song you shall hear,
 Begun with a Trifle and ended:
 All Trifling People draw near,
 And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for Trifles, a few,
 That lately have come into Play;
 The Men would want something to do,
 And the Women want something to say.

What makes Men trifle in Dressing?
 Because the Ladies (they know)
 Admire, by often Possessing,
 That eminent Trifle a Beau.

When the Lover his Moments has trifled,
 The Trifle of Trifles to gain:
 No sooner the Virgin is rifled,
 But a Trifle shall part 'em again.

What mortal Man would be able
 At White's Haif an Hour to sit?
 Or who could bear a Tea table,
 Without talking of Trifles for Wit?

The Court is from Trifles secure,
 Gold Keys are no Trifles, we see:
 White Rods are no Trifles, I'm sure,
 Whatever their Bearers may be.

But

*But if you will go to the Place,
Where Trifles abundantly breed,
The Levee will show you his Grace
Makes Promises Trifles indeed.*

*A Coach with six Footmen behind,
I count neither Trifle nor Sin :
But, ye Gods ! how oft do we find
A scandalous Trifle within ?*

*A Flask of Champaign, People think it
A Trifle, or something as bad :
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no Trifle egad.*

*A Parson's a Trifle at Sea,
A Widow's a Trifle in Sorrow :
A Peace is a Trifle to-day,
Who knows what may happen to-morrow.*

*A Black Coat a Trifle may cloak,
Or to hide it, the Red may endeavour :
But if once the Army is broke,
We shall have more Trifles than ever.*

*The Stage is a Trifle, they say,
The Reason, pray carry along,
Because at ev'ry new Ploy,
The House they with Trifles so throng.*

*But with People's Malice to Trifle,
And to set us all on a Foot :
The Author of this is a Trifle,
And his Song is a Trifle to boot.*

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